★ Liberty

DEC. 30, 1944 10c

Book: RIDIN' THE RAINBOW

By Rosemary Taylor
Author of Chicken Every Sunday

WILL JAPAN WIN THE WAR OF IDEAS?

To Joe
SC
US
VERNON GRANT

Shallenberger
BROWN-FORMAN
RE-USE OF THIS BOTTLE
B·F
BROWN·FORMAN
KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHISKY
AN EXCEPTIONAL BLEND, FULL FLAVORED, PERFECTLY BALANCED, SELECTED FOR BODY AND DELICATE BOUQUET, BLENDED ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHO DESIRE A LIGHT BODIED DRINK.
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY BROWN-FORMAN INCORPORATED AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
4/5 QUART

BE RIGHT-DRINK LIGHT

de LIGHT ful

KING

LIGHT AS A WHISPER

KING BLACK LABEL

Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • At Louisville in Kentucky

IN THE MOLD LOFT. Belva Hastings (left), just out of high school, and Mrs. Pat Rugg, a housewife, work in the big room, called the mold loft, where a ship first begins to take form. Here, conforming to full size drawings on the floor, wood and paper patterns (templates) are made and marked for use in the fabricating shop, where plates and shapes are turned out.

HOW TO BUILD A SHIP

IF you were one of the thousands of men and women who had left peacetime occupations to work in Bethlehem's shipyards, you would quickly learn this about shipbuilding: That despite your lack of shipyard experience, you would readily step into your place in the sequence of building operations shown here, and that thousands of other people, inexperienced just like yourself, were taking similar parts in the big job. Pretty soon *your* ship would be launched—but by that time you would probably be at work on another hull. And you would begin to realize that what you were doing was pretty important—helping Bethlehem in its task of supplying a fighting nation with a thousand ships.

SHIPFITTING. Once the steel parts arrive at their location on the shipway (the erectors set them in place), the shipfitter takes over. He's aided by chippers and acetylene burners, who trim the plates where necessary, and often by a tack welder, who makes temporary fastenings with small beads of weld-metal. The shipfitter and his helpers fit ship parts together precisely as shown in the blueprints. The shipfitter and tacker at right are a married couple, James and Margaret Presley. Says he: "Here's one place where I give the orders, and they're carried out."

LAUNCHING AND OUTFITTING. When the ship's hull is completed, it is made ready for launching by wedging it up so that its weight rests on greased ways, and its only tie to dry land is a pair of heavy steel plates, or a trigger lock. At launching time the trigger is released, or plates are cut through by a burner's torch (Burner Edward Lee is cutting the plate in the photograph above), and the hull slides down the ways. Now the vessel is towed to a dock for outfitting—installation of machinery, piping, wiring, ductwork, and the thousand other items that make the modern ship one of the most compact and efficient units ever developed by man.

WELDING. In modern shipbuilding, most of the plates and other structural parts are fastened together by electric-arc welding, which joins them by a deposit of weld-metal along the seam, fusing the plates. Thanks to great strides in welding techniques during recent years, much time and weight have been saved in the construction of urgently needed ships. Welder Joanne Lane (above) is a former post-office clerk from Altoona, Pa.

RIVETING. Where the ship's plates require more "give," they are fastened together by riveting. Necessary holes are enlarged and aligned by a reamer-driller. Then the riveting team gets to work. The heater passes a red-hot rivet to the holder-on, who inserts it in the hole and holds it in place with a pneumatic jack. On the other side of the plate, the riveter hammers the rivet with his pneumatic gun, forming the hot steel into a tight, permanent fastening. Above is Philip C. Goetz, one of Bethlehem's thousands of shipyard riveters.

WORLD'S LARGEST SHIPBUILDER

★ ★ BETHLEHEM STEEL ★ ★

SECOND LARGEST STEEL PRODUCER

Steel, Manufacturing and Fabricating Plants at... Bethlehem, Steelton, Williamsport, Johnstown, Lebanon, Pottstown, Rankin, Leetsdale, Pa.... Buffalo, Lackawanna, N. Y.... Sparrows Point, Md.... Chicago, Ill.... Tulsa, Okla.... Corsicana, Tex.... South San Francisco, Los Angeles, Alameda, Calif.... Seattle, Wash. *Shipbuilding and Ship Repair Yards* ... Quincy, Hingham, East Boston, Mass.... Staten Island, Brooklyn, N. Y.... Hoboken, N. J.... Baltimore, Fairfield, Sparrows Point, Md.... San Francisco, Alameda, San Pedro, Calif.

WAIT FOR A HAMILTON

THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY and a host of other intricate Hamilton war timepieces are now being made only for the men in our armed forces. But someday soon fine Hamiltons will again be made for you. *Wait for the new Hamilton, America's finest watch.*

A WATCH WORTH WAITING FOR

Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Penna.

IN TUNE WITH GOOD TASTE
Old Melody
Frothy Top
Old Melody
Sloe Gin
ARTIFICIALLY COLORED
M.S. Walker Inc

"Mellow AS A CELLO"

Old Melody Liqueurs

PEACH · CHERRY · APRICOT · BLACKBERRY
ORANGE & MINT
FLAVORED GINS
70 PROOF

M. S. WALKER, Inc. BOSTON, MASS.
MAKERS OF SWANEE PRIDE LIQUEUR (100 Proof)
AND OLD MEDFORD BRAND RUM (86 Proof)

In This Week's Liberty

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER
Edward Maher, Editor
Associates
Edward Hutchings, Jr., *Articles*
Sid L. Hydeman, *Art*
Kathryn Bourne, *Fiction*
Lee Pasquin, *Management*
Joseph Anthony, *Books*
Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood Rep*
Helen W. Brown, *Washington Rep.*
Staff: Ruth Berman • Elsie Christie • Harry E. Dounce • Otto Kurth • Jerome Parker
William E. Rae • Eve Stanley • M. J. Tait • Daniel E. Wheeler • Elizabeth K. Wylie

★ ARTICLES

Success School for the Disabled, *Ray Giles* 10
Will Japan Win the War of Ideas? *Selden Menefee* 15
It All Happens to Me, *Henrietta A. Hirshfeld* 18
It's a Radio War, *Will H. Connelly* 19
Rescue of the FOX-14, *Lieut. W. S. Papworth, U. S. N. R.* 22

★ FICTION

Oh, Little Star! *Jean Francis Webb* 16
Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!—Short Short *Frank Richardson Pierce* 20
Good Music, Like Pop's, *Isabel Way and Ruby Thomson* 24
When You Take the Wrong Turning, *Barbara Barnes Blodget* 28

★ BOOK CONDENSATION

Ridin' the Rainbow—*Rosemary Taylor, author of Chicken Every Sunday, tells another hilarious tale—abridged to a reading time of one evening* 31

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop 6
On the Beam, *Wayne Parrish* 12
The Camera Eye—Pictures 26
Books in Review, *Joseph Anthony* 46
Crossword Puzzle 46
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary (*Unabashed*) 54
This Man's War, *Old Sarge* 62
Woman-Talk, *Margaret Fishback* 68
Liberty Goes to the Movies, *Eve Stanley* 70

★ EDITORIAL

The Promise of Christmas, *Paul Hunter* 74

Cover: *To every G. I. Joe*
Far away from home and missus,
Here's a Merry Christmas package
Complete with love and kisses!

Painted by Vernon Grant

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

PAUL HUNTER, PRESIDENT
EDWARD MAHER, VICE-PRESIDENT
HOMER ROCKWELL, VICE-PRESIDENT
THOMAS W. KAVANAUGH, SECRETARY AND TREASURER

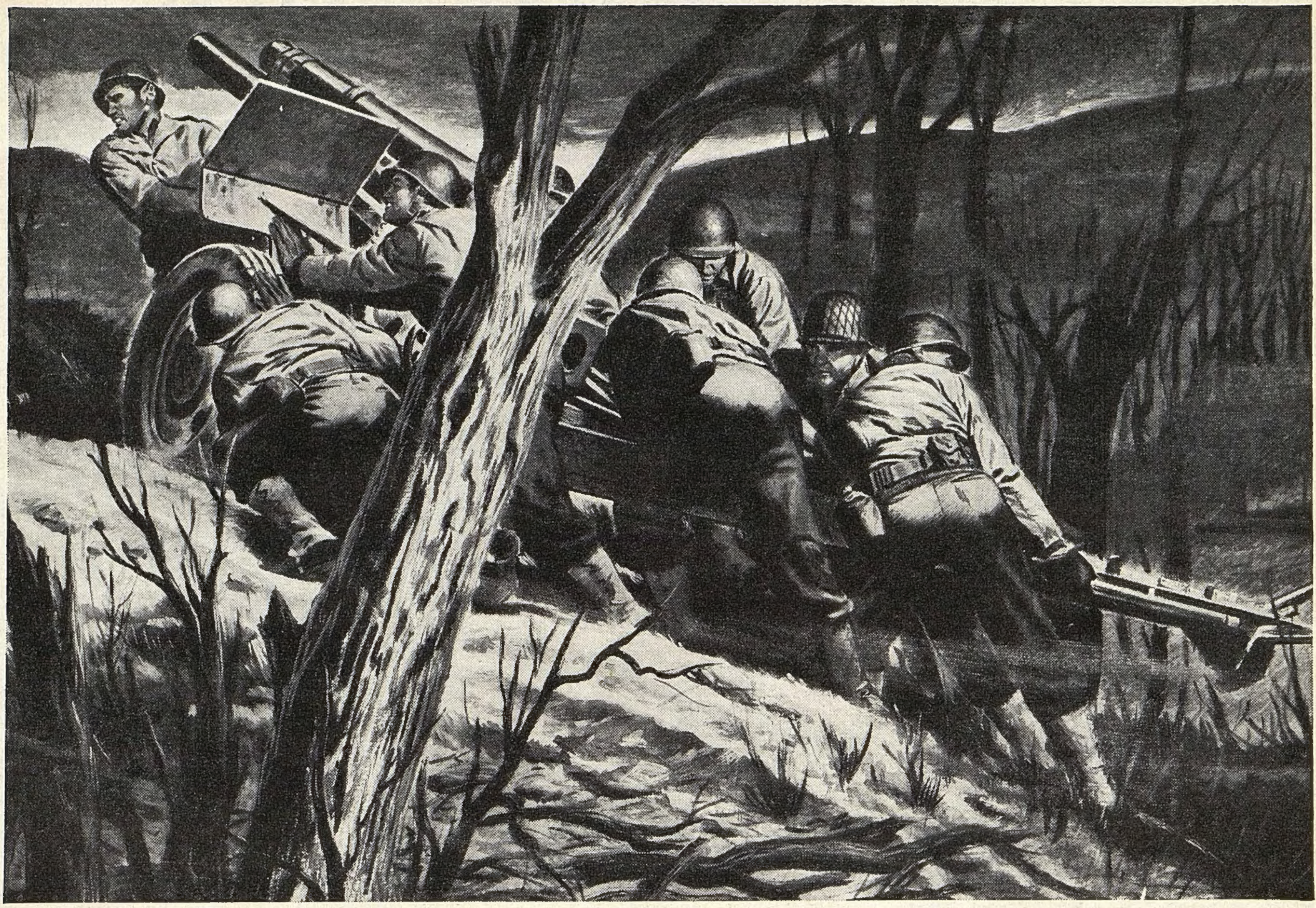
NO LONGER CONNECTED WITH MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS OR THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, December 30, 1944. Vol. 21, No. 53. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1944, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain, Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER



Then it's hi! hi! hee! in the Field Artillery!

Few of the combat successes of United States Army ground forces in this war would have been possible without the tremendous supporting fire power of our Field Artillery.

Using new guns, new types of shells, newly developed techniques, it can pour out massed fire at a speed, intensity, and accuracy unheard of in the last war. And this has contributed mightily to the rout of the Axis.

But even the world's finest guns could scarcely speak with such devastating authority except for the sure skill and courage under fire of our American Artillerymen.

For artillery fighting is a highly technical—and dangerous—business.

As the big guns move into position, up into the Infantry front lines go the forward observers. They spot enemy targets, call for fire missions, and adjust fire—and are themselves fair targets for the enemy.

Up go the "grasshoppers"—the flying observation posts which brazenly seek out enemy installations, and radio their information to the ground. Through enemy bullets and shell fragments move the wire parties, to repair the network of telephone lines through which the fires of many guns may be co-ordinated.

Meanwhile husky gun crews work with speed and precision to keep shells screaming toward the enemy on a split-second schedule. And men of the service batteries toil and sweat—servicing motor equipment, and supplying the shells.

That the Field Artillery was ready with highly efficient weapons when war came, and that it has developed even better ones since, is a tribute to the foresight of our artillerists who have been constantly planning and experimenting to insure that our guns will be superior to those of the enemy.

Changes also were made in the organization of the Field Artillery, the better to perform the artillery's twin missions: to support the Infantry, Cavalry, and Armored Forces... to give depth to the battlefields.

The results are evident on every battle front. Today, American Artillerymen smash in seconds targets that once took minutes, even hours. They achieve simultaneous massed fire of many battalions that amazes old timers—and confounds the enemy.

Not only every Artilleryman but every American may take pride in the fact that one of the great jobs in this war is being done by the Field Artillery.

SPERRY
CORPORATION
30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20

Through the following divisions, Sperry precision instruments and controls serve the Armed Forces on land, at sea, and in the air...

FORD INSTRUMENT CO., INC.
SPERRY GYROSCOPE CO., INC.
VICKERS INC.
Waterbury Tool Division VICKERS INC.

ONLY the new
ZENITH
RADIONIC HEARING AID
has all this!

1. Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord

So Inconspicuous

ANOTHER ZENITH FIRST

Gone is the "old black button and cord!" Smart styling and new "look of youth" of Zenith ensemble enable the most sensitive-minded person to wear a hearing aid with poise and confidence. Described in FREE booklet. Send coupon below for your copy.

2. Personal Adjustment Principle

With the flick of your finger, the Zenith's exclusive external Tone Control brings hearing into range for different voices and surroundings—as easily as focusing binoculars. Visit Zenith-franchised dispenser near you for FREE demonstration.

3. Finest Precision Quality—about ¼ the Price

Zenith combines precision mass production with revolutionary sales method which *eliminates* salesmen's high commissions and other high selling costs . . . to bring you a *finer* hearing aid than original $50,000 model. Guaranteed full year—plus 5-Year Service Policy.

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON PHYSICAL MEDICINE

4. A Model for Every Type of Correctable Hearing Loss

Each Complete, Ready-to-Wear

Standard Model A-2-A. New, improved model of the famous Zenith standard hearing aid for the person of average hearing loss. Only $40

Air Conduction Model B-2-A. A *super-powered* instrument with exceptionally wide range of volume control and amazingly fine tone quality. Only $50

Bone-Conduction Model B-3-A. A totally new instrument created specially for the very few who cannot be helped by any air conduction aid. Only $50

PASTE ON PENNY POSTCARD AND MAIL

Zenith Radio Corporation, Dept. L1-17
P. O. Box 6940A, Chicago 1, Illinois

Please send me your Free booklet about Radionic Hearing.

*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*____________ *State*________

COPYRIGHT 1944, ZENITH RADIO CORP.

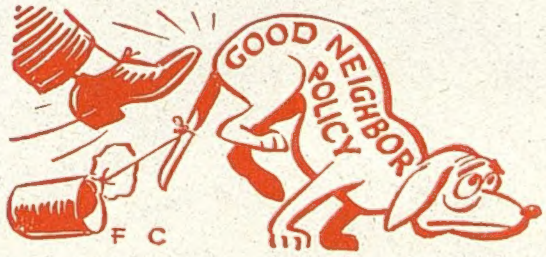
VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

THE SENOR HAS HIS SAY!

PUERTO CORTES, HON.—Referring to Señor Ray Josephs' article Latin Americans Don't Like Us (November 4)—as you Americanos always say, "Brother, you said a mouthful!!"

I have but one correction to make on Señor Josephs' article regarding us Latins. He states that we "feel" as though the Americans have made "suckers" out of us. The word "feel" should be changed to "know."



Since the señor was so frank in telling us our dislikes (which we admit), why don't you show more frankness by printing another article with the title The Feeling Is Mutual, Brother? We Latins don't try to kid ourselves.—*L. Del C.*

STOWAWAY!

DETROIT, MICH.—I've never before submitted a comment on a story—of any kind. But after reading the condensation of Island in the Sky (November 11) it seemed the only thing to do. Ernest K. Gann should be applauded for what I, and I'm sure others, consider a truly great flying story. It's down to earth, a living thing, and so sincere that I felt as if I were with Dooley and his crew in their flight into nowhere!—*Betty J. Thiry.*

THE PERENNIAL KID

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO—Recently I have missed Hardtack in Liberty. I certainly hope you haven't discontinued the cartoon. I always looked for him the first thing when I received my Liberty.

Hardtack sort of brought back memories of my boyhood days. Here's hoping I see him again soon in Liberty.—*Donald Dulin.*

You will.—VOX POP EDITOR.

ON GOING A JOURNEY

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.—Three cheers for Liberty's size and contents! My husband, a paratrooper in France, writes letter after letter requesting me to send him magazines, and Liberty is tops on both of our lists. Its size makes it very easy to pack into an overseas mailing box, and its grand stories, articles, special features, and the book condensations make for the best sort of reading "over there."—*Mrs. B. E. Putnam, Jr.*

WAIT—DON'T DATE!

EL MONTE, CALIF.—In your November 18 Vox Pop, Mrs. Shoup asked the girls to speak up if they are waiting for their men. Well, I can say proudly, "I am!" I love my fiancé and I think any girl who is really in love will wait instead of dating other men. My fiancé and I couldn't get married before he went overseas because I'm still in school and we thought we should wait. Well, when my marine comes back I'll know every minute of lonesomeness was worth it.

I think any girl should be ashamed of herself if she jilts a man who is overseas. Those girls should live in misery the rest of their lives. Those guys are giving up so much for us! Certainly we should be able to stay home and wait for those we *say* we love.

I hope more girls will write and let the men overseas know there are still a few loyal girls back in the States.—*Viola McGrew.*

DOTHAN, ALA.—After reading Mrs. Shoup's letter answering Charles Dimond and Joe Kendrick, I would like to add my two cents.

This waiting and anxiety is no picnic, and many times I've wished I could take my husband's place over there in New Guinea. He's only been gone six months and it seems like six years!

But I feel I can take six years of waiting, if I know it will bring him home safe to me. He can count on me!—*Mrs. O. F. Smith.*

FCA RAPS OUR KNUCKLES

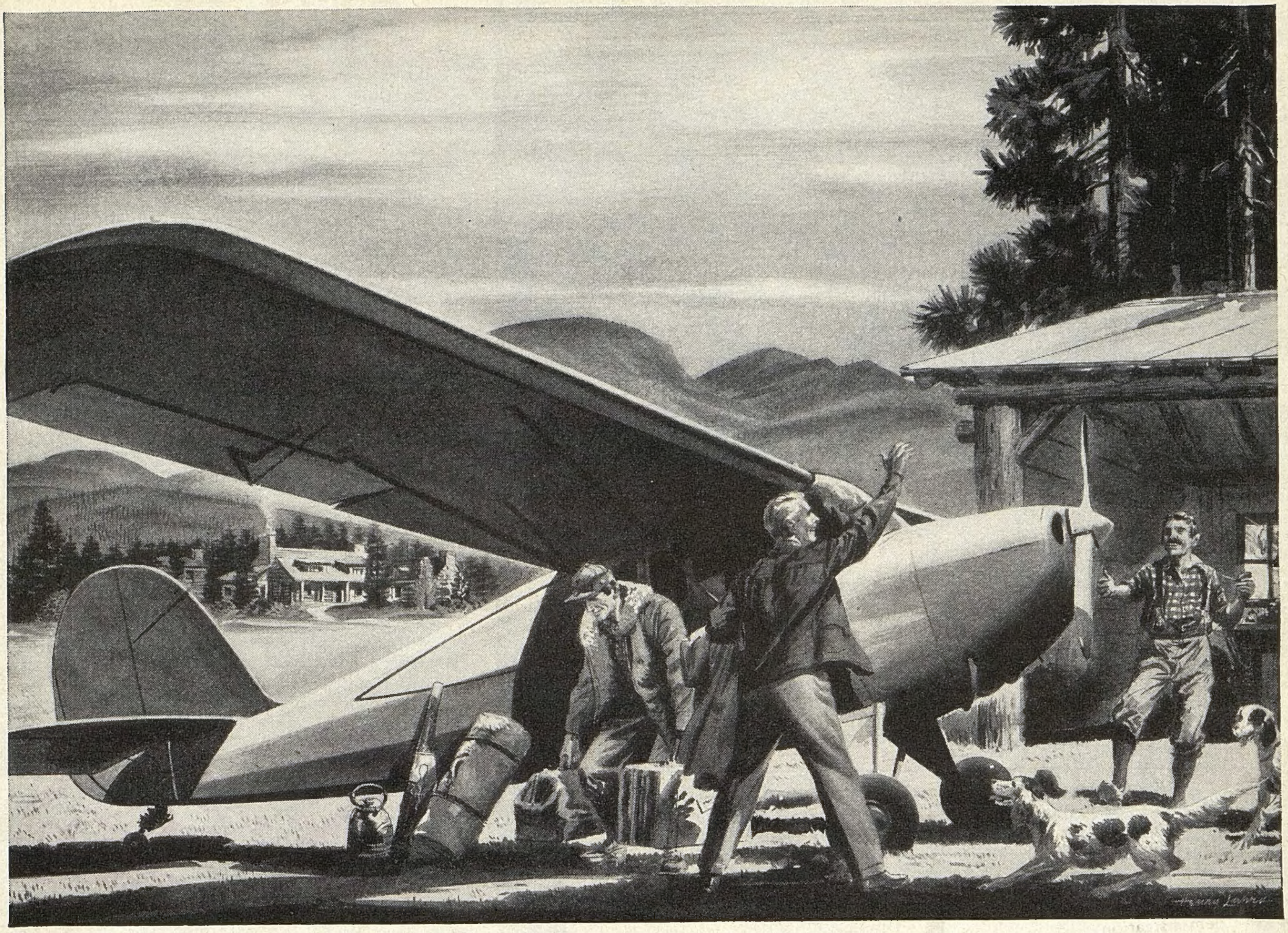
KANSAS CITY, MO.—Letters received by the Farm Credit Administration indicate that Douglas Disbrow's article Can You Be a Part-time Farmer? (October 14) has created many misconceptions as to the function of the Farm Credit Administration.

Farmers obtain mortgage credit to purchase land from the Federal land banks through their local national farm loan associations. They obtain short-term operating credit through their local production credit associations.

Both types of organization are co-operatives in which the farmer-members own stock. The funds with which these loans are made are obtained from investors without any Government guarantee. Therefore all loans must be made on a strictly business basis. The amount which can be obtained through the national farm loan association is limited to a maximum of 75 per cent of the apparent "normal value" of the farm. Mortgages usually are written for periods of from 10 to 33 years.

The loans made by production credit associations are not based on any fixed percentage of the collateral available. Even more important than collateral are the ability of the farm to produce, the purpose for which the loan is to be used, and the experience and managerial ability of the farmer.

(*Continued on page 8*)



"PARADISE" is at the CITY LIMITS for AERONCA Owners!

Imagine getting to your favorite resort in just a few hours after leaving your home! Imagine arriving there cool, clean, relaxed, refreshed! Imagine *flying your own Aeronca* to *your* vacation "Paradise" for less than it costs to drive your car!

Make no mistake—the new, post-War Aeronca is the plane *you* will want to fly and own! It's so easy, that almost anyone who can drive a car can learn in a few hours. And anyone who can afford a medium-priced car can own an Aeronca!

Send for booklet showing details of the post-War versions of America's Personal Plane and telling you what opportunities await you as an Aeronca *Dealer* in *your* community!

Mail this Coupon!

AMERICA'S PERSONAL PLANE

AERONCA

AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

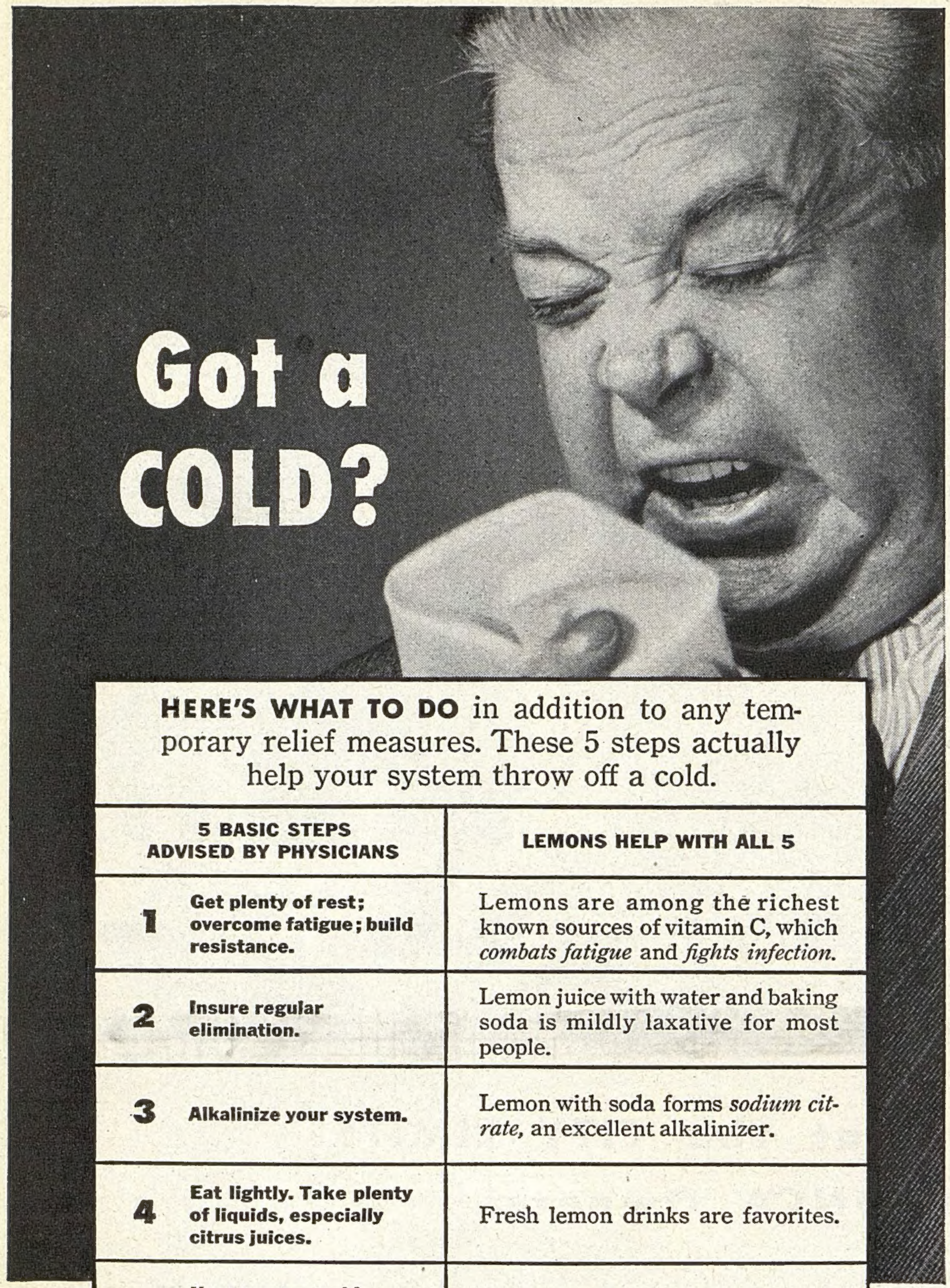
Al Bennett, Director of Sales
Aeronca Aircraft Corp.,
Middletown, Ohio

Please send me your valuable, illustrated booklet "Why You Should Be An Aeronca Dealer." I enclose 10c.

Name________________________________

Address______________________________

City________________State__________G-1230



HERE'S WHAT TO DO in addition to any temporary relief measures. These 5 steps actually help your system throw off a cold.

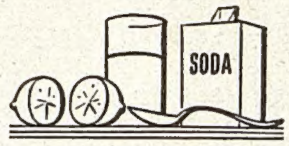
	5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1	**Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2	**Insure regular elimination.**	Lemon juice with water and baking soda is mildly laxative for most people.
3	**Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon with soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
4	**Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5	**Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

TRY THIS NEW COLD ROUTINE WITH LEMON AND SODA

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add — slowly — half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD
TAKE LEMONS

California
Sunkist
Lemons

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS

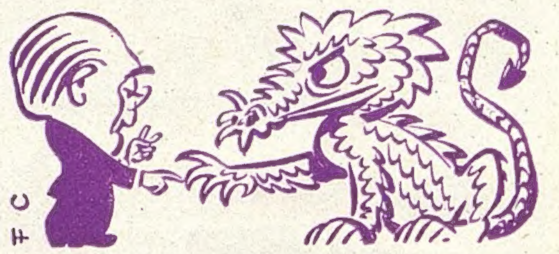
(Continued from page 6)

Most of the services the article mentioned are those which the Department of Agriculture makes available to all farmers. Others are special services made available by the Farm *Security* Administration to its borrowers. When a farmer gets a loan from a co-operative supervised by the Farm Credit Administration, it is strictly a business transaction. Any services which he may obtain from the Department of Agriculture or other agricultural agencies are only those which are available to all farmers.

Incidentally, even if the percentages mentioned in the article which the land bank and the production credit association could lend to farmers were correct, they are percentages of two different amounts, and therefore the balance remaining for the farmer to pay in each case cannot be added. It is like adding 20 per cent of 10 cows and 16 per cent of 100 horses. You don't get 36 per cent of anything.—*E. B. Reid, Director of Information & Extension, Farm Credit Administration, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.*

ATTENTION, DRAGON LOVERS

MOBILE, ALA.—I am prompted to respectfully remark that the Imperial Dragon of China has five claws, not four as shown on the cover of Liberty (November 18).



I served for thirteen years with the Imperial Government of China, leaving that service in 1910. During that time, whenever a dragon was shown for industrial purposes, it had four claws only.—*Walter H. Campkin.*

IN THIS CORNER: THE MARINES!

OCEANSIDE, CALIF.—I read a most interesting article recently, Here's Your Country, Soldier, by Lieutenant William FitzGibbon (October 28). In it he purported to give the servicemen overseas "the word" on life in the States. That article contained the bummest "bum dope" I've ever seen, heard, or read in the Marine Corps. Soldiers, sailors, and civilians may believe it, but the marines won't!

We get so fed up with political bickerings and chiseling civilians that we find ourselves yearning to get into combat again. At least we know when we're in combat we're with *men!—A slightly shot-up Leatherneck in a Naval Hospital, E. W.*

WHO'S HOLIER THAN WHO?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Until I read Aussie Bride Bridles! (Vox Pop, November 18), the only opinions I heard Australian brides express were when some of them first landed and unwisely commented on American girls' morals and habits.

The Aussie girls have been brave to leave home and country and settle down in a strange place. But—if the Australian women want us to be friendly, they must take us as they find us. Even the Australians can't be infallible. Come on, Aussies!! We really want to be your friends—but don't give us this "holier than thou" stuff.—*Mrs. Helen Scheffler.*

Liberty
JANUARY 6, 1945
NEXT WEEK

✓ GREEN DOLPHIN STREET

By Elizabeth Goudge

Liberty's Book Condensation

This appealing romance is the winner of M-G-M's $125,000 prize and a Literary Guild selection. Through each of its many colorful episodes runs the basic idea that a few crucial women can give meaning to a whole life. In order to do justice to its delicate moods, a section of the book, which is a complete short novel in itself and which is beautifully expressive of the central theme, has been selected.

✓ RACE HATE—THE ENEMY BULLETS CAN'T STOP

By Frank Murphy, Associate Justice, U. S. Supreme Court

It is a sobering fact that while we fight hate and prejudice abroad, the evils are increasing at home. One hundred million volunteers are needed to battle for American ideals.

✓ RUSSIA'S POSTWAR PLAN FOR GERMANY

By Maurice Hindus

Russia's plans for a defeated Germany are clear and definite. A skilled observer tells us what they are and what they mean.

✓ WHAT AN INTERESTING LIFE!

By Sara Hamilton

George Sanders is rude, Roland Young helpless, Eddie Cantor canny, and Hepburn bellows. The lowdown on what it's like to interview celebrities, by a girl who makes her living at it.

✓ OUR NAVY'S FLYING WEAPONS

By Morris Markey

These are the planes which have been blasting the Japs all over the Pacific. They're worth knowing about because you'll hear a lot more about them in the near future.

✓ SEA-WATER PROSPECTOR

By Lester Velie

Willard Dow gambled $40,000,000 and bucked a depression to turn the ocean into a gigantic magnesium mine and give us vast quantities of this fantastic metal which is vital in war and revolutionary in peace.

by Speidel
JEWELRY FOR YEARS TO COME

You'll treasure your Speidel watchband more, as time goes by. For these bands of beauty are made with infinite pains and knowing touch, by the same Speidel craftsmen who have made Speidel famous for 80 years for jewelry of beauty, long life and distinction.

Watchband shown on man's wrist — $12.50

Women's Watchbands — $9.00 FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

Success School for the Disabled

BY RAY GILES

Take Johnny F. for example: crippled, bedridden for five years, unable to lift arms or legs. Now he plays baseball and makes a good living drawing maps. There's always hope for the "hopelessly" crippled

NEW YORK is full of success schools of one kind or another, but probably none is more exciting than the one that stands on First Avenue at Twenty-third Street. In a little private room you may observe a one-handed chap smiling with satisfaction as he learns to tie his necktie with his remaining hand. In another, a young woman is learning how to rise unaided from the floor. When she arrived a few weeks ago she was so badly crippled by myelitis that there seemed no hope of her ever working again or enjoying anything like a normal life at home.

Downstairs, in a miniature war plant, some twenty welders make the sparks fly on a government contract at regular wages. Every man jack of them is disabled in one way or another, and some are so seriously handicapped that it was once a question whether they'd ever be able to earn a living. Upstairs, a dozen trades and professions are being taught, and in a special workshop as many as forty factory operations of different kinds may be going on while partly self-supporting students get ready to earn their keep in full.

These adjustable steps can be made increasingly difficult as the student progresses. The Army observers are learning techniques to be used in helping injured veterans.

Today the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled is a Mecca for rehabilitation workers from all over the country—private, state, and federal. Here the handicapped student receives all the physical and occupational therapy, functional re-education, vocational guidance, psychological upbuilding, and other assistance he needs to take his place effectively among his non-handicapped fellows. Hundreds of them, told elsewhere that they were beyond hope, have been put on their feet so solidly by the Institute that they are now able not only to lead normal home and social lives, but to get themselves good jobs.

Right now we're thinking about the increasing numbers of disabled war veterans who are coming back into civilian life. But even before Pearl Harbor the number of physically disabled of employable age in the United States was estimated at 16,000,000 men and women. Of these, more than 1,500,000 were so badly disabled that finding them employment was next to impossible. Every year about 150,000 more civilians were being added to that army of underprivileged people—those injured by accident or illness and those born disabled.

What makes the work of the Institute important news right now is that from the first it has worked only with people whose disabilities were so serious that they ranked among the nation's 20 per cent *worst* handicapped. The Institute was founded at the beginning of the last World War and for three years was under the auspices of the American Red Cross. Its earliest efforts were directed toward disabled veterans and civilians who had been cases of the Workmen's Compensation Commission. Then it decided to see what could be done for the one in five civilians worst maimed.

The results add up a comforting promise to everyone who is physically handicapped today. The words of Dr. George G. Deaver, the Institute's medical director, are like music in the ears of the newcomer: "Even if you can make only one motion freely and without fatigue, we can probably show you how to become self-supporting." Actually, many who are handicapped to that extent earn as much as ten dollars a day after graduation from the Institute.

Since World War I a brand-new technique for hiring the disabled has been born. Developed by the War Manpower Commission, it is called "selective placement." It fits the handicapped worker into exactly the job he can fill.

Several thousand different jobs in mills, factories, stores, and other places of business have been analyzed to ascertain the physical requirements—strength needed, required motions for each arm, foot, hand, the fingers, back, etc. At the employment office, the disabled job applicant is put through motions tests to discover exactly how he measures up. Then job specifications sheets are matched against the applicant's analysis and he is placed in a type of employment which will fit him like a glove. Then the worker isn't handicapped at all. Better still, he knows he isn't merely being given "a" job, but is doing something at which he is the equal in every respect of his unhandicapped fellow worker.

The record of Frank H. is only one of the Institute's 20,000 success stories. Frank was stricken by infantile when he was only two. He had had eight major operations, all unsuccessful. His spine was fused and badly curved, his leg muscles nearly gone, and the muscles of his arms and shoulders were very weak. But he wouldn't give up. The Institute employed massage, braces, special shoes, and crutches. He learned to walk well and to drive skillfully through city traffic, to get into his car and out of it unaided. Today he's a government accountant.

Johnny F. was crippled at fifteen and spent the next five years in bed. When he arrived at the Institute he was unable to lift either his arms or his legs. The Institute staff not only taught him to walk, but made him a good baseball player! They discovered that he had considerable talent at drawing and looked again at his arms. "Try swinging them," suggested a staff member. Johnny found to his delight that in this way he could get his hands up on a drawing board. He now earns a good salary as a professional map maker.

Often, the first great need of handicapped persons—and it's equally true of many maimed veterans—is to learn how to take care of themselves without aid—at home, to and from the factory or office, and while there. Too many are made more helpless by being overprotected at home. Some are put through trade school or college only to come out still unable to get to a job if one is offered.

At the Institute one room is full of youngsters learning to overcome obstacles with dummy equipment. Some cling to subway straps and wiggle through turnstiles. Others practice walking sideways as they'd have to in a bus, theater, or church. They learn to stop abruptly in their tracks for safety in traffic. On a wall a green light flashes on and off every sixteen seconds. Students try to cross forty-eight feet of space before the traffic light turns red.

Merely getting up and down a curb can be a high adventure to the person who wears artificial legs which reach above the knees. A Negro boy, so handicapped, laughed with glee as he made his first descent unaided from a dummy curb. Perhaps the biggest gain in self-confidence comes when the crippled person learns how to get up by himself when he falls.

At the Institute many learn how to brush their teeth, comb their hair, get in and out of a bathtub, and attend to other personal needs without assistance. Motions tests, thirty-seven of them, correspond to the motions required for daily living; these show accurately what the student can do for himself. Merely by teaching a one-handed man to tie his tie or lace his shoes alone, you may give him an incalculable lift toward becoming self-sufficient and self-supporting.

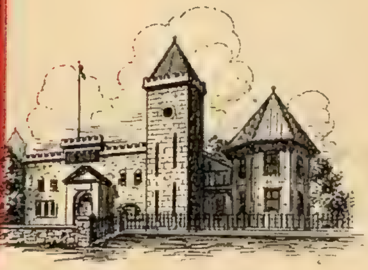
At the Institute vocational guidance is based honestly on what the student can reasonably expect to achieve. As he samples several possible occupations by being put

(*Continued on page 13*)

The Master's Choice

THE late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr.—master distiller—spent his lifetime and his rare genius creating whiskies of surpassing excellence. But he chose one—a matchless bourbon—as his finest, and proudly gave it his name. The full, round flavor and pleasing aroma of this glorious whiskey have established **OLD TAYLOR** —with the world as with Col. Taylor himself—as the choice of those who relish bourbon at is best.

OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD
TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS INC.



This fine old distillery is today the home of OLD TAYLOR whiskey—and has been since 1887. Not a single drop of any other whiskey has ever come from this distillery.

National Distillers Products Corporation • New York

SIGNED SEALED *and* DELICIOUS

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Here's C. E. McCollum, TWA's regional district manager at Chicago, with the trophy awarded Mr. Parrish, for On the Beam, in TWA's annual competition.

It "Couldn't Be Done," But—

I have recently completed a flying tour over a good many thousands of miles with one of the greatest air-line systems created by the war—the Naval Air Transport Service, Pacific Wing. It has been the best single experience I have had in flying over many air lines around the world. For my money, NATS—as the service is known from one end of the Pacific to the other—is doing one of the most effective jobs of the war.

It would have been no small feat to develop a system of 27,000 scheduled route miles in the United States in less than two years' time. Developing such a system in the broad Pacific and under the handicaps of war, with only flyspeck coral atolls as refueling points and with almost all of the flying over water, far from land, was one of those "impossible" jobs which somehow had to be done.

The western end of the line penetrates into the forward combat area. The station manager at that end has more than once lived under enemy fire. NATS is an integral part of the Pacific war—it's a life line of swift communications that has never attained the publicity limelight it has so well deserved. I can testify to this from firsthand experience.

Probably the most remarkable thing about it is that it's "every man's" air line. Although some of the officers had come direct from air-line positions, the vast bulk of the personnel in NATS has come from all walks of life. Lawyers, insurance men, shoe clerks, restaurant managers, barbers, accountants, young men fresh out of school, and even a newspaper photographer are now the pilots, the navigators, mechanics, radio experts, dispatchers, aerology experts, cargo handlers, traffic managers, and the men doing all the rest of the numerous jobs that go to make up an air line. The ordinary chap who lives down the street has proved that he can pitch in and help run an air line.

Five years ago the experts would have said it couldn't be done; would have insisted that it was impossible to fly landplanes day and night on precise schedules across the vast Pacific. But plain everyday Citizen Joe and Citizen Bill have gone ahead and done it.

NATS Safety 100 Per Cent

The record: Not one passenger so much as injured, despite the fact that NATS operates a fleet of airplanes larger than that operated by any U. S. domestic air line—and much bigger planes, too—and despite the wartime handicaps and the astronomical statistics built up for hauling mail, cargo, and passengers. NATS has successfully broken every tradition in the aviation yearbook. It won't be happy until it operates right into the main Tokyo airport.

NATS' Pacific Wing is now flying 3,000,000 scheduled plane miles a month. That's almost enough to fly around the world four and a half times a day, or across the entire United States forty-four times a day! In fact, NATS' Pacific Wing flies as many miles a day as United and TWA air lines in the United States combined. And the Pacific Wing is but one part of the NATS' organization, which also flies throughout the United States, to Alaska, through South America, and across the Atlantic.

Has Wartime Cut Flight Time!

A prewar airplane flight across the Pacific required a whole week, with only daytime flying, except on the long haul between San Francisco and Honolulu. Today a Navy officer bound from San Francisco to Guam reaches his destination in thirty-nine elapsed hours. And Guam, as you know, is pretty well across the Pacific—6,500 miles, more or less, from San Francisco.

The NATS' trunk route from San Francisco to Sydney, Australia, is 7,800 miles, about three times the distance of a flight from New York to San Francisco. The shortest route in the NATS system in the Pacific is 1,123 miles, or about the distance from New York to Kansas City—and the shortest hop is as long as a flight from Washington, D. C., to Columbus, Ohio. NATS flies for the long haul, less from choice than because in much of the Pacific there are no landing spots. The longest single hop is over 2,400 statute miles between San Francisco and Honolulu—a flight of about twelve and a half hours.

Two types of airplanes comprise the main air fleet. One is the R5D, the Navy designation for the four-engined Douglas transport plane that will be known as the DC-4 commercially, and which the Army calls the C-54. No airplane as large as this is operating commercially in the United States today. The other type is the Consolidated Vultee Coronado, a four-engined flying boat known as the PB2Y3-5R. Several smaller transports are used for shuttle purposes, and until November NATS was flying the twin-engined PBM Mariner, built by the Glenn L. Martin Company.

Most of the flight crews would be considered "youngsters" by the commercial air lines. Almost all of the crew members are in their twenties and some are under twenty, among the latter being navigators and radio operators and co-pilots. But they have proved that they know how to fly safely. All of them have gone through excellent training—the best training the United States has to offer.

A Salute—and Well Deserved

The dynamic inspiration and guidance of NATS in the Pacific comes from the commanding officer of the Pacific Wing, Captain D. W. Tomlinson, U. S. N. R., who for many years was one of the top executives of Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc., and was known around the world for his research in aviation radio and high-altitude flying. He has long since achieved a reputation as one of the top-flight men in United States aviation.

Chief staff officer is shy, blue-eyed Commander John E. Harlin, U. S. N. R., also one of TWA's upper-bracket men. Operations officer is Lieutenant Commander Charles Dolson, U. S. N. R., who was with Delta Air Lines for many years. Both Commander Harlin and Lieutenant Commander Dolson have approximately 12,000 hours logged in pilot time.

Quite a few others of the NATS official crowd are TWA men, all of whom were members of the Naval Reserve Squadron at Kansas City, Missouri. But there are many thousands of NATS men who never had any connection with aviation before joining the Navy.

Besides NATS, there are, of course, other air-transport groups doing spectacularly effective jobs in the Pacific. I'll tell you about those later.

(*Continued from page 10*)

through the motions they involve, his interest grows and comes into sharper focus. Many disabled civilians and war veterans get even better jobs after their collisions with fate than they had before. This is partly because, for the first time, their possibilities are competently analyzed. For example: as a two-fisted shipping clerk, Fred R. never earned more than thirty dollars a week. Today, with only one hand, he makes twice that money as a machinist.

The student spends seventeen days in guidance test classes. Trades taught include leather working, jewelry making, sewing, printing, machine operation, typewriting, switchboard operation, lens grinding, commercial art, welding, running an elevator. There's a sheltered workshop for those too badly crippled for outside employment, and manufacturers send materials to be made into finished goods. Standard wages are paid for all work done.

All trades and activities in the workshop have been broken down into necessary movements so that the student's work can be graded according to speed and ease of performance. As they hit their stride you see students with stop watches before them intent upon improving their previous best.

Most instructors are ex-foremen who have worked at the trades they teach. On the staff are psychologists, physicians, physical therapists, occupational therapists, guidance counselors, welfare and social workers, an educational director, and a placement secretary. The student who completes training and passes his examinations receives a vocational certificate.

IN the director's office, Colonel John N. Smith, Jr. tells you that the Institute always welcomes public and private agencies to make free use of its facilities. During 1943 more than 150 students of physical and occupational therapy, psychology, and social work, along with other rehabilitation workers, came to watch and learn. Early this year 140 rehabilitation people and twenty surgeons in the U. S. Army Air Forces called, to observe and get the feel of the work.

When the wartime manpower shortage hit industry hard, employers made a beeline for the Institute and nearly cleaned it out. But some employers asked, "Won't hiring these disabled persons raise the cost of our Workmen's Compensation insurance?" The fact is that the cost of such insurance is always based primarily on industrial classification, and insurance companies never discriminate against disabled persons for the very good reason that mass statistics show they're more careful than the nonhandicapped.

Meanwhile industry is taking back more and more disabled veterans every day. Employers have learned from experience that the disabled man is a very whole person indeed, when he's placed in the right job. And as this inarticulate and once underprivileged nonpressure group continues to hang up splendid records for production, freedom from accidents, and loyalty to the job, "selective placement" will be still more widely practiced.

Finally, on the employers' side, too, is an ever-growing social consciousness. At one recent meeting of business men, the personnel manager of a big auto parts company voiced the feelings of everyone present when he said, "We are convinced that unless this problem [of the millions of disabled] is faced realistically and practically by industry, the social consequences may be serious. The American way is for industry to accept this responsibility rather than to turn it over to the government, where the whole cost must be borne by the taxpayer."

THE END

"Just have to keep on livin', ma'am—"

The U.S.O. hostess recognized wings, and rank, but the face was too young for the silver leaf on his shoulder.

"Heavenly day! . . . How do you Air Force boys run up so much rank so fast?" she asked.

"You just have to keep on livin', ma'am," said the youthful 8th Air Force Lieutenant Colonel . . . and he wasn't being at all facetious!

SINCE last summer they have been trickling back . . . with rows of ribbons under their wings, foreign service stripes, and the shoulder patch with the "8" between the spread wings of the Air Forces emblem. Too few of us know either the marking or its meaning.

The 8th Air Force began with the first few Flying Forts sent to England in early 1942 . . . proved that precision bombing by day was practical—and deadly . . . fought with the R.A.F. 500 miles deep in Fortress Europe despite 40,000 anti-aircraft guns, flocks of Focke-Wulfe fighters . . . and sickening losses to the original group.

With 1943 came reinforcements; but the Ploesti oilfields cost 54 bombers, the two Schweinfurt raids 96. Before the year's end, 60% of the flying personnel were dead, wounded, listed as missing, prisoners of war. At its peak in Spring 1944, the 8th lost in one fateful week in February 170 bombers, shot down 548 German fighters, broke the back of the vaunted Luftwaffe.

In a year of hard, persistent fighting, the 8th battered the German war machine and its industrial resources, shriveled Nazi nerves. When D Day came, American armies never met the full strength of the mighty Wehrmacht, but an enemy weakened by disorganized communications and supply lines.

What most Americans fail to realize is that the 8th Air Force saved the lives of hundreds of thousands of doughboys, shortened the European war by perhaps a year . . . earned more decorations and citations than any other military unit in history, as well as our undying gratitude. Watch for the 8th shoulder patch, and honor the men who wear it!

MANY of the 8th Air Force and other AAF bombing personnel were schooled in twin-engine training planes powered with engines made by Jacobs . . . a fact of which we are justly proud . . . Jacobs Aircraft Engine Company, Pottstown, Pa.

JACOBS · **Pottstown, Pa.**

* IMAGINATION IN PRECISION

Chrysler built and Superfinished this big Navy searchlight reflector

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

HOW IMAGINATION HELPS CHRYSLER BUILD BETTER PRODUCTS FOR YOU!

**Imagination looks in a mirror
and sees a polished piston,
so shining smooth it outwits wear
and adds extra life to engines.**

**Imagination at Chrysler found a way
to mirror-finish moving parts
with the world's smoothest surface,
used also on this searchlight reflector.**

Imagination spurs Chrysler Corporation's constant search for precision methods that can build longer life and better performance into cars or trucks — or weapons of war.

Imagination made possible the long list of car improvements introduced by Chrysler Corporation: the combination of Floating Power and Fluid Drive that gives you such effortless, quiet performance, the long life that comes from Superfinished parts, and many others.

Here at Chrysler, imagination stimulates the search for new methods and improved products. And all the Corporation's divisions work together to share their experience and findings, strengthening *each* with the strength of *all*.

Chrysler imagination quickly applied precision methods to tanks, aircraft engines and other war equipment. After the war, the same kind of imagination will again help make better cars and trucks for you.

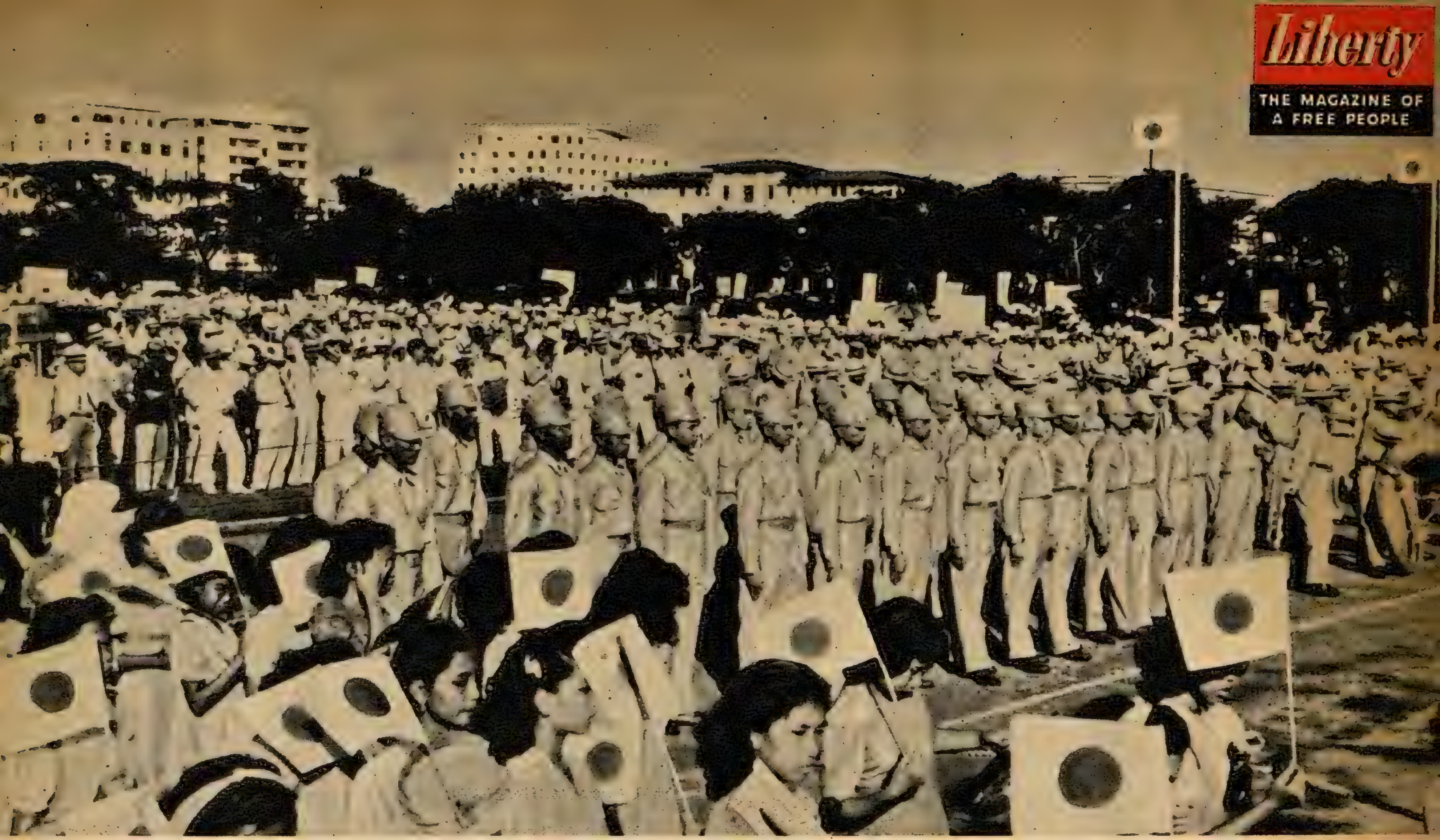
*** IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT**

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH
DODGE
DE SOTO
CHRYSLER

AIRTEMP
Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration
CHRYSLER
Marine and Industrial Engines
OILITE
Powdered Metal Products

YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.



Indicative of Japan's new propaganda line is this smuggled picture of Filipinos being sent to Japan for training as leaders of their homeland.

Will Japan Win the War of Ideas?

Japan has her postwar plans too, win or lose. Unless we forestall them, she may be a greater menace in 1970 than she was in 1941

BY SELDEN MENEFEE

THOSE who know the Japanese insist that military defeat will not mean the end of the war for Japan. The Japanese intend to continue the psychological war against the West even after their armies surrender and after they have been stripped of their conquests. And if they profit by their past mistakes, they may be a far greater menace to the peace of the world in 1970 than they were in 1941.

Before Pearl Harbor, Japan had in eastern Asia the most formidable fifth column the world has ever known. Japanese traders in China, farmers and small manufacturers in the southern Philippines, fishermen in the East Indies, Buddhist priests in Thailand and Burma, and textile salesmen in India had one ware in common—Japan's manifest destiny. After Tokyo has surrendered, remnants of these Imperial missionaries and of the military occupation forces left behind will form a secret army to help prepare the ground for a new war of conquest a generation hence. For the immediate future, propaganda and economic penetration will be their weapons.

The ultimate aim was made crystal clear by Admiral Takahashi, former commander in chief of the combined fleet, in a radio address to Nipponese children in October. Warning them that the Allies might land in Formosa or even in Japan itself, he said, "It is our duty to take back all our Pacific islands and expand even as far as Australia. . . . You, as the rising generation, must study and work hard so that you may, in the future, rescue the people of the Co-Prosperity Sphere. You must keep the fighting spirit alive within you."

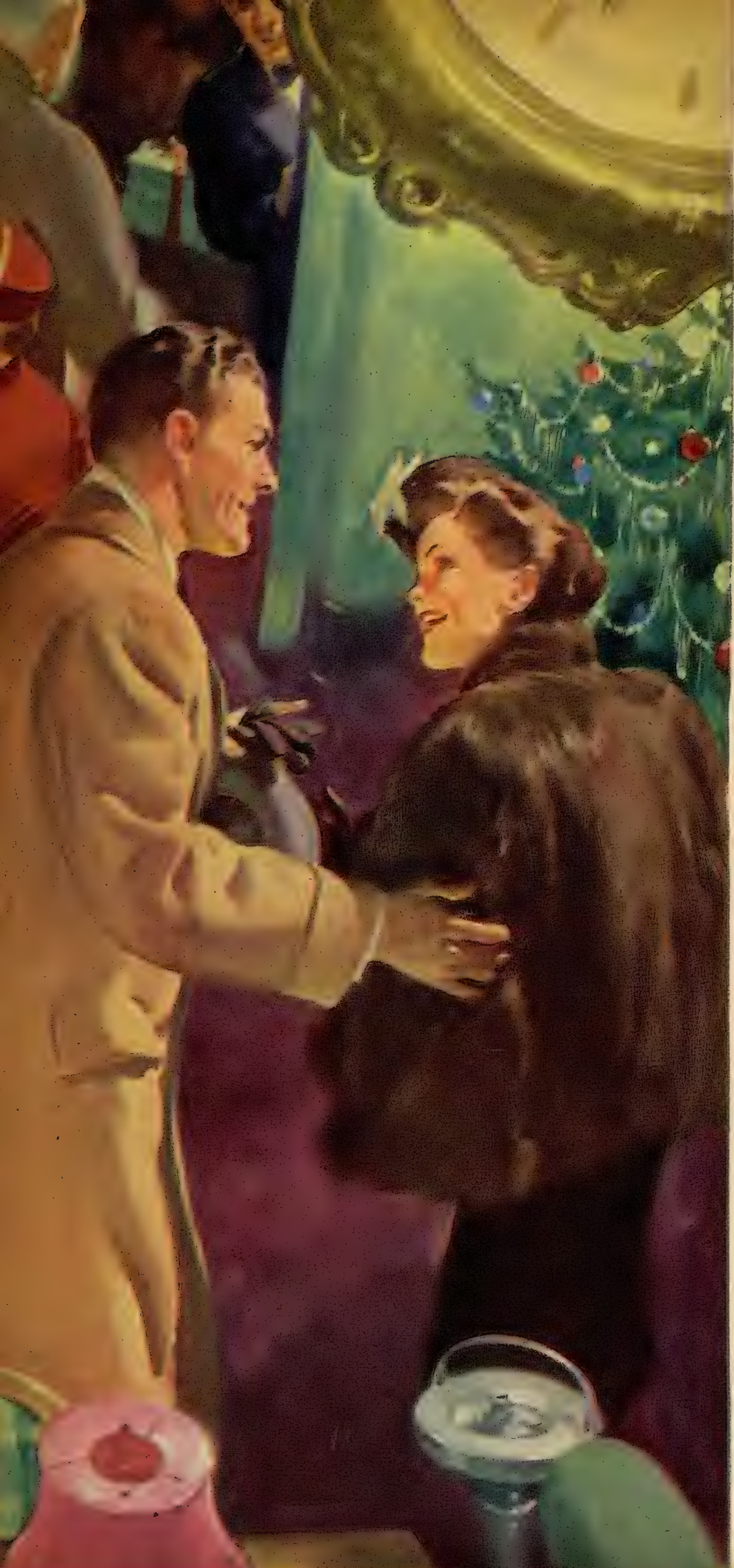
Few Americans have any real conception of Japanese political strategy. We are familiar with the atrocities committed in China and the Philippines, and with the fanatical suicides on Saipan and elsewhere. Most of us know that the Nipponese worship their emperor. But that's about all. They will take advantage of our profound ignorance of their psychology to have another try at domination of the Far East—by a different technique this time.

They missed their first chance to achieve a position of real leadership in Asia many years ago. If, following their victory over Russia in 1904, they had peacefully exploited their new prestige to make themselves the friend and protector of all Asiatic peoples against Western imperialism, they might never have had to fight this war to achieve their purpose.

But Japan's national egotism, and her feudal traditions with their glorification of the warrior, were too strong for common sense to prevail. She grabbed Korea, and, after World War I, the German treaty ports and mandated islands. Then, after a brief pause, the Nipponese cut a bloody swath through Manchuria, Inner Mongolia, China, southeast Asia, the Philippines, and the Netherlands East Indies. They had complete faith in the strategy of terror; persuasion played little part in their plans.

Through all of Japan's military campaigns ran the same disregard of human values where the "natives" were concerned. Some of the brutality was scientifically developed, as the water torture and fingernail-pulling techniques used in Korea for decades. Oftener it was the result of callous indifference or sadistic egging-on by Army officers. The Nanking orgy of rape, looting, and murder was encouraged by top officers, and the Hong Kong affair in 1941 was openly heralded in advance by the enemy High Command. General Homma's torture of American and Filipino

(Continued on page 54)



“Imagine finding you here under the clock—and me on the town all alone!”

Oh,

THIS time, thought the girl with the tinsel star on her hat, I *won't* look! *I won't turn around!*

She turned around, breath catching in her throat, to watch the elevator doors glide open beneath an indicator needle poised at M for mezzanine. The gray little man in the gray little uniform (The operator of this car, Josef Lubbock, is pledged to courteous service) stood there inside. Past him, an old lady in handsome black lace stepped out and behind her—no, the doors were closing.

Linda Kirkland stifled a sob, and tried to settle back in her chair again. But her eyes would lift to the delicate French clock, the famous clock, the cruel clock suspended from that wrought-iron lace which canopied the mezzanine.

So Dale was two hours late. So Dale wasn't coming at all.

Beyond the low railing the whole great lobby of the Hotel Andre stretched to glittering infinity. The big Christmas tree at its geometric center sprouted fruit of light and colored glass, with moss of silvery-gilt strung between.

From hidden loud-speakers canned carols rang out above the crowd. “Silent night, Holy night! . . .” Terrible night, too. Desperate night. No Dale. Linda sat motionless in her chair, but the star on her hat twinkled.

“Wear a star so I'll know you, honey,” the telegram had said. Special joke, from Dale to Linda, presumably with love.

The last of those six nights they had been together, back in August, they had gone to somebody's penthouse to a party. Dale had reached up and pretended he was picking a star out of the sky for her. And that was when he'd asked her to wait for him. He'd be back by Christmas, he said.

“. . . All is calm,” vowed sweet synthetic voices, “all is bright . . .” Linda's lips tightened.

No man who meant to come at all was ever two hours late. “Under the clock at the Andre,” she'd wired back to the Washington hotel where his own wire had originated. “Eight o'clock.” He wasn't New York born or bred so she'd made it easy. The remotest Zulu would have heard of the clock at the Andre.

Up from the lobby the sounds of Christmas Eve kept swelling. Yelps of recognition, the hammer of spiked heels, the ding of desk bells, and While Shepherds Watched, courtesy of Muzak.

There'd been his girl back home; that usual girl next door. Back home, to Dale Barrett, was a place called Barrett's Mill, New Hampshire. The girl's name was Eileen. But it hadn't really been a romance, Dale had said; just the thing that happens in small towns. They made quite

Little Star!

BY JEAN FRANCIS WEBB

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

Follow a tinsel star on Christmas Eve and see what it can do for a desperate man, a hopeless woman, and two confused young people in love

a thing of Christmas in Barrett's Mill. The dance at the country club, the sleighs on the snow-choked back roads, the wreaths in everybody's windows, open house at his grandmother's bog farm. . . .

Six short days—they'd be a frail, frail anchor indeed against that pull. With every hour Dale must have felt himself turned back. The shoppers in the streets, the green and red in store windows, the Santa Claus on every corner—they'd have been reminding him, calling him. August was one thing. But Christmas was another.

By the time his train reached Grand Central he must have been heartily sorry that he'd promised to meet a girl he scarcely knew under the clock at the Andre. Just a few more hours' travel and he'd be home again!

"I might have done the same thing myself," Linda said, knowing it wasn't true.

The elevator was stopping at M again. A man stepped out. He saw her and smiled with pleasure and came forward eagerly.

"Linda Kirkland!" his deep voice boomed. "Linda, darling! I knew it," he said. "I knew if I remembered to write a Christmas note to Aunt Beatrice the sacrifice would pay off!"

Perry Atwood. "Nice to see you, Perry," said Linda, carefully smiling. From the lobby below, the voices from which there was no escape had begun anew. Good King Wenceslas this time. "Merry Christmas," she added, yet more carefully.

"It's going to be merry now, all right! Imagine finding you here under the clock—and me on the town alone! I don't know who you're waiting for, but he doesn't deserve you. Now *first* we'll—"

The aura of a Perry Atwood Christmas Eve hung about him already, a mixture of good brandy and expensive cologne.

"But your letter?"

"Aunt Beatrice settles for a telegram." His warm deft hand was guiding her already toward the elevators. "That's quite a star on your hat, lady!"

"Is it?" asked Linda, reaching up instantly to unpin it. "I—it probably makes me look like a Christmas tree. I don't know what made me wear it." It trembled briefly on the tips of her fingers before she dropped it into the bucket of sand for cigarettes.

"Going down," said the gray little man in the gray little uniform, and she stepped forward.

AT ten thirty, the hotel said Joe Lubbock could go home now. He was nearer seventy than sixty, and stiff knuckles made buttoning up his overcoat a real chore; but tonight he was in a hurry.

He left the hotel by an alley unknown to the mink coats and dollar cigars who considered the Andre their second home. In the street upon which he emerged, sparse snow was spinning on a chill wind.

It wasn't quite so cold if you bent over and drew your neck down inside your collar, turtle fashion. He made good time, even though the crowd streaming past bogged him down like quicksand.

At Lexington, his eastward progress was halted momentarily. Waiting while a streaked Morse code of lights slid past—busses, taxis, private cars—Joe warmed his bent bones with the news he was carrying. The job was to be permanent!

Anna would be happy—if she was well enough to hear him.

The light at the curb went green and he was on his way again. Deep in one pocket a hand closed over the tinsel star he'd salvaged from the sand bowl on the mezzanine. That was for Anna too. Something to shine for her. . . .

"Nobody's going to stop a boy out on a Christmas spree to ask about a stick-up."

In the dark vestibule just off Second Avenue, he stamped wet snow from his shoes before he began to climb. Somewhere on the second flight his heart began to pound with that jerky thump that wasn't exhaustion. Suppose—

But when he reached the topmost landing, the light showed under his door. And he could hear young Molly Whipple, from across the hall, moving about inside.

"Home already?" Molly said softly, as he came in. "They let you out early."

"Christmas Eve," Joe said. "She's—" His eyes wandered uneasily over toward the alcove where the bed stood.

"Resting easy," said Molly. "The doctor was here."

Panic froze Joe where he stood. "The doctor—what did he—"

"She's close to a crisis. But if she gets through tonight O. K.—"

Joe just looked back at Molly.

"Mr. Lubbock, he's coming back—midnight or so. But if there's anything I could do, meanwhile, I'd be glad—"

He nodded at her vaguely. "I guess there's nothing."

"Maybe I'd better go, then. But I'll look in later. Just in case."

Joe heard the door close, but already he had forgotten her. Step by step he drew closer to the alcove. The light was shaded so it wouldn't bother Anna's eyes, and her face lay in shadow.

She was asleep. Christmas Eve, and she didn't even know it. Christmas, that Anna always had set such store by.

HE tiptoed back to where he had left his overcoat, and fumbled in its pocket before he returned to the foot of the bed. The tinsel star twinkled because his hand shook, holding it. It wasn't much. It wasn't the fat green tree she'd trimmed with popcorn strings and colored balls many another Christmas Eve their forty odd years together. But it had a shine to it. It was something.

He bent the wire at its base so the knob on the bedpost could support it where she'd find it when she woke up. Then he drew up the scuffed rocking chair close beside her and sat down to wait.

"Joe?" He couldn't be sure she'd spoken at all. "You, Joe?"

The rocking chair creaked. "I'm home, Anna. You rest now."

She'd seemed too weak for any movement, yet her eyelids lifted. She stared straight ahead. "Doctor . . ." she sighed.

"Molly told me. He'll be back later."

In shadow her face remained expressionless. Maybe now he could reach her with his news. For so long they hadn't known where the next money was coming from. If she knew now . . . if she could feel *sure* . . . He began to tell her.

"—so Kraus, the assistant manager, he calls me in his office and—"

"Joe." He caught her whisper. "Star."

She hadn't heard a word he'd been saying. A quick fear chilled him. Her gaze was fixed on the bedpost.

"I brought it home," he said, unsteadily. "It's just tinsel, Anna. I thought—" His throat choked up.

"Bethlehem . . . Joe. Peace . . . on earth . . ." She sighed and smiled a little and closed her eyes. Slowly, unevenly, his breath began again.

When he bent closer, her own breathing came shallow but steady. The crisis Molly talked about— He didn't know much about such things, but he suddenly wasn't so frightened any more. He didn't need a doctor to tell him. Why, right from the minute she'd seen the star—telling her the same thing he'd been trying to tell her, only in a different way—

Joe sank back, careful to keep his chair from creaking, and looked at the star. It seemed to dim and grow bigger, but he knew why that was.

That was because there were tears in his eyes.

(Continued on page 67)

It All Happens to Me

BY HENRIETTA A. HIRSHFELD

SO it's wartime, and a little hammer in my brain keeps tapping, "Do something, do something." There's always been something intoxicating in the sounds and smells of a depot, so I volunteer to the USO Travelers Aid. And where do you think I'm going to work? Why, in the outskirts of Hollywood—Los Angeles! In its Greyhounds, its Santa Fes, and its Union Depot.

That's the way I am. I'm always getting into places where things happen. Or, maybe, do they happen after I get in? You know how flypaper is, always catching flies. Well, I come home with all these tales and everybody says, "Why don't you write a story?" And finally I say to myself, "Well, why don't you?" So maybe this is IT.

But let's begin at the beginning. First, I take one of those courses where they teach you to love humanity and know all the answers.

And then I take on a bus depot!

I'm green as grass but cocky as a rooster crowing the sun up. So along comes an old lady, eighty-two. She said so herself. This old lady has come to town to surprise her grandson, and she did. He wasn't there to meet her.

Missing grandsons, bellicose sailors, lost drunks, prospective papas and mamas, latrine hunters, a mob of Navy recruits to herd—they're all in the day's work of the USO Travelers Aid

So I telephone and I telegraph him. Then I tell the old lady, "You just relax and let me do the worrying. I'll get you to your grandson if I have to take you there myself."

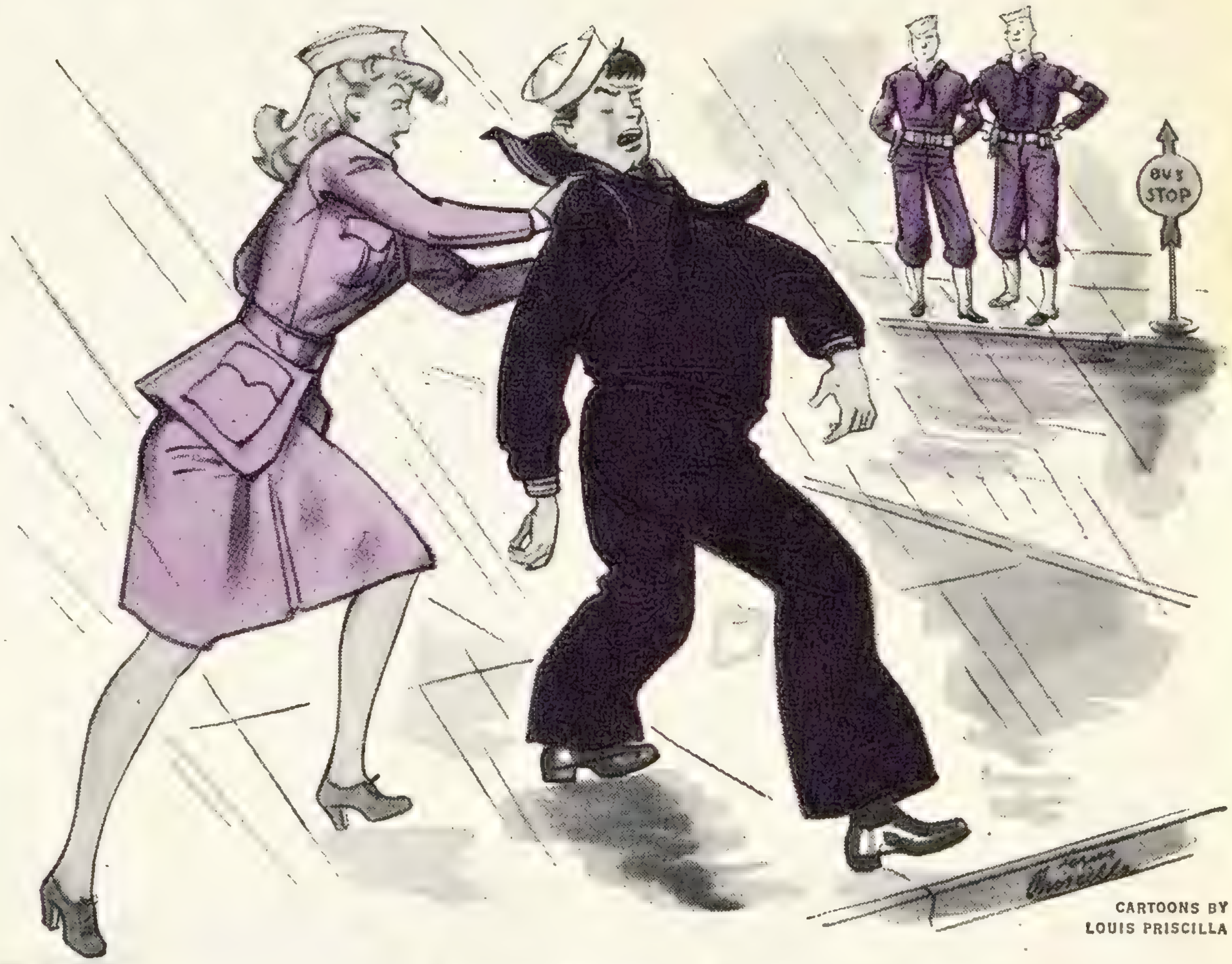
She believed me and relaxed. So much so that I took care of her suitcase, I took her to dinner, and I stayed two hours over my regular shift waiting for the grandson to arrive. He did!

How did she come to be traveling all alone? Well, you see, it was like this, she says: The highway runs past her house, and for a long time she watched the bus go by every day, headed for the city, and one day she could not stand it any longer, so she just got on the bus, and here she was.

Why do I tell you the story of this old lady first? Isn't this supposed to be a wartime service? Sure, and it is, but the first lesson I was to learn was how civilians, servicemen, traveling conditions and living conditions are all tangled up together and dependent upon each other. This job was more than "Hello, soldier. Hi, sailor, howaya?"

Then along came Sailor O'So-and-So, fat, bellicose, and filled with firewater. Orders from the office: "Don't let him out of sight; get him on the bus to his base." Oh, yeah! Sailor O'So-and-So had other ideas: "I won't move until I call my mother, and it's long long-distance."

So across the street I go to get him on a bus, and it's raining hard. Have you ever seen a drunk on Main Street abusing his wife and telling her he knows what he's doing and he's going to do it? Well, then you know what Sailor O'So-and-So and I looked like that rainy afternoon on Main Street.

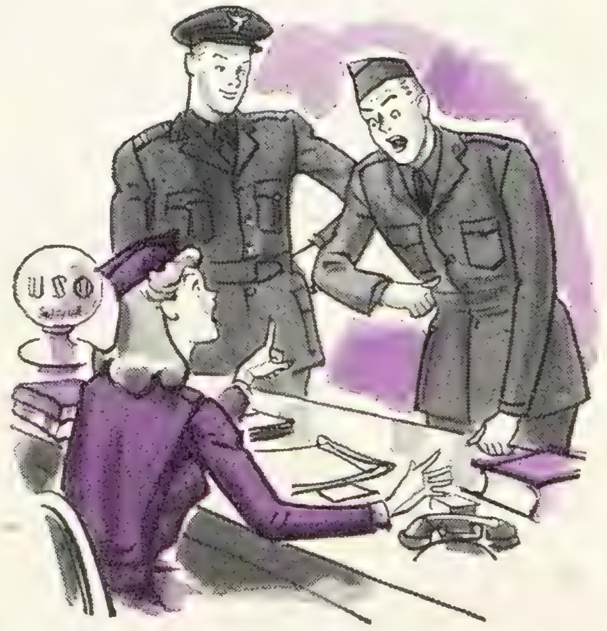


CARTOONS BY LOUIS PRISCILLA

I tried to get him on the bus.

I tried to put his call through to his mother. No luck. Just abuse from my sailor. I tried to get him on the bus. Worse luck. Finally I turned him over to the Shore Patrol and left him on his own. I didn't feel like a very successful volunteer just then.

Two hours later the sailor returned, dead sober. I'll always wonder what that Shore Patrol did to sober him. "Here comes trouble again," I said to myself. But no. Sailor O'So-and-So came up, hand extended: "Lady, I want to apologize. That wasn't my mother I was trying to phone. I wasn't telling you the truth about anything, and I'm sorry for the whole thing. And say, lady, what day do you work here regularly?"



"Lady, can't an enlisted man get any service around here?"

Believe it or not, it ended there.

So one day I'm minding everybody's business, like we volunteers are supposed to do, when up walks an officer, a second louie, and asks a question. Just then an enlisted man comes up, interrupts him, and says, "Lady, can't an enlisted man get any service around here? Don't always pay all the attention to officers."

And me fresh from being impressed with "rank has its privilege," and learning what all those bars stand for! Well, I don't quite know what to expect, and I gasp, "This gentleman"—indicating the officer—"was here first." With that, they both burst out laughing, and the officer says, "Lady, he's my brother, and we fool 'em all. We've been pulling this all the way across the country."

I was supposed to laugh and I did.

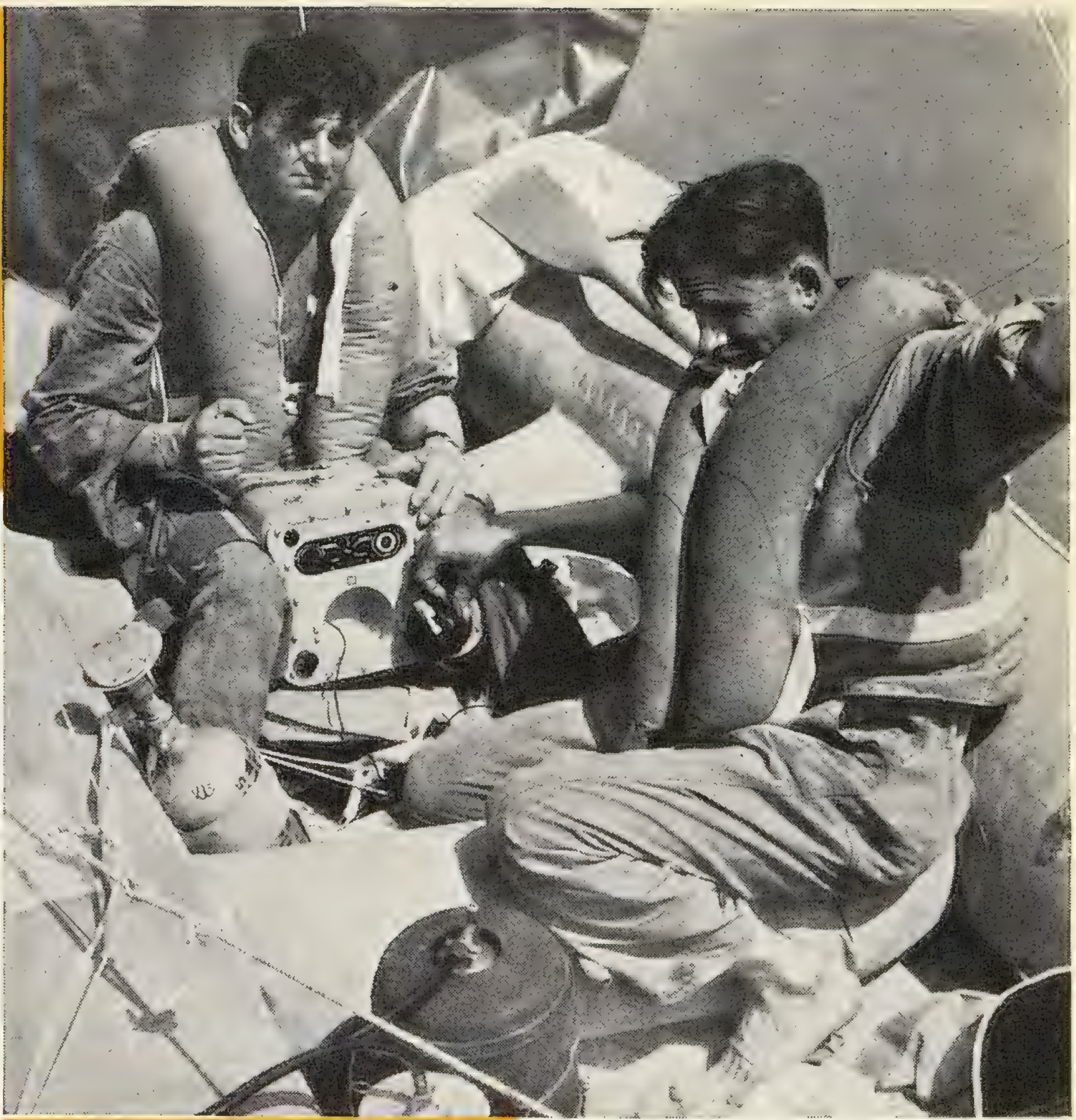
So, as I said before, I took on a bus depot. Did I tell you about the equipment? Well, you have a counter, an arm band, much paper, magazines, maps, and a handbook. Every "situation" is supposed to be in that handbook. And you're told if it isn't, to call the office. One of the first stories I heard was about the good-looking young worker on duty during a blackout. When the lights went out, the Main Street Lochinvars rushed into the depot. Some aimed at the volunteer. She screamed. A depot employee ran to her rescue and assured her he would take good care of her till the blackout was over. So into his office they went. He draws up a chair and sits beside her. But a half hour passes and the blackout is still on, and the flesh is weak, so he gets amorous and tries to kiss her.

There's nothing in the handbook for this situation, so she grabs the phone and calls headquarters. "For heaven's sake," they say, "kiss him and get it over. It's better to be kissed by a man in authority than by a Main Street bum."

(Continued on page 56)

It's a RADIO WAR

BY WILL H CONNELLY



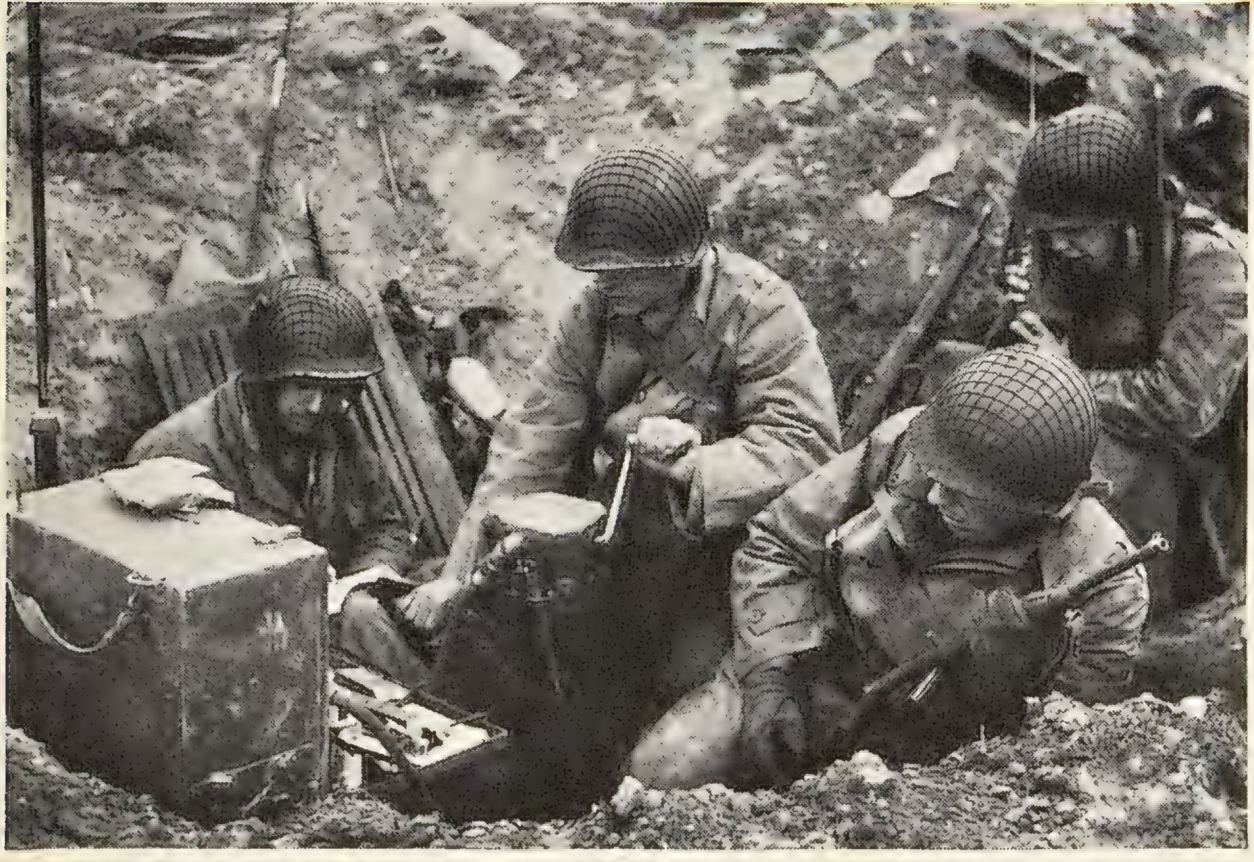
The "Gibson Girl" transmitter, a piece of sea rescue equipment, sends a code message or SOS when cranked.

ONE of the "secret" weapons of World War II that didn't pan out is the so-called radio death ray. The Nazis worked on it frantically, but at last reports had never developed anything that was deadly beyond a range of fifty millimeters—roughly, two inches. Yet the use of radio waves by Allied forces for military communications and other applications has pointed the finger of death at Japs and Germans by the hundreds of thousands.

The U. S. Army Signal Corps has lifted the curtain of secrecy to reveal many ingenious weapons in its arsenal of electronic wonders. The curtain hasn't been lifted very far, but even a peek is a very wide eyeful indeed.

There are such things as tattle-tale weather instruments with radio transmitters—known as radiosonde—which are carried into the stratosphere by balloons. They relay weather information to advanced Allied air bases and pave the way for bombings of enemy cities and military installations. Hairs from the heads of some of our blonde beauties are used in this supersensitive device. The hairs shrink or lengthen according to the humidity, and the change in length is transmitted to instruments which control the type of radio signals sent out by the radiosonde transmitter. Blonde hair is preferred because it is thinner than black, brown, or red.

One reason for Allied fighting success is the excellence of our combat communications. The days when battles went as planned only for the first minutes are over



A shore fire-control party directing naval gunfire against the beach shortly after D Day. One man receives, one man cranks "juice" for the set, a third speaks into a handie-talkie.

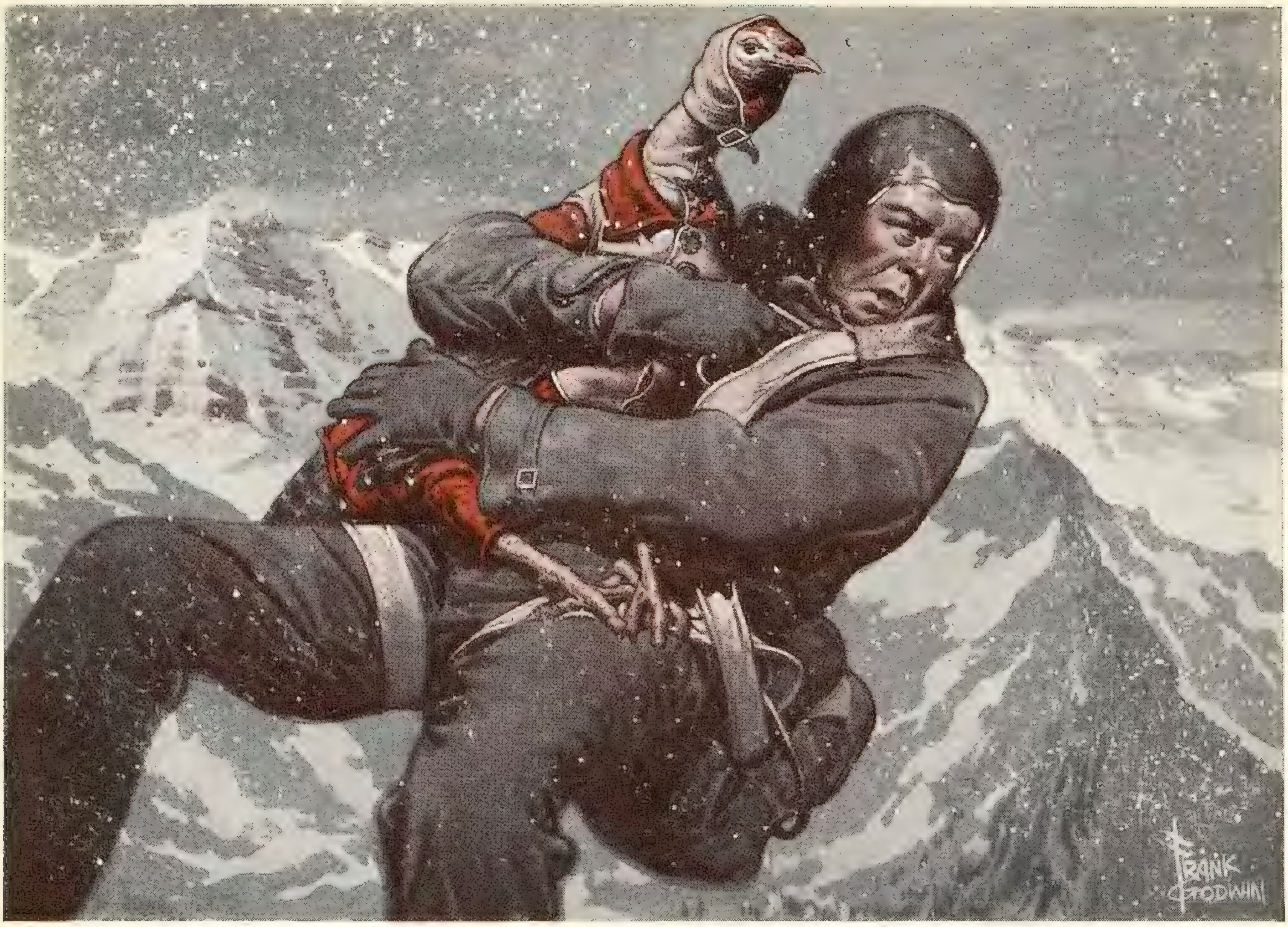
Every warplane that takes to the air is radio-equipped. The mighty Flying Fortress, for example, wouldn't be a fort without its seven complete radios, valued at $50,000. Each has a separate, specialized purpose. The B-29 Superfortress has almost twice as many. They range in weight from eight ounces to 550 pounds, and add up to a ton of radio equipment which guides the air giant on its route, locates home bases on its return, and helps to bring it in for a safe landing. Radios make it possible for flight commanders to issue orders and direct the attack or defense of planes in formation, to make instantaneous contacts with distant home bases, and to provide telephone service between members of bomber crews.

It is no longer necessary for the pilot to take his hand off the controls and pick up a hand microphone in order to talk. Strapped on his neck is a throat mike with two little plastic disks pressed gently against his pharynx. The vibrations of his voice are picked up and transmitted with an astounding degree of clarity.

Radio, incidentally, is responsible for that crushed-in, killer-diller style of flying-officer cap. Headphones wouldn't fit over the cap if it had the reinforced circular crown worn by ground-force officers. Through the earphones come the compass signals of the world-wide Army Airways Communications Service.

Getting down to earth, two of the Signal Corps' mightiest radio weapons are among the largest and smallest in its arsenal. One is a mobile radio station—the SCR-299. It is so feared by the Germans that downed Nazi planes have been found with pictures of it pasted in the cockpits!

(Continued on page 48)



Snowflakes pressed in all around them, and Nate said, "Just you and me together, Angus. When we get near the ground I'll turn you loose."

GOBBLE! GOBBLE! GOBBLE!

You think you know what happens to a turkey when Christmas rolls round in an Army camp? Well, in this outfit it's different. You'll see

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

SOME guy down in the States got the idea of beaming "Sounds from Home" to service outfits in remote spots. You'd write in and tell the radio people what you wanted, and you'd get it. Maybe you heard the Times Square cop bawling out the taxi driver; the village church bell ringing; the sand-lot ball team arguing with the umpire; the mule skinner cussing his team. (They had to dry-clean that one.) The woman calling Johnny to dinner for the third time was a honey. It made us think of our boyhood. We took them in stride until the broadcaster said, "We are taking the mike to a turkey gobbler. He's a magnificent bronze fellow, strutting, dragging both wing tips on the ground—"

He stopped suddenly because he saw it coming. And it came: "Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!"

A pause, then, "Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!"

Man! Man! But it was natural. And coming to Cold Deck, a jumping-off-place in Alaska, it was natural ten times over. We all began drooling. The turkey you get up here has been frozen so long that only the time machine in Alley Oop could pick up the gobble.

"That does it!" Mike Carney roared. He's harder than the hubs of hell. A natural leader. He's been top sergeant a couple of times, but in certain matters doesn't always see eye to eye with his superiors. He's private first class now. He's the kind of guy his American Legion post will lean on a lot after the war. "My first Christmas in the army we had storage turkey. Since then things have happened, and you know what we've had."

"Spam!" we all yelled.

"Spam!" Mike Carney roared. "Now here's the deal. We're going to chip in and buy a real turkey. We're going to do like the folks used to do back home—fatten him up, personally. We're going to watch him get heavier day by day. We're going to note intimate little details, like the size of his drumsticks and the size of his bosom. We're, in other words, going to eat him daily for six or seven weeks."

"How will you get him here?"

"The Russians or the Army Air Corps boys will fly him up," Mike said.

Maybe you haven't heard, but the Russians have a base in Montana. Yeah, that's right, M-o-n-t-a-n-a. It's part of the ferry deal that keeps lend-lease planes moving over the Fairbanks-Nome-Siberian airway. They've put us at Cold Deck to help anyone forced down in the region. Alaska is still

Alaska when you start walking. We're the forgotten men by everybody except the fliers. They look down and see our camp and it makes them feel good in bad weather. They're full of gratitude on those rare occasions when they come down for emergency gasoline or to wait out a blow. Flying a gobbler in would please them mightily.

"Now just a minute," Corporal Eddie Ranger protested. "I don't think this will work. How'd you feel Christmas morning, with your mouth watering for turkey, only to find him dead?"

"Hell!" Mike Carney snorted. "We don't figger to eat him alive."

"You don't get it, Mike," Eddie answered. He's five feet three inches tall and is underweight. He played a bull fiddle in the high-school orchestra. He'll stand up to anyone. "My mother raised turkeys. Every time it sprinkled, us kids would have to get 'em under cover. Baby chicks could take it, but little turkeys just died. Turkeys are delicate. Expose a gobbler to this weather, and no telling what'll happen."

"O. K.," Mike retorted. "They issue us cold-weather clothing, and we don't die. By the Lord, we'll rig up cold-weather clothes for the gobbler."

You can find all kinds of guys in an army, so Mike and Eddie barge into Pete Wold's cabin.

"PETE, you're a tailor. Can you make a wool suit for a turkey gobbler? You could put zippers on the legs and up the front, like a flier's suit," Mike explained. "You'd have to make a helmet with a brim on it to cover the gadget that hangs down over his bill."

"A *real* turkey dinner for a change," Pete said. "That's swell! Sure, I'll make him a suit."

"Fix it so that it can be let out at the seams as we fatten him up," Mike said. "Now get busy, and I'll take up a collection."

We got a real break two days later—Nate Udell, the cook, was given a furlough. "You pick out the gobbler, Nate," Mike said, "and bring him back with you. A cook should know the right specifications."

Nate was tough and practical. "Leave everything to me," he said. Pete worked overtime on the suit, and when Nate took off he had suit and money. "I'll send in turkey feed as soon as I get there," he promised, "and line up my gobbler. Maybe I'd better bring him back with me. He might need oxygen at the high altitudes."

"You think of everything," Mike said. A benign smile covered his tough face. He licked his lips. "I can hardly wait. I can see you coming in, Christmas Day, carrying that golden-brown turk, with the gravy bubbling down. I'm a sucker for white meat with the skin on it. . . ."

Three weeks later Nate radioed, "Flying with the gobbler. His name's Angus. Suit and helmet fit."

He boarded the plane. Somewhere west of Fairbanks bad gremlins took over and the pilot said, "O. K., boys, hit the silk."

It was the first jump for most of them, but Nate took it in stride. "Hey," he said suddenly, "what about Angus? Nobody thought to make him a parachute."

"What're his wings for?"

"Hell!" Nate answered. "His wings are designed for short flights. We're seven thousand feet up. They'll fold up on him."

"Can't help it," the pilot answered.

"Give me a hand, you guys," Nate said. "I'll hold Angus most of the way."

It looked funny as hell, Nate backing through the door with Angus in his arms, and Angus' helmeted head jerking back and forth in amazement. You could tell that he was thinking, What the hell gives here?

The line pulled the 'chute from the pack and Nate almost lost Angus when it opened. Snowflakes pressed in all around them, and Nate said, "Just you and me together, Angus. When we get near the ground I'll turn you loose. Otherwise I might crush you in landing."

Twenty miles away, Eddie Ranger ran into Mike Carney's cabin. "Angus is down somewhere! He had to hit the silk!" he exclaimed.

"Hey, you guys!" Mike bellowed. "Angus is down! Hitch up the dog teams. Better take corn along. We might need it. Hell! We forgot to make mukluks for him. If his feet freeze we're sunk. He can't scratch."

"What about the guys on the plane?" Eddie asked.

"They know what to do. They'll be O. K. Angus hasn't any forced-landing training." He began pulling on mukluks and parka. "And remember," he bellowed finally, "it's your Christmas dinner you're hunting. No Angus . . . it's Spam." A top sergeant is a top sergeant in spirit even when reduced to a private first class. We naturally jumped when he spoke.

WE had crossed bearings on the plane's position when it went down, and we headed for the area. One of the season's first snowfalls was cutting the visibility down to a few hundred feet. Darkness closed in as we got there and we made camp. At daybreak someone fired a shot and we answered. A half hour later Nate came into camp. "Did Angus make it safely down?" Eddie asked.

"There was a million ducks resting on an ice-covered lake," he reported. "I turned Angus loose and he soared. It was the first time those ducks had seen a bird wearing helmet and flying suit. It scared the hell out of them. They headed south. Angus made a landing about a quarter mile out. I tested the ice and it wouldn't hold me. I called him, and made like throwing out grain, but he wouldn't come. So I holed in for the night."

"Jeeze, it was cold last night," Mike said. "And Angus without moccasins or mukluks."

We circled the lake and found Angus' tracks leading from the ice, inland. Every few yards Angus would scratch, but he found nothing he recognized as feed in the tundra. Angus was hungry. No fooling.

Toward noon we found fox tracks. The fox was following Angus. Angus was beating the game by taking off and flying a couple of hundred yards. The fox was patient. We followed his tracks and found several tail feathers. Well, the Indians up that way don't wear feathers, so we knew Angus had had a close shave. "To lose him after all this trouble," Mike Carney moaned. "If that fox eats Angus, damned if I don't eat the fox." He gobbled like hell.

"Angus has guts," Nate said. "He only jerked his head this way and that when we hit the silk." We all gobbled.

We found him at noon, standing on one foot with the other pulled up against his body to keep it warm. He said, "Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!" And took off. We gobbled, but he didn't stop.

"He must've consulted somebody with a crystal ball who told him that we're no safer than the fox," Eddie said. "How're we going to get him? If we shoot him we'll have to keep him in cold storage until Christmas. We can't run him down."

"All hell can't stop me from eating that turk Christmas Day," Mike growled. "I've got an idea. A loop with a slipknot on the snow; a trail of corn to the knot. He eats, we yank, and get him around the feet or neck."

Mike damned near froze to death waiting for Angus to step into the loop. The shades of night were falling when Eddie yelled, "I got it! Turkeys roost in trees. There ain't a tree in sight. Turn a sled up on end, and we'll see what happens when the Japanese sandman comes to Angus."

We poured water around the sled and let it freeze so that it wouldn't fall over when Angus landed on it. Then we beat it. Angus walked around it several times, jerking his head and saying, "Quirt! Quirt!" He didn't think much of the deal, but it was the only thing in sight. He flew up, settled down, and all was quiet. Mike and Eddie snuk up after dark and grabbed him.

We put him in a storeroom with plenty of dry tundra on the floor, and rigged up a sun lamp so that he'd get the right kind of rays. A plane had dropped a sack of feed and Nate took over the job of feeding him. The rest of us got into the habit of dropping in a couple of times a day, leaving something to eat, and trading gobbles. We'd gobble and he'd come right back at us. It was funny as hell seeing the toughest guys in the outfit squatting down, gobbling. Then Angus, having out-gobbled us, would strut and drag his wing tips, at the same time giving us the eye. We could see he was putting on weight. We rigged up a heater out of an oil drum to keep him warm.

You should've seen him three days before Christmas. He was the sort of bird that they send to the President. All of us stopped sometime or other that day to let Angus eat out of our hand. The next morning the room was empty. A few feathers and several grains that Angus couldn't choke down remained. Mike said, "The place is empty as hell, isn't it? But man! Man! That bird's going to taste good." Then Eddie looked in. "Angus sure made a place for himself in this outfit, didn't he?"

Christmas morning came, we had breakfast and opened our presents. Last Christmas we'd been fighting Japs, and the one before we'd been on our way. Now we were up where Santa Claus lived. We had some drinks, smoked a lot, and shot the breeze until dinnertime. Some mighty swell odors came from the kitchen.

"Funny thing," Mike said. "I must've had Angus on my mind. I dreamed that I heard him gobble. It was just as natural!"

"Angus had a gobble all his own," Eddie said. He sighed.

Then Nate poked his head in and said, "Come and get it!"

We all sat down and looked at the door. It was silent as a morgue. We'd planned for this hour and worked like hell to bring it about; but we didn't feel like we expected that we'd feel. Mike suddenly needed a smoke, and Eddie said, "I wish I was as hungry as I was when I was a kid." He sighed and nibbled an olive.

THE door opened, and Nate came in carrying a big covered dish. He had a tough gleam in his eyes as if to say, "If you don't like my Christmas dinner, you know what you can do." He set the dish down. Not a man of us leaned forward like you'd expect us to.

Nate lifted the cover and yelled defiantly, "Spam! You'll eat it and like it! What kind of a bunch of heels are you that'd ask a man to roast a turkey like Angus? He was like a brother to me."

"Bring him in!" Mike bellowed in relief. "What this outfit needs is a mascot, not a turkey dinner!"

"Amen, brother!" Eddie yelled.

Nate went out and brought in Angus. He set him down at the head of the table. Angus jerked his head around as if to ask, "What gives, boys?" He seemed to recognize some of us. "Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!" we all yelled.

"Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!" Angus replied. Then he strutted and dragged his wing tips.

Spam had never tasted better.

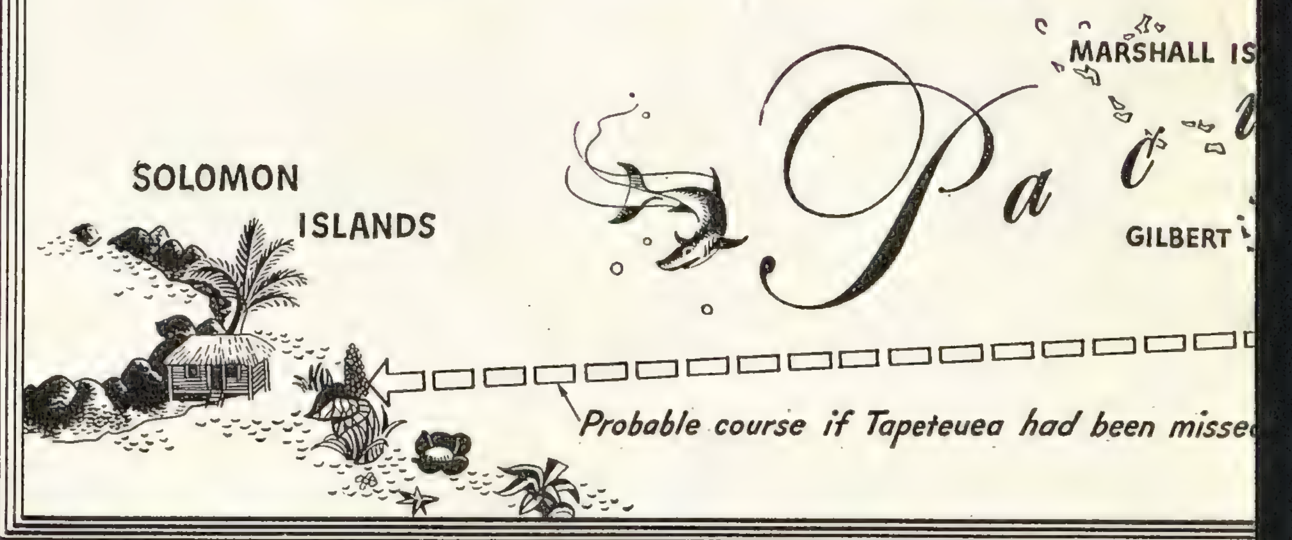
THE END

RESCUE of the FOX–14

By

Lieut. W. S. PAPWORTH, U.S.N.R.

Where was Army Transport Service Ship FOX-14? Three days out of Hawaii she disappeared, and was missing for 63 days. Here's the story of how she was found and rescued—from a rather attractive fate



THE Army Transport Service Ship FOX-14 had mysteriously disappeared from her convoy three days out of Hawaii and had been missing at sea for sixty-three days. Navy ships, aircraft, and shore stations had long since exhausted every possibility of finding her. Had she been torpedoed? Sunk? Broken down and drifting? Dashed to pieces on some lone reef?

The first clue came when Lieutenant S. S. Page, R. N. Z. N. R., brought his schooner, the M. V. John Williams V, into the lagoon at Apamama. She had scarcely anchored before her boat was ashore with an urgent letter for our commanding officer:

"American ship, FOX-14 . . . en route Hawaii to Australia . . . lost convoy . . . engines broken down . . . reported lying off Tapeteuea South . . . will report in person soon as possible."

Lieutenant Page, one of the New Zealand pilots we had brought up to show us the waters when we invaded the Gilberts in November, 1943, told his story later in the captain's quarters ashore.

"We're making a medical survey of the Gilbert and Ellice islands," he explained. "Immediately after we put in at Tapeteuea on Thursday last, the natives reported that an American ship was lying off the reef on the weather side. Shortly they brought a white man to me who identified himself as Robert Owens, skipper of the Army Transport Service Ship FOX-14. He asked if we could give him a lift to some American naval base. Said his engines had broken down, he had drifted in to shore, and he needed help.

"I told him we would be glad to take him to the U. S. base at Apamama, and that our course was for Nonuti, Kuria, and Aranuka on the way. We made a date for 1700 the next day at Tapeteuea North. Meanwhile he would return to leave orders for his crew. Came the appointed hour, but no Owens. The wind had turned unfavorable for his canoe trip up the lagoon, and we thought he might have tried to make it on foot. We sent out native runners and waited. The tide was ebbing, and if we didn't get off soon we would be hung up another twenty-four hours. When Owens didn't show up, we shoved off, and, cutting out our other stops, headed directly for Apamama."

We asked about the crew.

"As near as I could make out," said Lieutenant Page, "they're safe and well. Most of the men are living ashore with the natives. There must be twenty-five to thirty men, for I judge the ship is about four hundred tons. There are coconuts and fish, so the men won't starve. Actually, I didn't get much information from Owens, because I thought he was coming up with us and would tell his story himself."

Tapeteuea, 150 miles south of us, is a little off our beat and pretty well out of the zone of active operations. We broke out our charts, Sailing Directions, and such intelligence as we had on the place. Tapeteuea is a forty-mile-long worm of an island. Unlike the classic atoll, it is not circular and does not enclose a lagoon, the lagoon being merely sheltered water lying to the west. Our information showed numerous coral patches, treacherous waters, and much foul ground. In fact, the Hydrographic Office advises giving Tapeteuea a wide berth of fifteen miles to clear dangerous waters.

We did turn up an extraordinary fact, however. There is a small weather anchorage about five miles north of the southern tip of the atoll. This is probably the only anchorage from Hawaii to the Solomons that lies on the weather side of an island.

"If that ship is still in one piece, I'll bet she's in that anchorage," said Lieutenant J. F. Wunderlich, U. S. N. R., patrol plane commander, as we were making plans for the rescue that night. We didn't like the looks of the possible landing areas, for landing a big flying boat in the midst of coral heads is no picnic. Lieutenant (j. g.) F. P. Boehm, U. S. N. R., the plane's first pilot, didn't cheer us up any when he reminded us that to land right with the wind at the hour we expected to arrive would put the sun smack in our faces. But we went over the dope again and left a call for four o'clock.

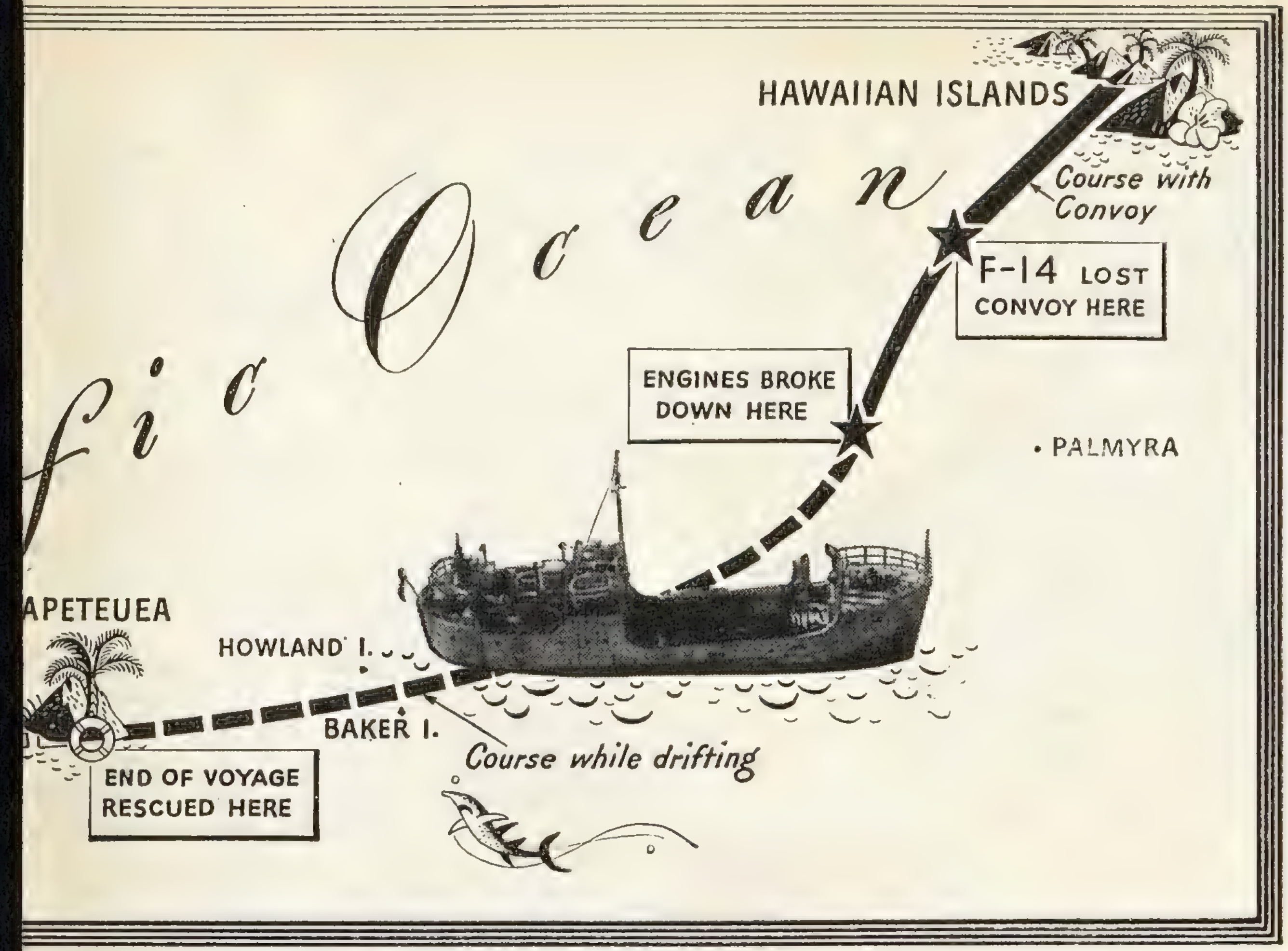
Our PBY took off at dawn. In addition to the regular crew, our party included Lieutenant Commander J. J. O'Connor, U. S. N. R., executive officer of the naval air base at Apamama, and me, the air combat intelligence officer at Apamama. Mr. O'Connor summed up our thoughts when he remarked, "Pappy, the strange thing about this business is how a ship can just disappear in this day and age. That used to happen in the days of sailing vessels, but not now. Why didn't she radio? How come some plane or ship didn't spot her?" We were forced to assume her radio had broken down.

The sun was getting high as we passed over Nonuti, and even then we could see in the distance the northern tip of Tapeteuea. Lying before us we saw dozens of little islands stretched out for forty miles like a series of mint patches in the sand. We flew down the long axis of the atoll, every eye fixed on the shore line. We saw many outrigger canoes in the distance, many natives on the beaches, and native villages. Lieutenant Wunderlich was studying the lagoon. "How does it look?" I asked. "I don't like it much," he said. "There are a lot of nasty-looking coral heads down there. They'd tear the bottom out of the plane as though it were tissue paper."

Just then the port gunner sang out, "Two points on the port bow." Lieutenant Boehm had spotted the ship and passed the word on the interphone. We were still about ten miles up the atoll, but we could just make her out. She was only a few hundred yards off shore.

Lieutenant Wunderlich started letting the plane down almost at once. We came abreast, circled, losing altitude, and in a moment were on top of her. W. F. Land, our radioman, first class, had broken out his lamp and was trying to communicate with the ship by blinker. We must have circled eight times, but we got no message—only an answering blink from the ship.

As we circled we noticed a crowd of natives gathering on the channel side of the last islet just north of where the ship was anchored, and we were now low enough to identify several white men among them. Land was working his light for all he was worth, but nowhere could



The course of the FOX-14. She lost her convoy en route from Hawaii, drifted, wound up in the Gilberts.

we get any indication that our message was understood.

Now Lieutenant Wunderlich dictated a message to Land over the interphone: "Do you want us to land? Write message in sand. Lieutenant Wunderlich, U. S. N. R." Land put the note into a caramel can, jammed the top on, opened the turret hatch, and stood by until he saw his chance. The can bounced on the reef not more than fifty yards from the cluster of men.

We circled again. The second time around we saw huge letters being traced in the sand: "LAGO." Finally the completed message read, "LAGOON SHALLOW—FOLLO NATIVES." We could see a file of natives running across the dry reef toward the lagoon to show us the deep water that would be safest for landing.

There was plenty of water, but the whole lagoon was dotted with the nastiest coral heads you could ever want to see. The job was to find a stretch of water long enough, clear of coral patches, and lying right with the wind. Lieutenant Wunderlich made six dry runs over a likely-looking stretch. On the sixth he dropped a smoke bomb to mark the beginning of the clear water. On the seventh he came in to set the plane down.

The water whizzed past and then met the hull with the usual crash. We bounded off a wave. The spray stopped. Another crash, another bounce. The next wave caught us and we started churning up a great spray. We lost headway and taxied in toward shore, barely moving.

Lieutenant Wunderlich had barely cut his engines when the advance guard of swimmers came alongside. Leading them were three crewmen of the stranded ship. First out of the water was a handsome man in blue-striped shorts whom we took to be the ship's skipper.

"You're Captain Owens?" we asked.

"No, I'm Floyd, first mate."

"Where is Owens?"

"He's gone up the line to some American base a few hundred miles north, I think," Floyd said.

It developed that Captain Owens had not returned to Tepeteuea South since setting out to meet the John Williams, and Floyd thought he had got aboard the British ship. We explained what had happened.

"Well," Floyd said, "he must still be at Tapeteuea North, then."

Meanwhile the swimmers, both crew and natives, were plastering themselves all over the plane. Two others of the FOX-14's crew, Chief Engineer Wendel Meyers and Keith Webster, able-bodied seaman, joined our group as Floyd told the story of the ship's adventures.

"WE left Pearl on the 31st of March," he said, "with a cargo of corrugated steel for Australia. We were the senior ship of a convoy of three. Three days out of Pearl we lost our convoy in the night, and we've seen no ship since. Four days later our main reduction gear went out, leaving us without motive power. For thirty-one days and nights we drifted, and at last hit Tapeteuea. We've been here now for twenty-nine days."

"Did you head for Tapeteuea deliberately?"

"Yes. That is, we headed for it deliberately when we knew it was the only land we had any chance of making. The skipper took frequent star sights and kept close track of our movements. We had tried to make Howland, but missed. Then Baker. When we saw we weren't going to hit Baker, we considered taking to the boats, but decided we were safer aboard the ship than in the small boat on the open sea."

"How did you manage to get into holding ground on the weather side of the island? That's treacherous water."

"Well, we'd taken the angle irons off the hatches to make a crossbar on the mast, and had rigged sails out of the canvas hatch covers. We were able to keep enough steerageway to keep her on a heading, so it was a matter of sailing her as best we could to the safest water."

We were aghast at the chance they had taken. If the anchors had not held, the

(*Continued on page 50*)

The shoeless men are the rescued crew of the FOX-14. With them are their rescuers and friends on Tapeteuea.

The author, at right end of back row, and the crew that found the FOX-14. Lt. Wunderlich stands second from left.

GOOD MUSIC, LIKE POP'S

BY ISABEL WAY and RUBY THOMSON

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

WE knew, the minute the old ranch car barged into sight, that something had happened. My sister Delie and I both knew it. For Pop's like that. Whatever he feels seems to pour right out through those long quick fingers of his into whatever they're hanging onto. When he's driving a car, he makes it act just like he feels.

So this day, when the old jaloppy came into the Basin like it would prance if it was a horse, Delie and I knew that something exciting had happened. But I wouldn't have jumped to my feet that way, all stirred up happy inside, if I'd guessed what it was. Delie's blue eyes wouldn't have shone smiling that way, either.

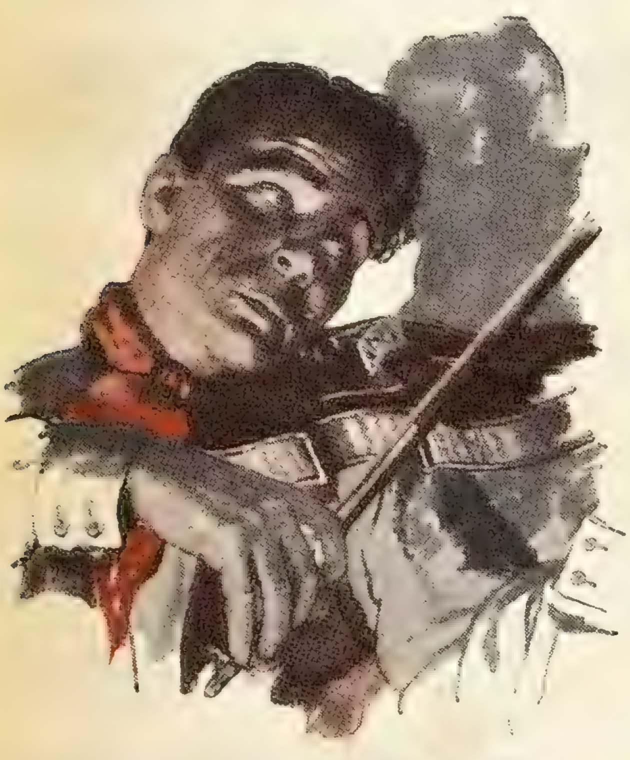
Delie didn't jump to her feet, of course. Delie's eighteen, and she's always been quiet. Mrs. Jessup, who owns the Whitefleece, where Pop works, says it's because Delie's had to be woman-grown since I was born, ten years ago, for Mama died the same week.

Anyway, Delie just sat there on her heels, feeding chocolate cake from our picnic lunch to Japheth, my pet wether. Her eyes shone as she watched Pop, for we're that proud of our father. He's so merry and young and handsome, with his black hair so curly, and his eyes so blue, and his body so quick and strong.

The jaloppy reared back on its hind tires as Pop stopped. He grinned at us as he got out, then right away he glanced out over the Basin, where the ewes were grazing. They were being held there against lambing, which wasn't far away, and Thad Jessup had tended them while Pop was away that day. Pop knew they'd be all right, but still he looked them over, like he always did, and if anything had gone wrong he'd have noticed it, for there wasn't a better sheepman anywhere than Pop, when he had his mind on his work.

When he nodded finally, I burst out, "What is it, Pop? What's happened?"

He threw his arm about my shoulder. "Can't fool you, can they, Martha?" But there was something in the way he looked at Delie, from the tail of his eye, that bothered me. He reached into the back seat and brought out something, sort of loving, yet slow.



You can't stop feeling what Pop's telling you, and sometimes he can't stop playing.

Delie gave a little gasp. Then I saw it—Pop's violin case.

He said huskily, "Jay Slocum sent it." He looked at Delie. "I've been sendin' money to pay for—for the damage back there. I had to do that, even if I never got the fiddle back. And this Carolyn Henrie that came visitin' the Jessups today, she's from that part of the country. Jay found she was comin' up here, and he sent it by her."

He opened the case and took out the violin, began tightening strings, tuning up. Then he sat on the car fender and began playing, and my throat felt swollen, like it always does when Pop plays. All at once I heard Delie draw a deep breath, and I looked at her, saw her face. She was sitting on her heels again, staring out at the ewes and at Thad Jessup out there. And Delie's thin freckled face, with a stubby dark braid on either side of it, wasn't happy to see.

I remembered then, and Pop's music turned to a sort of mourning hymn. For if Jay Slocum had told this Carolyn Henrie everything about Pop, and she tattled it to Mrs. Jessup—well—

I may as well explain about Pop. Like I said, he's young and handsome, probably the most beautiful and the gayest father in the world. He knows more about sheep, too, than any other man in the world. And he fiddles lots better, which is just the trouble.

You see, just the way he prances the jaloppy when he's excited, so he makes his feelings pour through his fingers into the fiddle. When he plays, you know just what he's thinking about. Maybe the wind in the pines, or the primroses on our mother's grave, or a band of sheep scudding after the bellwether.

Whatever it is, you can't stop feeling what Pop's telling you, and sometimes he can't stop playing. Those are the bad times, such as we wished never to come again.

Delie explained it to me when I was old enough. Lots of men get drunk on liquor. Maybe a few get stirred up on music. With Pop, it's both. Give him a chance to drink and he wants to fiddle. Let him fiddle and he wants wine. Give him both and he forgets everything—the sheep, the work, even us. And that's the plain truth of why we've had to move around so much.

No matter how much a man knows about sheep, he's no good if he goes fiddling when they need him. Always Pop lost his job because of that, and the last time with Jay Slocum was awful. Pop went off and left a bunch of young wethers. It was safe enough for an hour or two, up there in the mountains, if Pop had just borrowed tobacco from the men at the next camp and come right back, but he didn't.

He took his fiddle along, and the jug was passed, and—well, when Jay Slocum came up with supplies, two days later, he found that bears had killed five of the young wethers. After Jay had fired Pop, he kept the fiddle to pay for the damage.

We'd come here after that, more than a year ago, and we'd been awfully happy, and Delie wanted to stay, because Thad Jessup liked her. I'd seen them look at each other, and I'd seen Delie's eyes, the way they made her almost pretty by shining so. But now—Pop's fiddle had caught up with us.

I jumped to my feet, though Pop was right in the middle of a tune. "Mrs. Jessup'll want Thad home!" I almost yelled. "You send Thad home, Pop!"

Pop frowned, but he stopped playing. "Guess you're right," he nodded. "She did say to send him home. And Mrs. Jessup's temper don't improve with waitin'!" he added, and there was a twinkle in his eyes again as he put the fiddle in the case, snapped it shut, handed it to me, then started for the sheep.

I felt glad again. Maybe it was going to be all right. Maybe Pop could take his fiddling in small doses as long as there was no wine around.

Delie's face lightened too, but I guess that was because Thad was coming. He was fair-haired and gray-eyed and taller than Pop, and only twenty, but he didn't move easier, and he wasn't so handsome. All the same, I liked Thad.

I said, "Will you bring Carolyn tomorrow, Thad? Will you?" For visitors were a treat up here.

Thad laughed lazy and his eyes went to Delie. "Marty talks like that'll be a treat. Reckon I'll have to do it, though. She's the granddaughter of an old friend, and she's got to be entertained proper, so Grandma says."

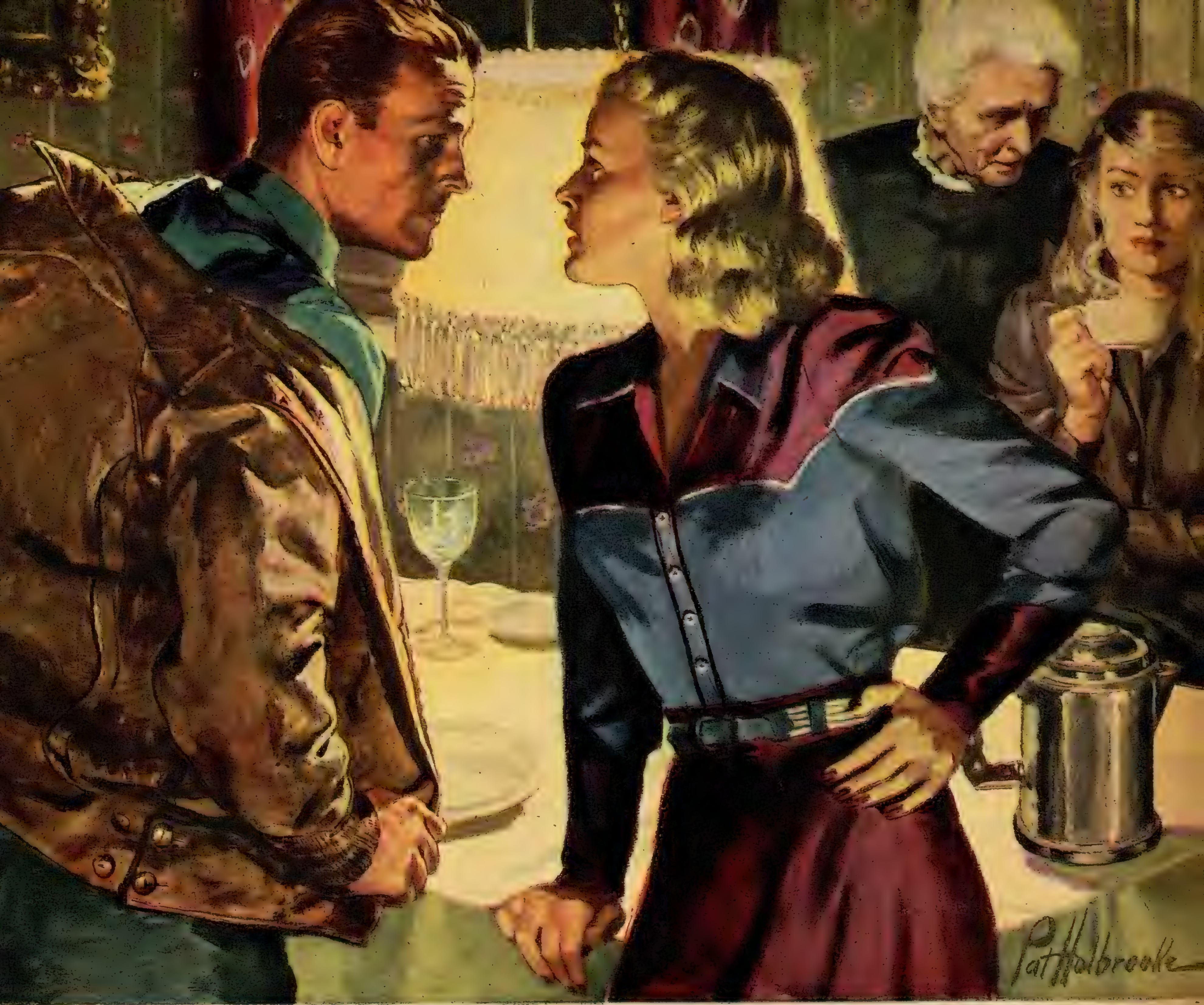
"Well, bring her!" Delie nodded. "We'll fix lunch again and eat here."

Thad caught Delie's hand and squeezed it before he slid into the car. After he'd gone, Delie stood there, looking at the trail of dust he'd left behind him, and there was that troubled look in her eyes.

Delie said, "I wish she'd never come!"

"Maybe she won't tell on Pop," I said, "even if she knows!" But all at once the fiddle case I toted was awful heavy.

Of course Pop had his weaknesses! What man hasn't? But he was doing all right until a pretty empty-headed woman came along and almost turned his head with her mischief



Carolyn gave a little cry. "You can't go, Thad! It's so dismal, and you promised to try out that new dance step with me."

IF Delie wished that about Carolyn Henrie then, she must have wished it harder the next day, when Carolyn came up with Thad. Carolyn was that pretty. She had hair as yellow as dodder, hanging to her shoulders. Her eyes were goldenish, and her skin was so fair it made Delie look like a little brown squaw.

I felt sorry for Delie. Especially when Carolyn got out of the car, tall and slim in her brown tailored slacks and yellow pull-over sweater. Delie had been helping Pop, so she just had on old blue levis. Her chambray shirt was nail-torn.

But I knew it wasn't her shabbiness that made Delie so tight-chinned all at once, with her freckles standing out plainer. It was the way Thad was looking at Carolyn, as if she were something special. It was even in his voice when he spoke her name.

"Delie, this is Carolyn."

Delie was game. She smiled. But when Thad said, "And this is Delie Crew—and Martha, Areb Crew's daughters," then Carolyn didn't play fair. She just opened her eyes wide and exclaimed, "Not *really!*" Right afterwards she pretended like she hadn't meant it and said, "I mean—how nice!" But we got what she meant. *You two girls, with your freckles and straight pigtails, the daughters of a handsome man like Areb Crew!* I didn't like her. And I knew she didn't like Delie, it was that plain. And I was scared. Carolyn was the kind who would tell.

Delie saw that, too. Her head came up quick when Carolyn said to Pop at lunch, "Now that you have your violin, Mr. Crew, can't we have a dance? . . . He's really good, you know, Thad. I heard a lot about his playing."

I WAS twisted sick inside, aching for Pop, because you could see how he wanted it—folks listening to his music while he cuddled his shiny violin under his chin and poured out everything he'd saved up this year. And I was scared for Delie and me. A dance would be pretty sure to mean a jug passed around among the men, and there would be no stopping Pop.

Delie said, sharp, "We don't plan dances when the ewes are about to start lambing."

"Lambing?" Carolyn gasped, startled.

"Yes, lambing," Delie nodded. "The times when the ewes drop their young."

"Oh!" Carolyn's pretty face went pink, as if Delie had said something she shouldn't.

Delie went right on, as she cut the cake. "It's one busy time. Anything can happen, you see. Sometimes the ewes aren't strong enough to produce and have to be helped. Sometimes one dies and leaves an orphan, and we have to make some other mother nurse it—maybe a mother whose lamb had died. And that's a job."

It wasn't like Delie to talk so much. Papa and Thad scowled, but she kept right on, speaking fast and quick, as she started the cake around. She wanted to keep Carolyn's mind off the dance. "Sometimes we even have to wrap the dead lamb's fleece about the little live one, so the ewe will accept it as hers. And—"

"I guess that's enough detail!" Pop stood up, without his cake. He knew what Delie was doing as well as I did and he wasn't one to be herded.

He said to Carolyn, "We'll talk about that dance later." Then to Thad, "You and Miss Henrie might ride out sometime soon and tell Salvador Gomez we'll need him next week."

Pop didn't smile at Delie and me as he went back to the sheep, like he always did. He just went away, tight-mouthed, and my cake stuck in my throat. It was like Pop's music was already reaching out and taking him away from us.

Everyone was quiet, then Thad cleared his throat. "Want to come along, Delie?" he asked. "We'll go to Salvador's now."

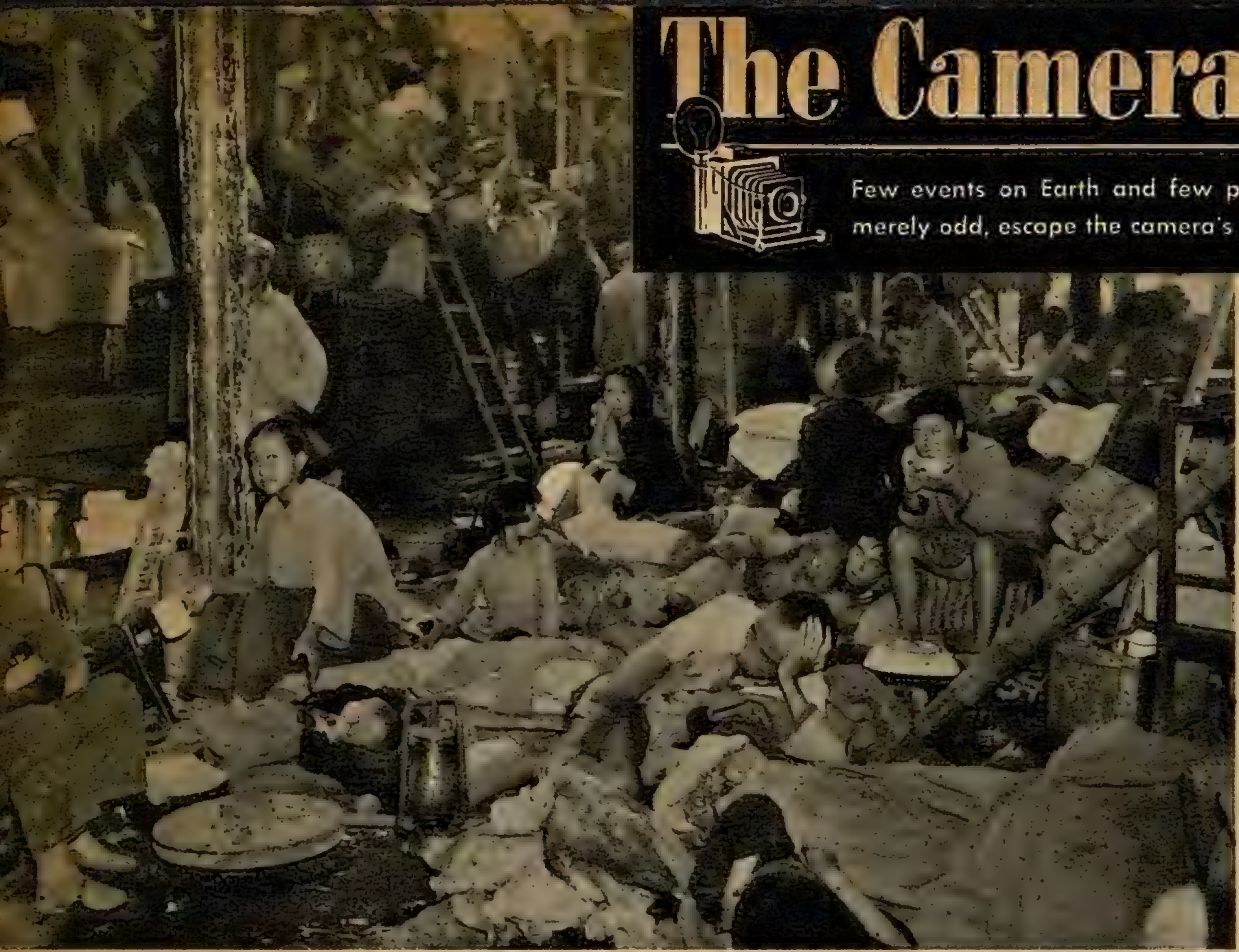
How Delie could smile so careless I'll never know. "Thanks, Thad," she said, "but I guess Pop can use me here."

Thad scowled, not liking to have Delie

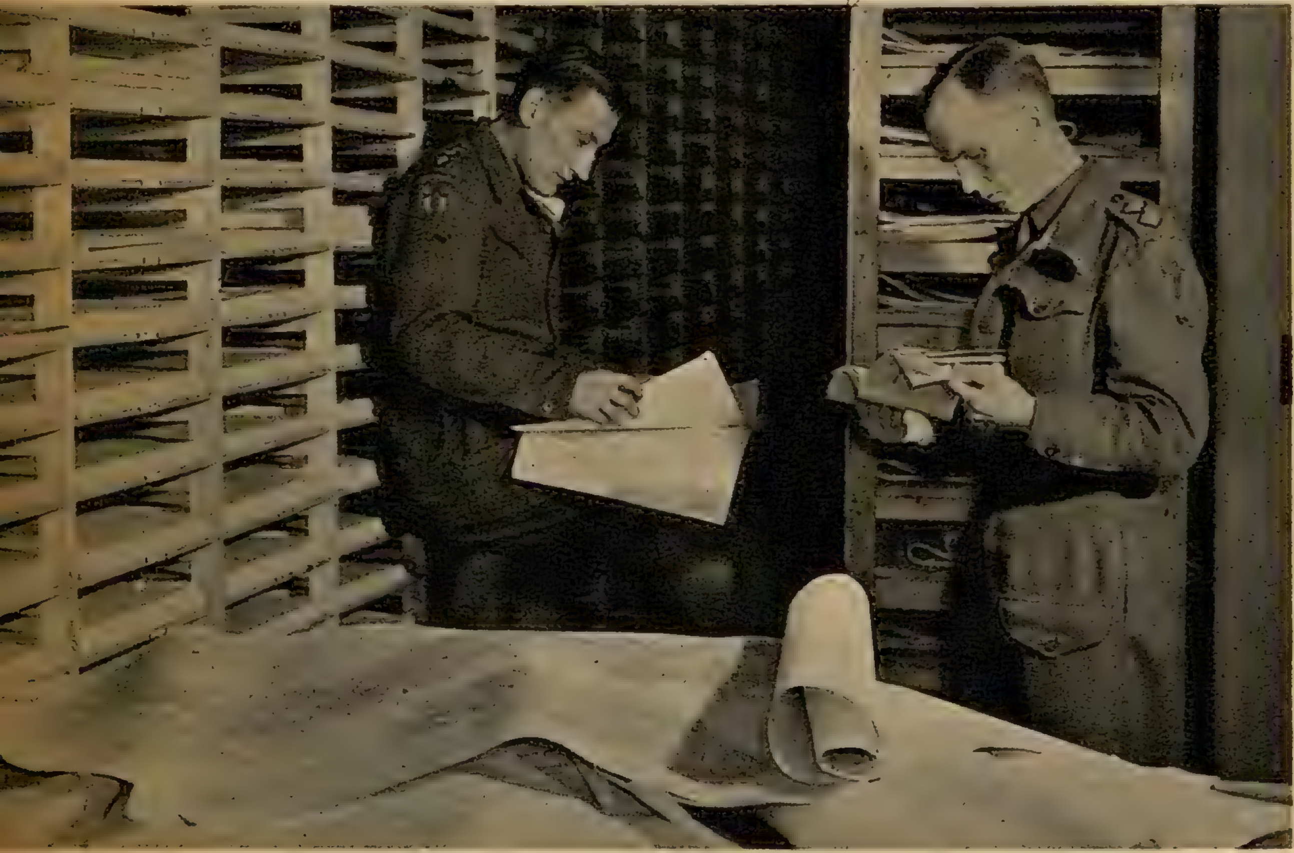
(*Continued on page 64*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



THE JAPS ARE COMING—Another and familiar chapter is being written in China's war. Once again her people are fleeing before the savage Jap hordes. Amid their pitiful belongings the people of Liuchow await evacuation by rail from their doomed city.

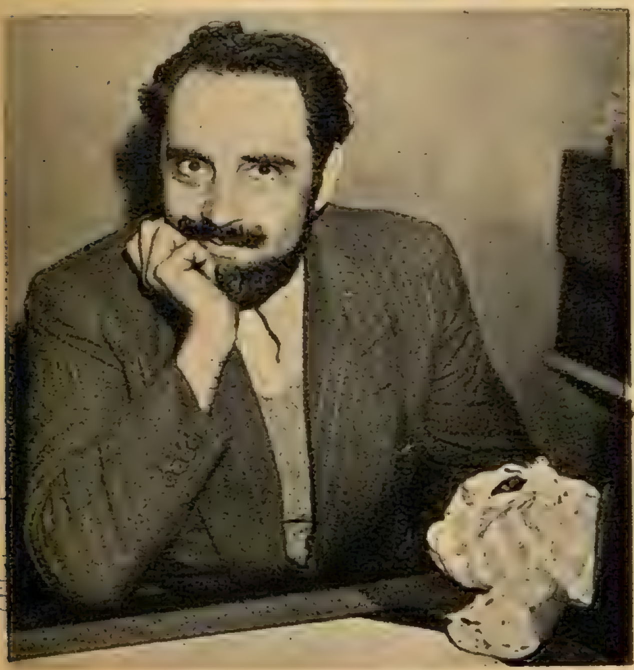


GREEN CHRISTMAS—There's no snow or tinsel for Fireman 1/c James J. Jordan as he gets his Xmas box somewhere in the Pacific, but he's pleased all the same.

FILE AND FORGET—When Allied troops took a German map depot in Belgium, they found maps of almost every country, including thousands of England, intended for use in the "invasion."

COVERED GIRL—Jinx Falkenberg is hiding behind this oxygen mask. We never took a good look before, but even her eyebrows are pretty. Jinx is in a plane going over the "Hump" to China, where she and a USO troupe will entertain.

THE GROANER AND THE VOICE—Here, plotting double mayhem against radio audiences, are Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra, who recently guested on each other's programs, in treat for their fans.



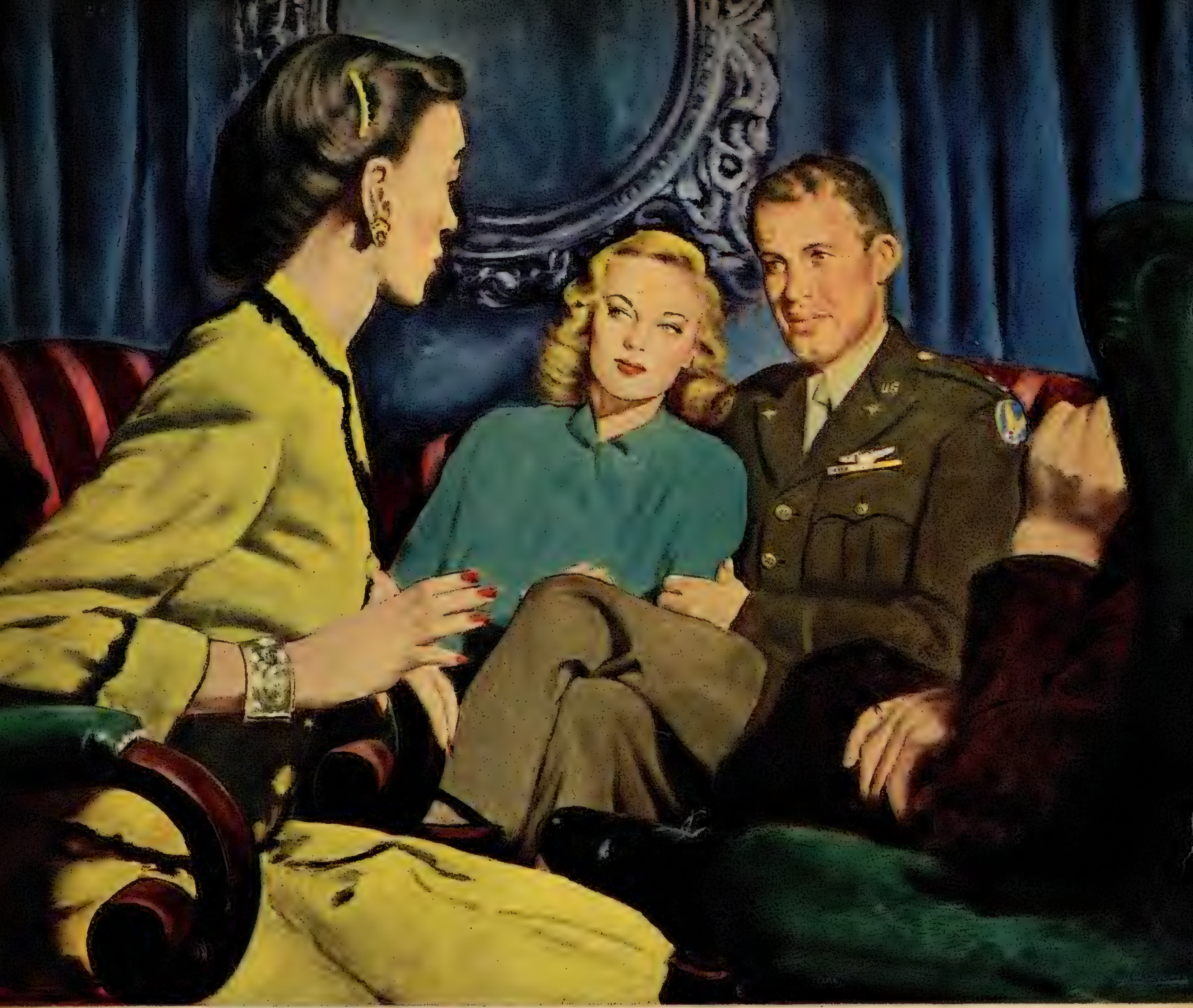
BLUEBEARD?—Paris police found the remains of 50 or 60 bodies in Dr. Marcel Petiot's house. He was arrested in an F. F. I. uniform and denied all charges.

ALLIED JUSTICE—A hint that Germany may expect fairness as well as strict rule is contained in this trial of two Germans at Verviers, Belgium. An Allied Military Government court acquitted them of charges of harboring German soldiers.

HIT THE DIRT, BUDDY—It's a do-or-die dive these Americans execute as they duck from enemy mortar fire. They are less than a hundred yards from the Germans at Alsdorf.

MRS. FALA—The President's Scottie is engaged. Rubev (above) was sent to Betsy Porter of Washington by Gen. Eisenhower, under whose bed she was born in Algiers. Her mother is Telek, given to the General by Winston Churchill.

YANK GUERRILLA—When Ensign Edwin J. Beattie chuted from his plane over Leyte he landed near a guerrilla village, where he found 2d Lieut. Joseph F. St. John (right), who had fought Japs for two years.



"Sorry to break it to you with so little notice, especially when it's the first time you've met me, but Joan and I are going to be married tomorrow."

When You Take The

At forty-six, George Porter looked back at the years since 1918, and what he saw horrified him. But Bill's war was another war, and he and Joan were looking straight ahead

GEORGE PORTER could not remember exactly when he stopped being satisfied with his life. George was forty-six and he and Louise had been married since the week before he sailed for France in 1917. The trouble was nothing specific. He was successful in his business. He had not stopped loving Louise—at least, he had no desire to be married to anyone else. It was just that there had gradually crept into his life a sense that he was missing something.

But his nineteen-year-old daughter was entirely satisfying. She was a constant delight and helped in no small measure to fill the nebulous gap that was lately always yawning before him. Joan was a Porter. She did not look like her mother. This was a disappointment to Louise and to Louise's family, he had long since decided, for who were the Porters? Oh, just some people who had lived out in the Middle West and were buried out there—all except George, of course.

Joan had a piquant Porter nose and a fine little Porter chin, and her honest blue eyes that were quick to shine were certainly not Louise's, so they must also be Porter. George thought that the effect was charming, but it only seemed to make Louise double her efforts to pour Joan into the mold that she had sprung from, and make her fit the pattern cut by all the little girls who went to Miss Horton's school and Miss Dickenson's dancing classes.

Her bright sophistication bothered him. He felt it was due to her life in a big city, and he would think of the easygoing simple little town where he grew up and wish that Joan might have had a taste of it. If he had gone home after the war and gone into his Uncle John's business, Joan wouldn't have missed it. But he stayed in New York and went into Louise's Uncle Edward's business instead.

The day that Joan brought Bill Bartlett home to meet her father and mother, the feeling of emptiness and vague dissatisfaction that had been nagging at George finally and abruptly solidified. For as Bill Bartlett walked into the room, tall and straight in his uniform, his eyes as bright as the silver bars on his shoulders, George Porter had the sudden illusion that he was looking at himself. As he held out his hand, it was all he could do to keep from saying:

Wrong Turning

By BARBARA BARNES BLODGET

ILLUSTRATED BY PIO JUNCO

"Why, hello! I know you. I've known you for years."

Joan slipped her arm through Bill's and smiled at her father. The illusion grew stronger. In spite of the Porter look about her, there was a hazy over-all resemblance to Louise that George had been unaware of before. Suddenly it was not Joan he was seeing. It was Louise, youthful and lovely, with whom he had fallen in love just as he was about to go off to a war. And he, George Porter, seemed to be standing beside her, looking exactly as he remembered he had looked, even to the wings on his tunic.

"George, is Joan in yet?" Louise Porter's crisp voice called from upstairs.

The illusion shattered and broke. George felt cold and naked as it dawned on him that he was standing in front of the fireplace in his living room, staring rudely at his daughter and a strange young man.

They were in love with each other, these two. That was clear from their faces. Life was ahead of them. What they wanted out of it was theirs for the taking.

"Don't take the wrong things!" George stifled an inexplicable desire to say to them. "Don't choose the wrong turning!"

Then, all at once, he could not reply to his wife who had called to him. It was because his throat was dry with the sudden thought that, at last, he knew what the trouble was: He, George Porter, who had once had life ahead of him too, somewhere along the way had chosen the wrong turning.

The light click of high heels sounded on the polished floor in the hall. As Louise appeared in the doorway, George found that he was looking at her with unexpected objectivity. It was the first time in their marriage that he had done such a thing. With a complete detachment he watched her, graceful and dignified, walk across the room to meet Bill Bartlett. A beautiful woman—by the highest of standards. From the top of her graying hair brushed softly back from her forehead, all the way down her slender body to her small trim feet she was well-groomed, aristocratic, and perfect.

He had always admired her appearance, but he did not admire it now. He was suddenly irked by her lovely perfection, by the careful cordiality of her smile, and her brown eyes sizing up the young stranger. George was so absorbed by these observations that he scarcely heard Joan explain that she and Bill had met at a party at the Carters', and had been seeing a lot of each other during the past ten days while Louise was away on a visit.

George busied himself with the cocktail shaker and Louise began asking Bill Bartlett questions about himself—where he came from and where he went to school. She must have sensed that this boy was no casual acquaintance and that she could lose no time finding out about him. But George was annoyed.

Bill came from Illinois, from a town Louise had never heard of. That was not strange. Louise had never been to Illinois—never anywhere out of New York except to Europe or Southampton. Bill's father had owned a drugstore till he died. Then Bill worked his way through college, a college Louise had not heard of either. Yes, it was hard, especially since there was an invalid mother to take care of till she also died. But it was worth it. College was swell! And as Bill leaned forward in his chair, his earnest young face alight with enthusiasm, George longed to shake Louise. She looked unconvinced. All that effort, he decided she was thinking, and what was there to show for it? Only a diploma from some little backwater seat of education that nobody ever heard of. Cripes!

In time, George asked a few questions of his own. Their "home" towns were only twenty miles apart, and it turned out that Bill's grandfather was an old friend of George's Uncle John.

Perhaps that was why he was not alarmed when, later in the evening, Bill said simply:

"Sorry to break it to you with so little notice, Mr. Porter, especially when it's the first time you've met me, but Joan and I are going to be married tomorrow."

George saw that Louise went white.

"We have to hurry," Bill went on, "because I've just started a fifteen-day leave, and it's my last before I go over."

"But—we don't know you!" Louise gasped. "We don't know anything about you. *We've just met you.* You can't be serious!"

But Bill was serious, and the next hour was tough—except for George. In his recently acquired role of spectator, he sat quietly in his chair, listening and appraising—not Bill, but Louise. It was a unique sensation discovering that her poise could be so completely upset; and to see her looking bewildered, then stricken, as her arguments, her entreaties, and finally her tears were no better than breezes blowing ineffectually about.

Any sympathy that George might have felt for his wife was lost in a surge of pride in his daughter. Somehow—he was not inclined to turn these new powers of objectivity inward—this was a sign of the supremacy of the Porter in Joan, a victory over Miss Horton's school and Miss Dickenson's dancing classes and Louise's bringing up that was thoroughly satisfying.

AND so Joan and her Bill were married the next afternoon. The wedding was simple and charming, complete even to white satin and orange blossoms. Trust Louise for that.

As George descended the stairs with his daughter on his arm, and moved toward the small group of relatives and close friends that had hastily gathered, he wondered what Louise was thinking. She looked just as he might have known she would, attractive and dignified, a perfect mother of the bride. Astonishing—considering the fight she'd put up. He had to hand it to her. Louise was a sport.

IT was evening before the door finally shut behind the last guest. Finding himself suddenly with nothing to do, George wandered aimlessly back into his study and sat down. The house was quiet, except for Louise in the next room talking to the florist who was dismantling the hastily improvised altar. He picked up the evening paper, but he could not keep his mind on it because that old feeling of emptiness was beginning to settle down over him. The last twenty-four hours were the cause of it, he assured himself. The excitement had affected him like a cocktail. This was the let-down.

"George?" Louise looked in through the doorway. "Oh, there you are. Cigarette?"

He handed her one and struck a match. Louise seemed tired. And her eyes were no longer guarded. They looked frightened again. George felt uncomfortable.

"Joan was sweet," he offered gruffly. "Don't know how you ever managed so well on such short notice."

Louise smiled vaguely.

"I wonder if Bill will come back," she said suddenly.

"Come back?"

"Yes. After all, a pilot's chances—"

"Louise Porter!" George interrupted. "Don't say it. Don't even think it. Joan loves him. He's got to come back!"

Louise poked at the fire.

"George, if—when Bill comes back, will you make a place for him in your bank?"

George jerked his head up. All at once his throat was dry and sawdusty.

"How do you know—what makes you think he'll want to go into my bank or any bank?"

"What else would he want to do?"

"Go back where he came from—"

"But—Illinois—it—it's so far away!" Her well-controlled voice broke oddly.

George was filled with an unreasoning urge to shake Louise. He could feel his wonderful objectivity slipping away. Into its place crept a sick sense of frustration as his mind skipped back to a scene he had not thought of in years. There was a young aviator in this scene and a girl standing beside him. His arm was in a sling. He leaned heavily on a cane. The girl was young and warm and lovely. Her hand tucked through the young man's arm had a gold band on its wedding finger.

Her father and mother were also in the room. They were dignified and important. As they stood there together looking at him, their importance was more formidable than anything he had met in the war.

"Here's a check for you, my boy," the girl's father was saying. "A home-coming gift. It will help you and Louise while you're getting started. Living in New York is expensive, you know."

"But we won't be in New York—" the boy stumbled, then stopped.

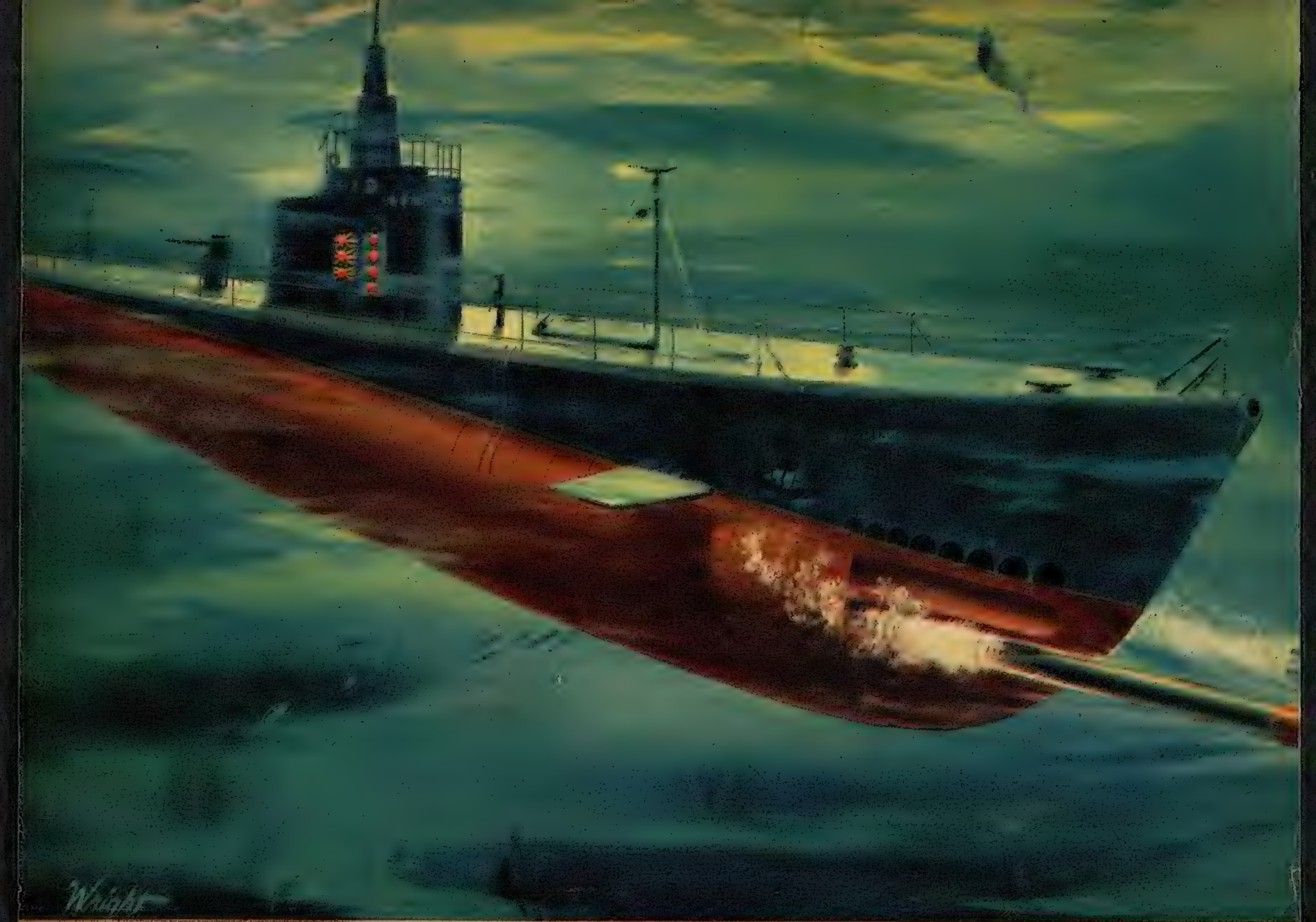
"Oh, but we *hope* you'll be in New York!" The older woman's voice was persuasive. "We've explained about the opening in my brother Edward's firm—"

"It has a fine future," the man put in. "There's no reason I know of for you to go back to the Middle West."

No, there wasn't any reason. The young aviator knew it; only a poignant reluctance and a compelling desire to do his own hunting for his place in the world.

But he could not find the words to explain. Words had been hard since he came back from France. All he could do was to mutely appeal to Louise. But Louise was

(*Continued on page 59*)



Fine 18" x 13" full-color Lithograph will be sent on request while supply lasts. Write to Electric Boat Company, P.O. Box 69, New York 8, N. Y. for Lithograph F, *enclosing 10c to cover postage and handling.*

Want ACTION? Sign on a Sub!

Only the cream of Navy personnel is accepted for exciting submarine service. Any man who makes the grade has good reason to be proud! Our submarine sailors are respected and admired by fighting men and folks at home alike.

Submariners see plenty of thrilling action, often in the enemy's own home waters. In recognition of the valuable work they do, they receive 50% more pay and the best and most abundant food the Navy can supply. Their comfortable quarters are air-conditioned throughout. In addition they learn by actual experience about diesel and electrical engineering and other useful trades.

Pride OF THE FLEET!

Powerful, long-range U.S. submarines, scouting far ahead of the fleet, sank two heavy Jap cruisers in the historic sea battle that crippled the Jap navy during our Philippine invasion. Later, our subs blasted a big enemy carrier and many fleeing Jap stragglers.

The valiant men of our submarine crews are the pride of the Navy. Every man is a volunteer, selected for the service with great care. All are graduates of submarine training schools where stiff courses weed out the unfit and develop the rest into expert undersea torpedomen, electricians, cooks, soundmen, seamen, machinists and the many other specialists who man U. S. subs.

The courage and ability of these submariners, the soundness of their training, the excellence of their officers, the efficiency of their subs are revealed by their sensational record in the Pacific. Even before the Philippine invasion American submarines had already sunk more than 800 of Japan's sorely needed vessels.

We at the Electric Boat Company, oldest and largest builders of submarines in the United States of America, have confidently accepted a great responsibility—building more and more fast, powerful and highly efficient submarines for these heroes of the Navy's "silent service." We are working night and day, delivering the goods.

EBCo
SUBMARINES

ELECTRIC BOAT COMPANY

33 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Electric Motors
ELECTRO DYNAMIC WORKS
Bayonne, N. J.

Submarines
NEW LONDON SHIP AND ENGINE WORKS
Groton, Conn.

Motor Torpedo Boats
ELCO NAVAL DIVISIO
Bayonne, N. J.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Copyright 1944, Electric Boat Co.

RIDIN' THE RAINBOW

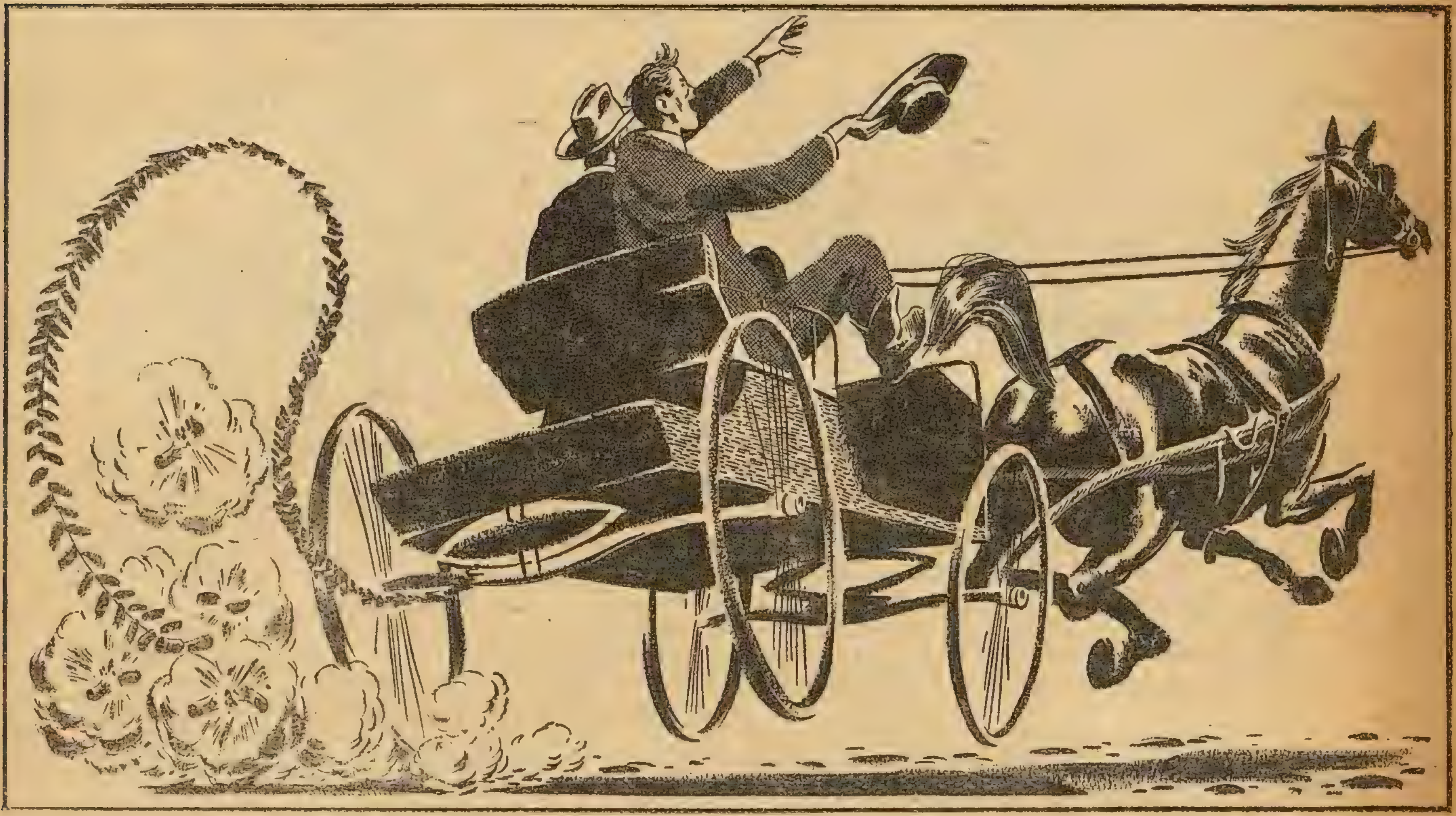
A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

BY ROSEMARY TAYLOR

Author of Chicken Every Sunday

ILLUSTRATED BY WIN HOSKINS

You never could tell whether Father's next enterprise was going to be a laundry, a gold mine, or an ostrich farm. But you could be certain of one thing—he was going to keep on making life a ripsnorting, hilarious adventure for his sometimes rebellious but always admiring family.



"I'LL NEVER MARRY YOU AGAIN"

FATHER married Mother twice and each time it was terrible.

About that first meeting: How was Father to know that when a woman said "Three" you boosted? Father had never helped a woman on a horse. I guess Arizona women mostly got up by themselves.

But Mother had always had someone help her mount, so that noon in Tucson she looked around for something masculine and chivalrous, and there was Father coming out of Zeckendorf's store.

Mother smiled at him bewitchingly and said in her irresistible Southern accent, "Would you mind he'ping me on this horse?"

Father, who had never seen anything quite so fetching as slim and pretty Mother in her green riding habit, came up and stared.

"Won't yo' put out yo' hand, please?" Mother asked, as the big oaf just stood there doing nothing.

Father stretched out his hand. Mother put her foot onto it, cried, "One, two, three!" and jumped. But at "three" Father didn't boost. Mother fell across the saddle like a sack of potatoes.

"I'm sorry," apologized Father, finding his tongue at last, "but I've never helped a lady on a horse before."

Unaided, Mother scrambled up into the saddle. Scornfully she looked down on Father. "Yo' don't need to tell me that," and she rode off with her nose in the air.

Father knew right then and there that she was the girl for him. He made inquiries. She was Ethel Edmunds, Tom Edmunds' sister, and had come from Danville, Virginia, for a visit. Then Father heard that Mother was giving dancing lessons in town. He presented himself

Copyright, 1944, by Whittlesey House. Published by Whittlesey House, New York. Price $2.50.

among the very first pupils. According to Mother, here is where Father began to cheat her out of fifty dollars. Mother ordinarily could teach a person to dance in two or three lessons. But Father apparently couldn't dance and couldn't learn. Mother contended that in the time she spent on "that big lummox" she could have taught ten people to dance and that would have been fifty dollars.

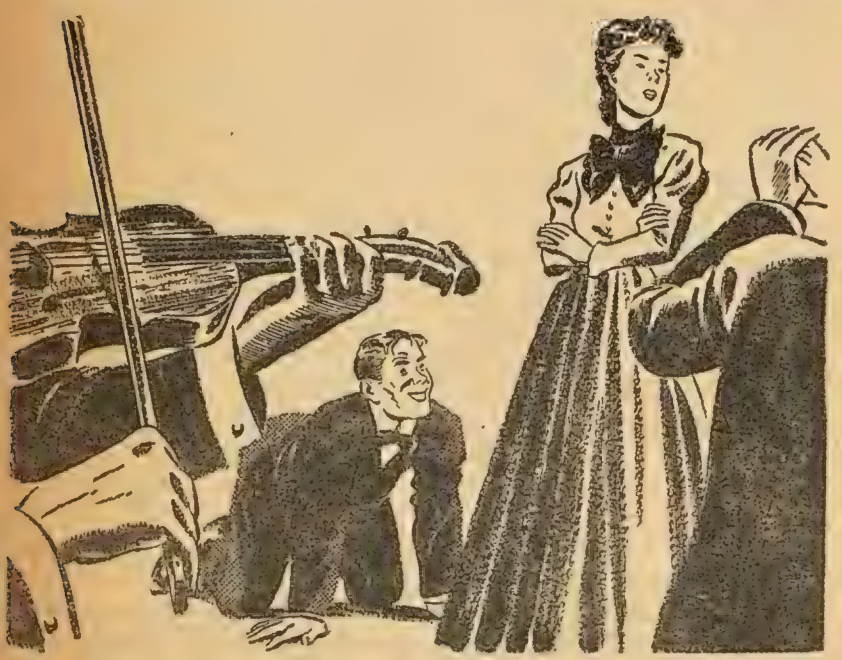
Father said, hadn't he given up his lunches? How many men gave up their lunches just to be with a girl?

Day after day Mother dragged the big lummox around, letting him step all over her feet. "There never was anyone I couldn't teach to dance," she'd pant determinedly. "There, I think you've got it! Now try to remember it until tomorrow." But the next day Father would have to learn it all over again.

"It's hopeless," despaired Mother. "I'll give you your money back."

Father put his arm around Mother's twenty-inch waist and said no, he didn't want his money back; he was sure in just a few more lessons he'd get it.

One night Mother went to a dance in a little town twenty miles from Tucson and there was Father. To her surprise, when the musicians began Sobre las Olas, Father took a young lady into his arms and began to waltz, and waltz extremely well.



At first Mother thought, Well, thank heavens, he's got it at last! The next dance was a polka, and the one after that a schottische. Father danced them both, and again extremely well.

Black suspicion descended upon Mother. Yet she *had* taught him those three dances. But then the orchestra struck up the varsoviana, a dance Mother didn't even know herself.

"Put your little foot . . . put your little foot . . . put your little foot right there." Through the varsoviana's intricacies Father cavorted like an 1890 Fred Astaire. In the midst of "putting his little foot" Father suddenly spotted Mother. Instead of putting it "right there," he tripped and fell down on the floor. Later he managed to get hold of her in a Paul Jones.

"All your lessons f-finally caught on," he stuttered.

"Yes," mocked Mother, "especially that last dance, which I don't even know myself." And she refused to speak to him for the rest of the evening.

But, according to Father, it was after that that she turned in her round-trip ticket. Mother denied this. "I'd just decided to stay longer and I had to turn it in. Besides, I was engaged to a man back in Virginia."

This man, Mother's first love, was the most perfect creature . . . when he was sober, only he was scarcely ever sober. In fact, Mother's trip to Arizona was a testing period for him. If he could give up his liquor she would come back and marry him.

Tom Edmunds moved to Portland, Oregon, but Mother decided to stay in Arizona. She went over to Phoenix to take the examination for schoolteacher, which she passed.

For four years Mother taught school and waited for her first love to stop drinking; for four years Father proposed with regularity. And then one day Mother said "Yes." It was in June. She'd marry him in October, after she came back from a summer in Oregon.

Father's responses were appropriately joyful, yet it seemed to Mother that something was lacking. After four years of waiting, a man should at least ask to have the marriage made a little sooner. But Father didn't ask, although he kept worrying about the men Mother might meet in Oregon. And when he saw her off at the train, he said enigmatically, "Damn it, we ought to get married, but we can't eat our cake and have it, too."

The next morning the porter handed Mother a wire. It read, "Wait for me in Los Angeles. Have figured out how to eat our cake."

So Mother waited and Father came up on the next train.

"What under the sun did you mean by that telegram?"

"I've figured out how we can be married," explained Father. "We'll take the boat to Catalina. We'll be married on the ocean and it won't have to be recorded. Harry and Mac won't know we're married."

"And why," demanded Mother, "shouldn't Harry and Mac know?"

"Because I promised them I wouldn't marry you." And Father told her about the shoe store. Father, his brother Harry, and Mac Ward were going into the shoe business. All three were courting girls, but they'd solemnly sworn that until the business got on its feet not one would marry.

"And you want to break your solemn word," accused Mother.

However, Father talked her into it. They took the boat to Catalina Island. It was a windy day; the waves had whitecaps. They sat up on deck, holding hands. Father was happy; he'd got her at last.

"I feel a little queer," Mother complained. Suddenly she got to her feet and went below. When they were almost to Catalina, Mother staggered up and found Father lying on some lumber.

"Did you see the captain?"

"Did I see the captain!" groaned Father. "I've nearly died here." But finally he managed to get to his feet and they tottered up to where the captain was.

"All right," said the captain, "I'll marry you. Now where's your license?"

Father was thunderstruck. He didn't have a license. He hadn't thought he'd need one. Instead of having a honeymoon on Catalina, they came back on the same boat. Again they were horribly seasick.

The next day Father got his license, and this time they took a boat going out in San Pedro Harbor, thinking that would be calmer. Once more they were both sick. They were so ill they had to be married sitting down.

Mother stretched out on a bench. "My wedding day," she wailed. "This is my wedding day. A girl plans and plans how it'll be and I have this!"

AT THE old Palace Hotel in San Francisco, in case anyone who knew him might read the register, Father wrote with a flourish: "Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Williams." The clerk stared hard at Father and suddenly cried, "Why, hello, there! How's Arizona?" And turning to Mother, "And is this—"

"See you later," said Father hastily, hustling Mother after the bellboy.

From the elevator Mother could see the clerk studying what Father had written and smiling cynically.

"But," cried Mother, as soon as they were alone in their room, "what will he *think?*"

Soothed Father, "He won't think a thing."

"So you bring women to hotels so often, clerks don't think a thing of it."

"I don't mean *I* do. I mean some men do. I mean—"

"Of all the ways to get married!" stormed Mother. "Seasick! And now that man thinks I'm a you-know-what."

"We'll go to another hotel."

"What's the use? We'd meet someone there you knew."

So they stayed at the Palace, and every time the clerk saw Mother he smirked, but Mother stared right back at him, glassy-eyed.

At the end of the week she went on to Portland and Father returned to Tucson. There the shoe deal had blown up, and when in strictest confidence he told Colonel Randolph about his marriage, the colonel said, "But, my boy, those California sea marriages aren't legal. If there's ever a question of heirs—"

Suppose that an heir was in the offing and Mother didn't get back until October, and their first marriage wasn't legal. . . . Father wrote Mother a letter that was a masterpiece of delicate circumlocution. Mother got the point and wrote that she was coming back.

Again Father met Mother in Los Angeles. He had friends in Long Beach, Joe and Martha Beck. He'd arranged that the wedding should be at their house.

"Martha's got a cake baked," he promised her, "and chicken salad made, and flowers. The house looks grand."

At the Becks', Mother put on her dress and veil. She oh-ed and ah-ed over Martha's cake and the decorations. They pulled down the shades and lit the candles.

Father looked at his watch. "What time did you tell that minister to come, Joe?"

"I tell him? What time did *you* tell him?"

"But you were going to get him!"

"No, you were!"

The two men were glaring at each other.

"You two stop arguing," ordered Martha, "and go out and get a minister."

FATHER and Joe hitched up the little mare to Joe's one-seater buggy. They drove off. They knocked at one parsonage door after another, only to hear that the minister was out of town, at another wedding, or sick in bed.

They were told finally about a Reverend Bugbee, who lived quite a way out in the country. When Father saw the Reverend, his heart sank. An enormously fat old man with a long, unkempt beard, he was sitting in a chair with his bandaged right foot propped up with pillows. Reverend Bugbee had the gout.

Father and Joe didn't actually kidnap the old man, but almost. Despite his wife's protests and roars of pain from Bugbee, they got him dressed, then carried him, chair and all, out to the buggy. The tricky business was getting him up into the seat, for he was a big man, weighing at least two hundred and fifty pounds. But they finally got him there. There was now, of course, no room on the seat for Father, so he scrunched himself into the tail box behind.

In the meantime Father's bride was in a dreadful state. As time passed, her mood changed from exasperation to rage to fury, and then to acute fear that something had happened to Father. And then they heard the buggy wheels.

"Bring a chair!" shouted Father.

Father and Joe got the old man into it and carried him up the path.

"Put me down! Put me down!" his Reverence screamed. They let him down. "Idiots! Put something under my leg!"

Mother ran to get a straight chair, shoved it forward so quickly that it jammed his foot.

"God Almighty!" he bellowed.

"And you a minister!" accused Mother.

"And you a selfish pig of a girl who wouldn't come to a sick old man! I tell you," he exploded at Father, "you'll never be happy with this one."

Between groans and grunts he read the ceremony. "Now give me my fee and get me out of here."

Father gave him his money. Then he and Joe got him down the path to the buggy. To the accompaniment of more roars and bellows, they heaved him up. Father scrambled into the tail box again.

"But you don't have to go!" cried Mother. "Let Joe take him. You stay here with me."

"I've got to go. Joe can't get him down by himself."

"Giddap," chirruped Joe, and Suzie pulled away.

White skirt dragging in the dust, veil askew, Mother watched her bridegroom disappearing down the road. Suddenly she stamped her foot. "You didn't even kiss me," she shouted after him.

"What did you say?" Father shouted back.

Mother cupped her hands to her face. "You—didn't—kiss—me!"

"I will later," Father yelled, and the buggy vanished around a turn in the road.

"Damn!" swore Mother for the first time in her life. "Damn! Damn! *Damn!*"

"Well," decided Martha, "they won't be back for a couple of hours. We might as well eat."

The bride and matron of honor cut the cake, dished out the chicken salad.

"One thing sho'," promised Mother grimly, "Ah'm nevah going to marry that man again!"

CIGAR STORE B. A.

Father used to say that his only college was the cigar store. "Cigar Store B. A.," he'd tell us. "That's my degree."

Five years he spent in this institution of learning—from his thirteenth to his eighteenth birthday—and although the environment was not exactly academic, he did learn a lot there.

It was all because of a wooden Indian.

This Indian, a really marvelous creature, stood in front of Great-Uncle Sam's cigar store on Congress Street.

Great-Uncle Sam had come to Arizona a few years after Grandfather Phillip. He had got his start cutting hay for the Army and now had a thriving little tobacco business.

One day Father happened to be passing the store on his way to school, and for some reason that day he had a file in his pocket. For some other reason, quite unexplainable, he took the file from his pocket, went up to the wooden Indian, and began to file on his leg. He had made quite a groove before Great-Uncle Sam noticed him.

Like a wrathful hen whose chick is being abused, Great-Uncle Sam flew out of the store, tore the file from Father's hand, and suddenly, before Father knew what he was going to do, drew it along Father's cheek.

"Ouch!" yelled Father. "That hurts!"

"So it hurts, does it? Well, you're hurting my Indian. Now get along with you. You will come to no good end."

Great-Uncle Sam brooded over this incident until it assumed enormous proportions in his mind. Such a destructive boy! He went to Grandfather Phillip. He said a boy with those tendencies should not be wasting his time in school. A boy like that should have a job, should learn to respect other people's property.

Grandfather Phillip, whose health was better just then and who had work himself, could afford to be a little independent. He wanted his children educated, he said, and where could Father get a job at more than three or four dollars a week?

"I know where he could get one at seven dollars," offered Great-Uncle Sam.

"And where could he get such a fabulous sum?"

"He can work for me. I'll make a man of him."

And that's how Father got his degree, Cigar Store B. A.

The hours were long, 8 A. M. to 10 P. M., and Father worked seven days a week—not even Sunday off. To do Great-Uncle Sam justice, it's only fair to say that the twelve-hour day was customary then and that Father's work, while confining, was not hard.

There was plenty for a bright boy to learn in such an environment, for Great-Uncle Sam's store was right in the heart of things. The Legal Tender Bar and Gambling Hall was next door. Near by were the Fashion, the Congress Hall Bar, the Palace, and a dozen more such hives of culture, industry, and entertainment. Since Tucson's life revolved around them, practically every male citizen patronized one or more at least once a day or night. So the cigar store was well situated strategically to draw trade, and Great-Uncle Sam's cigar emporium had become a sort of club for most of the merchants, politicians, ranchers, and gamblers of the town.

From his spot behind the counter Father listened unobtrusively but none the less keenly. It was a good school in which to learn of men and men's motives.

He heard the local politicians talking about how to line up votes and swing elections. He heard merchants discussing their fat government contracts and what strings they pulled to get them. Miners would come in with their bags of gold dust and ore specimens and marvelous tales of lucky strikes and stock-promoting schemes. There were, too, the prospectors, the old desert rats, who, with just one more grubstake—"Come on, Sam, be a sport"—were sure they would strike it rich. Always there were the gamblers, the town's leading citizens, with their tales of the big takes of the night before.

At ten o'clock one Saturday night, when he had received his seven dollars, instead of going home, Father went into a gambling hall where Frank Parker was dealing.

Frank Parker was a soft-spoken gentleman from the South, courtly and grave, quite a power in politics and chairman of the Territorial Democratic Central Committee. He, of course, knew Father and stared at him hard when Father placed his first bet, one dollar, which he immediately lost.

One by one Father put his other dollars on the numbers and lost every time. When the last one was gone, he stood there, unbelieving, and tears welled up into his eyes.

"All right, kid," ordered Parker, "you've had your fun. Now vamoose."

Blindly Father made his way out into the street. Now he was afraid to go home. He wandered up and down, trying to figure out in his mind some explanation for his not having his salary. That he'd been set upon and robbed seemed to him the best alibi, and he got down and rolled in the dust of the street and rumpled his clothes to give authenticity to his story. He even tried hitting his own nose to make it bleed, but found this too painful.

However, when he got home, his parents were asleep, so he didn't have to tell his fairy tale.

The next morning, after a restless sleep, he awoke early, before anyone in the house was up, and in the bright light of day he knew he could never tell the lie he'd concocted. He'd have to tell them the truth. Putting off the evil moment as long as possible, he slipped out of the house without his breakfast and went to work.

Great-Uncle Sam noticed his gloom and commented upon it. "What's the matter? Don't you feel well?"

"Sure I feel well."

"Well, you don't look it. You look like you lost your last friend."

THROUGH the morning Father brooded, dreading the moment when he must face his parents. At eleven o'clock Gambler Parker came in. Father was alone in the store then, Great-Uncle Sam having gone to the bank.

"I'm going to give you hell," he told Father, and then for ten blistering minutes he bawled him out for having gambled. "You nincompoop, you sucker," he ended up. "Even if the game's honest, you've got only one chance in a hundred of winning." He reached over and took Father's hand, putting something hard and cold into it and doubling the boy's fingers over it. "If I ever see you again at my table, or anybody else's, I'll kick the living daylights out of you!"

Father stared after him unbelievingly and then looked down at what was in his hand. It was a five-dollar gold piece and two silver dollars.

When Father was fifteen, the town seethed with great excitement. The thirteenth legislature was meeting in Prescott (afterward this legislature was called "the Thieving Thirteenth") and there was a strong possibility that Tucson might get the Capitol away from Prescott. Tucson had had the Capitol until 1880, when Prescott had taken it away from them.

According to what Father overheard in the cigar store, the deal was all sewed up. If, however, there should be a slip and Tucson didn't get the Capitol, then Tucson was to get the insane asylum, and that was a mighty fine plum, too.

Great-Uncle Sam was jubilant. "We get the Capitol and that's good business. We get the insane asylum and that's good business, too."

Father couldn't see how an insane asylum was going to help the town.

Great-Uncle Sam explained. "There's all that business when they put up the building, and afterward there are the guards and the inmates. Insane people eat like anyone else. That's good for the grocers. The grocers have more money to buy cigars. Do you see?"

Father said yes, he saw, but he hoped they got the Capitol instead of the asylum.

Pima County had raised five thousand dollars for "persuasion" at the legislature and given it to their delegate, C. C. Stevens. Another delegate was young Selim Franklin, but Stevens was in charge.

When Stevens and Franklin reached Prescott they found that their carefully planned deal was off, and another deal was on. Prescott was to keep the Capitol, Phoenix was to get the insane asylum, Mohave County was to get a bridge, Yuma was to get the penitentiary, and for Tucson—well, Tucson could have a university.

STEVENS and Franklin, enlightened men both, were jubilant. They realized that what was considered a mere sop was the best prize of all, but they both realized that it would be hard to make the citizens of Tucson see this.

And they were right. When the news came over the telegraph wires, Tucson just couldn't believe it. At the cigar store a milling crowd that overflowed into the street raged and shouted.

"A university! Who wants a university?"

"Who the hell ever heard of a professor taking a drink?"

"There ain't a high school in the territory, and now we got a university."

"Twenty-five thousand for a lousy, no-'count university, and Phoenix gets a hundred thousand for the insane asylum!"

"And Yuma gets fifty thousand for that penitentiary."

"What did Stevens do with that *dinero?*"

"Yep, what did he do with that money?"

"A university!"

"Yep, we got the booby prize."

But there were a few who thought the university wasn't such a bad idea. Among them was Parker. "I think the day will come when Tucson will be glad she got a university. You mark my words."

Great-Uncle Sam nodded. "Maybe you're right. Anyway, if professors don't drink, I bet they don't turn down a good cigar."

In the local papers were bitter editorials about Stevens' perfidy. Said the Citizen:

"It's a dirty bird that befouls its own nest, yet we are compelled to admit that Tucson possesses in the person of C. C. Stevens the dirtiest of such dirty birds." Nor was that all. Further remarks were made to the effect that—

"It is said that nothing is made in vain, but we can't think what this fellow was made for unless to make a horse thief feel respectable by comparison."

And yet another editorial:

"The shystering nincompoop. If he thinks he can kick Pima County from one end of the Territory to the other . . . act like an avowed enemy instead of her servant . . . and then seek to smooth things over by the sop of a Territorial University that nobody asked for he will find that it will not go down."

When Stevens got back to town he hired the local opera house and called a mass meeting of the citizens so that he could explain why the university was a better plum than the insane asylum or the penitentiary. After trying to outshout catcalls and dodge several over-ripe tomatoes, he quit and walked off the stage.

The next day on the street he received so many insults and threats that he hired a big Negro as a bodyguard to protect him. Eventually his life was made so miserable that he left town.

However, before he left, he came into the cigar store and he talked to Father and to Great-Uncle Sam. "There'll come a day, mark my words, when Tucson will thank me. And there'll come a day, too, when Phoenix will be damn sorry she took the insane asylum instead of the university. In fact, Tucson will have to fight to keep it."

To Father he said, "You'll wish you'd gone there. I'll make you a bet on that." He put an armful of books on the counter. "I'm leaving you some books. You can read them in your free time."

In dull moments when there was no one in the store Father began to read the books Stevens had left. They were for the most part histories, and a new world began to open up for Father.

When Father was nineteen he went into business for himself for the first time. The asthma that had kept Grandfather ill so many years had finally killed him, and there was Grandmother, a widow with ten children, ranging in age from twenty-one-year-old Harry down to one-year-old Phyllis. Grandfather had left four thousand dollars insurance, and there were endless debates among the older children as to what to do with it.

The consensus was that Grandmother should buy a home so at least there'd always be a roof over their heads. But unfortunately a man in town who had a grocery store he wanted to get rid of persuaded the family that that was the thing to do with the four thousand dollars, buy a grocery store. After he'd sold it to them he made remarks around town that "those boys won't last six months."

Well, they lasted more than six months; they lasted ten months and then they had to close up. They were in a bad location, they were saddled with a lot of old stock, and they gave out too much credit.

Father went to Zeckendorf's once more. He was always very bitter about the grocery failure and years after he would talk about it.

One day Mother said to him, "You shouldn't feel so badly about it. If you hadn't failed, you might not have met me."

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Because that day I was standing in front of Zeckendorf's store, you wouldn't have been there. You would have been at your grocery store. Someone else would have helped me on that horse."

"That's right," said Father. "Someone else would have." And then he added gallantly, "And I'd rather have you than a grocery store."

MY WIFE CAN MAKE MONEY

Father and Mother wanted a lot of children, but I didn't put in an appearance until two years after that second marriage. But at last there I was, three and one-half pounds of me, looking like a picked chicken. In eighteen months there was bouncing Phillip, and in another eighteen months there was more than bouncing Oliver.

How different Father's life might have been if Mother had had babies right away! Not having them right away, Mother began to get restless, so she took in boarders.

The boarders began quite accidentally. Father and Mother had built a little four-room brick house in Phoenix. The house had cost more than they'd expected and their furniture was scanty. In fact the parlor was absolutely bare. One day Father happened to speak about Steve Kane, a salesman, who was looking for a room for his wife and himself. When Father came home that night he found the Kanes installed in the bedroom, and he and Mother had to sleep on a borrowed mattress down on the parlor floor.

"It's just for tonight," Mother soothed. "Tomorrow I'll go down and buy a bed."

For a while Father fussed and fumed over his "humiliation," as he called it. But sixty dollars a month coming in regularly, that was a whole lot of money.

"It's a big help to a man," he complimented Mother, "when a wife brings in the beans."

So Father sat down and wrote a letter to Arbuckle Brothers. Arbuckle's Ariosa—the coffee in the yellow bag with the picture of the angel outside—was famous in the West. He got the agency for Arizona.

When he told Mother that he'd given up his job to sell coffee, she was frantic.

"But how'll we live?"

"We'll get by on the board money till my commissions start coming in," he said.

His first month's commissions were eight dollars.

"Just getting my start," explained Father, undiscouraged. "Wait till I take my trip up north."

"How long will you be on your trip?" Mother asked.

"Oh, two or three weeks, maybe a month. But you won't be lonely. You'll have the Kanes."

"I'll have the Kanes," agreed Mother softly, her mind busy on something else. If Father were going to be away for a month, why shouldn't she rent that front bedroom?

Father went north and had a wonderfully successful trip. Some people can sculpt, some people can sing. Father's gift was selling. Whatever Father had to offer—and as the years went on, the list was legion—coffee, mines, cattle ranches, oil wells—he soon made you want to buy it.

"Let's ride the rainbow to the pot of gold," he'd say, and few could resist him. More often than not the pot of gold was there.

Not that he didn't have his troubles. Rival salesmen connived with warehousemen to have onions stored right next to Father's Ariosa; other rivals spread the story on the Indian reservations that, because there was the picture of a lion on the outside of their package, all who drank their coffee would obtain thereby the strength of a lion.

Father fixed that last one, though. He got hold of the Indian chiefs. Were they not aware, he asked, that on the Arbuckle package was the picture of an angel? Was not an angel stronger than ten thousand lions? The devout Indians switched back to Ariosa.

Some months Father's commissions would amount to over two hundred dollars, which for those days was tremendous. "Now," he teased Mother, "aren't you glad I'm not still a clerk?"

Mother admitted she was. Nevertheless, because Father was away so much, she now had the front bedroom rented permanently, and for Father and herself a couch in the dining room.

Father had been in a rage at first, but still, one hundred and twenty dollars a month! With so much sure and certain, a man could take a chance, a man could seize at Opportunity when it offered.

For a long time he'd had his eye on some acreage in Tucson out by the university. He could cut it up into lots, sell the lots for five or ten dollars apiece. Now if Arbuckle's would just give him an advance on his commissions. There was also Mother's board money in their joint bank account in Phoenix. Arbuckle's advanced the commissions. Father took the money out of the bank. He bought the land and distributed handbills all over town, rented a brass band and hired a loud-voiced auctioneer to auction off the lots. Father went back to Phoenix with eighteen hundred dollars profits!

Mother was overwhelmed by his success, although furious that he had taken "their" money without asking her. Also she was fiercely determined to put those unexpected profits into something "sensible." She persuaded him that it would be a good idea to buy the lot next door and build a little five-room house. Mother furnished the rooms as five bedrooms and rented them to ten young men—two boys in a room—at seven fifty each.

In that way the house brought in seventy-five dollars a month.

Now something else was beginning to worry Mother. Father, being somewhat of a rarity, an energetic young man who was his own boss, was able to take on civic duties. When President McKinley was making a tour of the West and was stopping for a day in Phoenix, Governor Bradley appointed Father secretary of the McKinley Reception Committee.

A PRESIDENT IS KIDNAPED

Father's appointment was no sooner announced than Mayor Hess buttonholed him on the street. He barked, "Am I the mayor of this town or am I not?"

"You're the mayor."

"And McKinley's coming to Phoenix? Then I'm the galoot who ought to be in charge of these forthcoming festivities. And I'm the son of a gun who ought to meet the President at the train and ride in the carriage with him, not Joe Bradley. And it's my old lady and not Mrs. Bradley who ought to ride with Mrs. McKinley. See?"

Father sounded out Joe Bradley, but found the handsome and soft-spoken Governor as firmly convinced as the Mayor that he was the galoot to be in charge of all arrangements and the son of a gun who should ride in the carriage with the President. The Reception Committee split into two factions, those on the side of the Mayor and those on the side of the Governor. Whatever the Governor proposed the Mayor's following vetoed, and vice versa.

"Good Lord," cried Father, "we're never going to get anywhere like this!" And he went to Hess. "Look," he said. "Why don't you and Bradley make a deal? Whoever rides with the President, let the wife of the other ride with Mrs. McKinley."

A relieved grin spread over the Mayor's face. "If you can fix that up I'll play along with him."

The Governor seemed strangely acquiescent. "So if I ride with the President, and Mrs. H. with the President's wife, then he'll stop locking horns with me?"

"Sure he will."

The Governor smiled. "It's a deal then."

So the Governor and the Mayor became *simpatico*. All was hearts and flowers. A beautiful program was worked out. The President would drive out to the Capitol. There would be a short reception in the Governor's chambers at the Capitol to enable prominent citizens of Phoenix to shake the President's hand.

Then the President would make a speech. Then he would be driven around the country to see the beauties of the Salt River Valley. Then there would be a magnificent luncheon at the Hotel Adams, and of course they'd use Old Man So-and-So's asparagus, and after that the Presidential party would be taken out to the Indian school, where the little redskins would enact a touching pageant of Arizona pleading for statehood.

At the mention of Indians, someone suggested that it would be very colorful and typical of the Western atmosphere to have the streets lined with Indians in full war dress giving war whoops and cowboys shooting off pistols.

This was promptly damned with loud noes and protestations that McKinley mustn't see how wild the Indians were but rather how civilized they'd become. Let the Presidential party see the softening effects of Arizona culture on the redskins. That was the thing to stress.

So the committee went back to planning the route of the President's drive. It was terribly important for him to pass by the best farms, to see just what irrigation had done to the desert, because if they could get a little help from the government in the matter of irrigation projects, there could be an enormous agricultural development and this would induce Easterners to come out to Arizona to settle. Statehood might be just around the corner.

Governor Bradley seemed terribly restless and quite uninterested in the choosing of the farms.

"We don't want to tire out the President," he said. "What does he want to see a lot of alfalfa and oranges for? He's seen those before. Now, what we ought to do is show him something unique, something typical of Arizona."

"What, for instance?" snapped the Mayor.

"W-e-l-l, a mine, for one thing. He'd probably be very interested in a gold mine."

Silence fell upon the committee. No one said a word. One of the Governor's henchmen stood up and said he thought that was a mighty fine idea.

"I don't," growled Hess.

"It's just an idea," said Bradley.

When the committee broke up, Mayor Hess nabbed Father.

"I always thought you were a pretty bright young fellow. Did you get the point of that gold-mine suggestion?"

"I got the point," said Father.

"If he's going to do what I think he's going to try to do, I'm going to stop him. Are you with me?"

"I'm with you. If he'd do that, it would be a low-down dirty trick."

"We'll have to wait until he comes out in the open with it."

"Yep," said Father, "we will. Can't do a thing till he shows his hand."

And while they waited for Bradley to come out in the open, Father worked on his list of prominent citizens who were to shake McKinley's hand at the Capitol reception. The list grew and grew; the territorial staff, of course, the leading lawyers, doctors, and merchants—especially merchants, especially merchants who were Father's good coffee customers.

"Cut it down, cut it down," ordered Bradley. "You'll have his hand squeezed to pulp." And he blue-penciled name after name, Hess's friends, of course.

"I'll cut off a few myself," said the Mayor, and he went down the list, striking off Bradley's friends.

Luhrs of the Adams Hotel wanted his little son, dressed like Uncle Sam, to greet the President as he came into the rotunda of the Capitol, so that touching bit was put into the program. When one of Father's very best customers heard of this, he wanted his little daughter, Maryanna, dressed as Mrs. Uncle Sam, also greeting the President.

Bradley wouldn't hear of this. The merchant threatened never to buy another case of coffee from Father. Father figured out a solution. Why not let Maryanna do her stuff at Neahr's Park? When the President's carriage stopped, little Maryanna, dressed up like Columbia or Pocahontas, or something, could step forward and give the President a wreath of roses.

"How about it?" he asked Bradley. "He's an awfully good customer of mine."

"All right, all right," agreed Bradley.

Another bombshell was thrown into the committee when someone got a newspaper clipping about the McKinley festivities in St. Louis. There ten ladies had been appointed to "wait on" Mrs. McKinley, so, by golly, if they'd "waited on" her in St. Louis, they could "wait on" her in Phoenix. Each member, of course, felt his own wife should be on the list and there'd be other wives whose husbands weren't on the committee.

Father came home and told Mother about it. "You'll want to be one of them, of course?"

"I will not!" cried Mother emphatically. "Why should I wait on her?"

"Well, that's a relief," said Father, taking out his list of women, everyone a "must," and crossing off Mother's name.

Father stared at the paper, shaking his head. "The ones we don't take are going to snatch us bald-headed."

But it was Mrs. McKinley herself who solved the problem. Word came from Bradley, who had joined the Presidential party at El Paso, that she was ill, had been ill for quite a while, and could take no part in the ceremonies.

Father went up to commiserate with Hess.

"Sure I'm sore about that," said Hess. "Mrs. H. is going to give me hell. But there's something a whole lot worse. Bradley is going to kidnap the President. When that train gets in here it's going to be switched over to the Santa Fe tracks and run up to the Victory Mine."

(Bradley and his brother were interested in the Victory Gold Mine, which was a two-and-a-half-hour run north of Phoenix. A Presidential visit to their mine would of course be marvelous publicity for them.)

"The old blankety-blank," stormed the Mayor. "I bet he knew Mrs. McKinley was sick all the time. And he's taking the best part of the day away from us."

On the great day the reception committee was herded by the secret service men into a Pullman attached to a special engine, which was to go ahead of the Presidential train. The train arrived at the mine. The beaming Bradleys, governor and brother, did their stuff. Here was a President of the United States in their own back yard, and they were going to make the most of it.

The President must be photographed with this territorial official and that one. He must shake the hands of the workers. Wherever they went, the Governor's henchmen elbowed out the Mayor's. It got later and later.

In the meantime, back in Phoenix, the guard of honor, the Elks, the Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, the men in blue and gray, the schoolchildren, the just plain citizens in their best bibs and tuckers waited and wilted in a boiling heat of 107 degrees for four hours.

Finally the Presidential train pulled into the station. McKinley came out on the platform. The band played. The crowds cheered. The Golden Eagle Studebaker carriage moved up. The President and Bradley stepped in. Other carriages followed. Mrs. Hess got in with Mrs. Hay. She was so excited that her first remark to the wife of the former Ambassador to England was, "Have you ever been abroad, Mrs. Hay?" Mrs. Hay smiled sweetly and said she had.

THE parade went on. The President bowed and smiled. At Neahr's Park the children all scrambled to their feet and waved their flags. Little Maryanna presented her wreath.

To some extent Phoenix was able to show the Presidential party what it wanted to show them—the orange groves, the fields of alfalfa, the great ditches. And at last they came to the Indian school, where the event of the day was to take place.

Father and the Major rubbed their hands. Now let them see what Arizona culture had done, let them see the civilizing effect of the white man on the natives.

The little Indian children sang their songs and marched in their formations, and at last a tall girl came out dressed as the Statue of Liberty and the little redskins circled around her, stretching out their arms. It represented Arizona pleading for statehood and was very, very touching. McKinley was smiling benignly. Such fine peaceful Indians. A few years ago they were so bloodthirsty and now look at them.

Suddenly one little Indian girl, excited by all the ceremony, broke from the group and ran toward the President, screaming something at the top of her voice. Like stampeding cattle, the other Indians surged after her, gesticulating and whooping, rushing right at the President, surrounding him, pulling at him.

The President was boosted into the Studebaker by his aides. At the breakneck speed of at least fifteen miles an hour the carriage drove away. At the railroad station McKinley vanished into his private car and for a whole half hour didn't reappear.

Said a Bradley henchman to Father, "You scared him stiff with those damn Indians."

"But those little children wouldn't have hurt him!"

At last the engine had steam up, it was about to pull out. Only then did McKinley reappear, bowing and smiling. The band played the national anthem and the train gradually vanished down the tracks.

After that, Father promised Mother to stick to his coffee, but he could no more keep out of public affairs than he could keep from breathing. A proposal had come up before Congress that, when the time came to admit Arizona and New Mexico as states they should be joined. The Anti-Joint Statehood League was immediately formed, and Father was made secretary of it.

Mother couldn't see why Father was so upset about it. "What difference will it make to us personally?"

"Do you want to be the tail to New Mexico's dog? We'll be called some awful combination like Zonexico. How would you like to live in Zonexico?"

THE joint-statehood bill passed the House of Representatives, but it was defeated in the Senate. A new bill was proposed, however: that the two territories, voting as one, should themselves decide on whether or not they wanted to be joined.

Cried Father, "The New Mexicans will vote for the bill! Why shouldn't they, when they'll be top dogs?"

Fortunately, however, Senator Foraker of Minnesota proposed an amendment that each territory, by itself, should vote on whether or not it wanted to be joined to the other.

Early in the afternoon the news was telegraphed to Arizona that Foraker's amendment had triumphed. When Father heard it he closed his office and ran out into the street to celebrate. The first person he ran into was Tod Holton, a neighbor from across the street.

They headed for the nearest saloon. After three drinks each, they hied themselves to a livery stable owned by a man named Aguinaldo.

"Aguinaldo," said Father, "we want a horse, a very high-stepping horse, a joyful horse. What have you got?"

"I have Hannibal. He steps high, and he is joyful, too."

Hannibal was hitched to a one-seater buggy. Father and Tod got in and drove to a store run by a Chinese.

"Wang," demanded Father, "we want your longest and loudest string of firecrackers."

Wang's longest and loudest was ten feet long. So Father and Tod bought five strings, tied them together, and then tied the fifty-foot string to the back of the buggy. Then they went back to Wang and came out with two armfuls of big pink firecrackers. These they put in the front.

Father took a good strong grip on the reins, fortunately for him, and Tod lit the first firecracker.

BANG! Hannibal made a wild leap forward, but Father held him until Tom scrambled in.

Bang! Bang! Bang! went the firecrackers. Hannibal, with hell popping behind him, dashed madly toward the center of town. Father could barely hold him. Tod in the meantime was lighting the giant crackers and throwing them out on either side.

Up and down the streets they tore, the crackers popping, Father and Tod yelling their heads off. People dodged frantically when the buggy came too near the sidewalk. At one point the fear-crazed Hannibal got right up on the sidewalk and just missed crashing into the millinery shop of Agnes Sleeth, the woman who sold Mother hats.

Miss Sleeth went to the phone and called Mother. She was a bit incoherent, and it was several moments before Mother could understand just what Father was doing. When she finally understood that Father and Tod Holton were racing around town with firecrackers tied to a buggy and had almost demolished Miss Sleeth's store, Mother nearly fainted.

"But why would they do such a thing?" cried Mother.

"My dear, I hate to say this, but I'm afraid your husband and Mr. Holton have gone completely mad. There! They nearly ran over Reverend Pickett. Oh, my! They've thrown out a lot of firecrackers! They've started another runaway!"

This was true, for other horses were frightened by the noise and were out of control. At least four sets of teams were racing around the town.

"Land sakes!" screamed Miss Sleeth into the phone. "They're up on the sidewalk again. They're coming right— O-o-o-h," she cried after a minute, "they missed me! Can't talk any more now. Got to take my hats out of the window."

Mother hung up the receiver and raced across the street to the Holtons'.

Mrs. Holton couldn't understand it either. "Let's phone the Mayor. Maybe he'll know something about it."

Mother finally got hold of the Mayor, who told her, "Sure, your husband's crazy. We're all crazy down here. The Foraker amendment passed."

"Oh, that!"

"So long, now. Got to go out and do a little celebrating myself."

Alice Holton was relieved. "So they're drunk. That's better than being crazy."

"We've got to stop them!" cried Mother. "Suppose they get hurt, or hurt someone else. I'm going to call the police."

But she got no sympathy from the police. "Don't worry, ma'am," they told her. "The people are dodging him fine. Those firecrackers will be burned out soon."

Mother began phoning the livery stables and finally located the one from which the buggy had been taken. "Mr. Aguinaldo," she urged, "you should go out and try to stop that horse. My husband may be hurt."

"Your husband may be hurt!" frothed Mr. Aguinaldo. "Hannibal will never be the same again."

Mother went home and grimly waited for Father to return to dinner.

But Father had no idea of nourishment, not on such a glorious night. When the firecrackers were all popped and Hannibal was no longer high-stepping or joyful, Father and Tod found some other *compadres* and they hired a big carryall—not from Aguinaldo—and an orchestra, and piled in their friends. The band, composed of three pieces, didn't make enough noise, so Tod suggested they get some guns and shoot up the town. Fortunately someone was sober enough to see that the ammunition was blank. Round and round they drove, the band playing, the guns going off, and the *compadres* giving forth what they thought was song. Nor did they neglect to stop at the saloons.

All this was faithfully reported to Mother by Miss Sleeth, who remained glued to her window except for the time she was phoning.

Finally Mother got tired of Miss Sleeth and told her so. "Miss Sleeth, this is a great day. Men have a right to celebrate on a great day like this."

"What's great about it?" asked the milliner.

"The Foraker amendment was passed. We're not being called Zonexico. I suggest that instead of your snooping by that window, you go out and celebrate yourself."

Said Alice Holton, who'd come in for the last of this conversation, "I think that's a good idea. Let's celebrate, too."

"How?"

"Tod's got some beer in the icebox. Let's go over and drink it."

"Let's," said Mother. "Let's drink it all."

DIRTY WORK IN TUCSON

After he had finished celebrating the Foraker amendment, Father settled down to being a coffee salesman. However, there soon came a distraction. And this time it was a simply marvelous proposition over in Tucson—a laundry.

The laundry's owner, Old Man Stacey, made Father believe that he wanted to retire and go back East. He made the deal sound lovely: a reasonable amount down and then easy payments; Stacey's manager would stay on; each month Father could just pocket the profits—and never go near the place.

Father signed the contract. That contract contained nothing that wasn't all right, but if Father hadn't been so eager and trustful, he would have noticed some important omissions. There was no mention that Stacey wouldn't start another laundry; and that's just what he did. Not only that, but he took the manager with him, along with the best employees and the wagons and horses.

"What'll I do?" Father exploded to Mother, when he got back to Phoenix with the bad news.

"Do?" Mother sighed with relief. "Let him have his old laundry back and let it be a lesson to you."

"No, by Harry! I'm going to fight him."

Father started to fight the battle of the laundry as best he could with his terribly limited funds. Then suddenly he got an offer of $12,000 for their property in Phoenix. Word had got out that a big public utility building was to be erected within a block of the houses. Mother wouldn't sign until Father promised that she could have $4,000 of the $12,000 to build another house in Tucson. "At least we'll have a roof over our heads, and I'll have the house big enough so that I can rent some rooms, too."

FATHER, his righteous anger now reinforced by ready money, settled down to drive Stacey out of business. He was down at the plant day and night. No complaint was too trivial for him to give it his personal attention. He was *so* sympathetic, *so* apologetic over anything that went wrong. He'd even go and rob Mother's bundle to make up some loss.

"What's the matter with you down there?" demanded Mother. "I sent five sheets and only three came back."

"Oh, I just borrowed them," explained Father, "until I can find some I've lost."

Mother allowed her sheets, towels, and napkins to be "borrowed," but when her best embroidered petticoat didn't come back one day, she laid down the law.

"If you don't stop stealing my things, I'm going to have the wash done at home."

"All right, all right," soothed Father. "This was an emergency."

"Emergency," she sniffed. "How do you suppose I feel having some hussy flounce around in my petticoat?"

The war went on, and eventually, with his prices cut and cut again, with one stunt and another, Father did get the old coyote's hide. Stacey went out of business. Father put his prices up, and with the whole town coming to him the laundry was doing very well indeed.

With the laundry flourishing, Father began to get bored. Besides, he was by now fed up with complaints.

"The kicks! The kicks!" he mourned to Mother. "Why don't they ever tell me when their bundles are all right?"

"There's grief in any business," soothed Mother. "You ought to be glad to make it right."

But Father was no longer glad. He ran away from it as much as possible, doubling up on his Arbuckle trips, leaving the girl in the office to hear the woes.

"I didn't want you to go into this laundry," Mother scolded, "but now I realize you've got a very good thing in it. You shouldn't be away so much. You've got that man in Albuquerque. Why do you have to go to New Mexico at all?"

"Oh, I've got a deal on with Barton at Gallup," Father told her jauntily. "We're thinking of going into the *piñón* business.

Piñónes—pronounced pin-nyo-nes—are the little egg-shaped nuts that come out of pine cones.

"Barton ships them east by the carload. I want to retail them in small lots."

Mother looked at him and shook her head. "Coffee, the laundry, and now pine nuts."

"I've done all right with the first two, haven't I? Why can't I do all right with *piñónes?*"

"Maybe you can," she admitted. "And what'll it be next, I wonder."

She soon found out. It was ostriches!

One night we heard heavy footsteps on the porch and a long determined ring of the bell. I went to open the door. A big man stood there with a bundle under his arm. "I've been over to your laundry six times today," he yelled at Father, "and each time they said you weren't there." Flinging his bundle down on a chair, he yanked out a pair of gray wash pants. "Look! Not a button on them, not one! Look! Do you think these are my socks?" He held up a pair obviously those of a child of six. "How do you like this shirt?" It was ripped both front and back.

"Why, how awful!" cried Mother.

"Just a minute," said Father, reaching for the laundry slip. He looked at it for a moment and then grinned. "Well, mister, what town do you think you're in?"

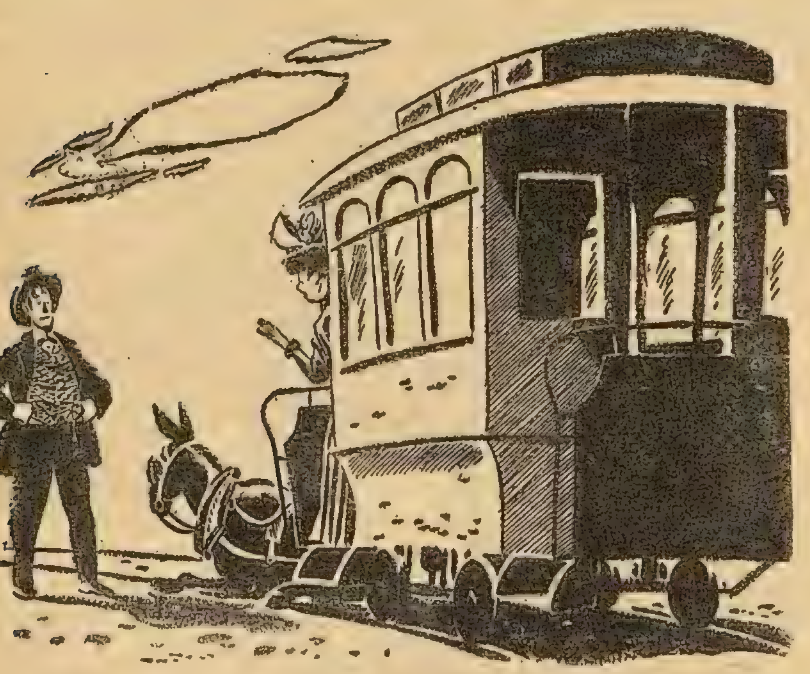
"What town? In Tucson, of course."

"Well, your laundry was washed in Phoenix. See: 'Phoenix Model Laundry.' "

The man took the slip and stared at it popeyed.

He smiled feebly. "I remember now. I did have it done in Phoenix and brought it over here wrapped up. I'm sorry," he apologized. "I've been traveling around so much lately, I can't think straight." He started to wrap up the clothes.

"Anyone can make a mistake," said Father. "Sit down, sit down. You say you travel a lot. What's your line of business?"



"Ostriches," said the man. "I want to buy an ostrich farm or a place where I can put ostriches."

Father's face lit up. "I always thought ostriches would be a mighty fine business."

Mother gave a groan and began to stack the dishes.

For a couple of hours Father and Mr. Henry—Sam Henry of South Africa—talked about ostriches.

Father was enthusiastic. "I think I know two or three pieces of land that would just suit you. Maybe I could take out my commission in a little piece of the business."

Father finally found a piece of property in Phoenix that suited Mr. Henry exactly, but right in the middle of negotiations the laundry's boiler blew up and Father had to rush back to Tucson.

When he hurried back to complete the ostrich deal, a real-estate man had discovered Mr. Henry and shown him a location he liked better.

"That damn laundry," Father raged to Mother, "knocked me out of the ostrich business. I'm tired of being tied down to a lot of dirty clothes."

Russ Logan was Father's barber. One morning when Russ was giving Father a shave and haircut, he brought out a towel and prepared to wipe Father's face.

Exclaimed Father, "You're not going to wipe my face with that! Look at those spots."

Russ got out another.

"But that's just as bad."

Russ grinned. "That's how they come back from your laundry. I could do it better myself."

"By heaven!" cried Father, and stared at him. "By heaven, Russ, you're going to do it. You're going to run the laundry!"

"I know as much about running a laundry," laughed Russ, "as you do about barbering."

"For heaven's sake," argued Father, "think of the opportunity! There's no future in barbering. Look," Father went on persuasively. "Right now I give you a raise. That'll go to buy forty per cent of the business. Russ, you're not only manager, you're my partner.

"Of course," warned Father, "I don't say it's any picnic. There's grief in it—plenty! You've always got some fat old lady after you, giving you hell because you've lost her corset cover."

THE GOOD OLD COW

For a few weeks Russ concentrated on trying to learn the laundry business. Then he said to himself, What I need is a manager, someone who really knows the game.

A very capable former laundry owner had just arrived in town. Without consulting Father, who was off on a coffee trip anyway, Russ grabbed him.

"Of all the ridiculous goings-on!" cried Mother, when she heard about this. "The president turns the business over to a manager—whose only qualifications seem to be that he gives good haircuts and shaves—and he turns it over to another manager, and I suppose pretty soon that manager will turn it over to his assistant, and so on down until you have the office girl running the plant."

"Now, Mother, give the man a chance. I think it's going to turn out all right."

It did turn out all right. The new manager was hard-working and extremely capable. Russ was just as competent at making friends. Father scarcely ever went near the plant now, but each week he got his check. And then there was also what Father called "milking the good old cow."

"Well, Russ," he'd say, "I could use a little piece of money. How about milking the good old cow?" Then they'd declare themselves a bonus and divide it forty-sixty.

Mother, too, began to milk the good old cow, not in money, but in services. Where there was a repair job about the house that she was unequal to, or a trench to be dug for the roses, she sent down for Modesto, the laundry's handy-andy man. Once she took Russ's best shirt girl for a whole morning because she was giving a luncheon and Lottie was sick.

Russ was furious. "We're way behind with the shirts," he raged to Father. "How would she like it if we took her cook?"

"She'd be mad as hell, so let's do it and teach her a lesson."

Two or three days later, right in the middle of breakfast, the phone rang. Father got to it first. "Hello, Russ. . . . Why, sure. Sure, we'll help you out. Glad to."

Lottie was coming through the door with a plate of hotcakes and Father took them right out of her hand. "Come on, Lottie, we've got to go down to the laundry."

"What for?" demanded Mother.

"Starch girl didn't turn up. They're in a jam."

Father and Russ thought they had a neat double play, but Mother turned it into a triple play.

At five o'clock that afternoon she telephoned to Father: "With Lottie gone, I haven't had time to get dinner. The children and I are having sandwiches, so you eat downtown."

Father biked over to the plant. "Russ, our plan backkicked. I'm coming home to eat with you and Laura."

It now seemed to Father that he should milk the good old cow and invest in Tucson's streetcar line. The line ran from the center of town to the university and back. Its power was a big horse and a little mule, driven by a swarthy Mexican named Valero.

The other two owners were Louie Hawke, who was president, and a man named Woller, who was manager and who had a candy-and-soft-drink store on Congress Street.

One Saturday night Louie Hawke came up to see us, and he was in a terrible state. "It's an outrage," he panted. "He's stealing from us! I've been checking all day. Woller and Valero are in cahoots. Valero keeps that car out in front of Woller's store sometimes for as much as thirty minutes so passengers will get off and get things in Woller's store, buy candy, drink sodas. Think of the fares we're missing."

"Why, that's cheating!" exclaimed Mother.

"Sure, it's cheating, and we're going to stop it. You and I," he told Father, "control the stock, so we're going to oust Mr. Woller as manager. And," Louie Hawke continued, "you're going to be manager instead."

"Me!" cried Father, looking as pleased as anything.

Father took Louie to the door, then he came back and strutted up and down the room. "Manager of the Tucson Street Car Company!" He strutted some more. "President of the Tucson Steam Laundry. Arizona agent—and New Mexico, too—for Arbuckle's coffee."

"You certainly are getting into a lot of things," worried Mother.

"Being streetcar manager is nothing. I won't have to do a thing."

The next morning a little before ten o'clock the phone rang. Mother answered it and called Father from his Sunday-morning snooze.

It was Louie and he said, "Is this the manager of the Tucson Street Car Company?"

"What? What did you say? Oh, yes. How are you, Louie?"

"I'm all right, but the streetcar line isn't. Valero's on strike. He's abandoned the car up by the university with all the churchgoers on it."

"Why did he do that, for heaven's sake?"

"He's playing in with Woller, that's why. You go up there and drive the car to town while I hunt for another driver."

Father got on his bike and scorched up to the university. He found the passengers fuming because of the delay.

Complained Mrs. Blake, the fat-and-fortyish wife of the university's history professor, "It's a disgrace, leaving us here like this!"

"Get you going right away," Father promised, heaving his bike aboard. He unhitched the horse and mule and pulled them around to the other end of the car.

They didn't seem to like that end so well and Father learned to his sorrow that, while a horse kicks only backward, a mule kicks in any and all directions.

"Hell!" cried Father, as he didn't dodge quickly enough and caught a glancing blow on his shin.

"Such language on the Sabbath!" scolded Mrs. Blake.

Father nursed his shin and flung back, "I'd like to hear what you'd say if a mule kicked you."

Finally the animals were hitched up. Father wiped his forehead, got into the car, and took the reins. "Giddap!" he cried.

The mule, so frisky and full of life a minute before, now sat down in its traces.

"Giddap!" yelled Father and cracked the mule two or three times with the whip. The horse strained forward, but the mule just sat.

Father then got out and tried to pull the mule by the head. The mule still sat. Father next tried kicking him in the ribs.

Cried Mrs. Blake from the car, "Shame on you! A great big man kicking a helpless beast like that!"

"He kicked me, didn't he?"

Father went back to the whip and laid it on hard.

"Shame! Shame!" repeated Mrs. Blake.

"See here," demanded Father, "do you want to go to church or don't you?"

Crack! went the whip again.

Mrs. Blake now got down from the car and seized Father's arm. "I simply will not permit this."

"All right," panted Father, sitting down on the step. "You get him going. I give up."

"Very well, I will." Mrs. Blake went up to the mule, put her arm around his neck, and said something in his ear. The mule looked at her, seemed to nod his head, then scrambled to his feet and stood there stamping his foot as if he couldn't wait to get started.

"For heaven's sake, what did you say to him?" asked Father.

Mrs. Blake flounced up into her seat and then announced smugly, "I just told him we were good people on our way to church and that it was his duty to take us there."

"Gosh," cried Father, "I'll sure have to remember that."

The animals trotted briskly down Third Avenue. Father collected fares, stopped to pick up passengers. We, of course, were standing on the porch waiting for him to pass, and he waved to us as he went by.

He turned down Stone Avenue. There the street was being graded and the tracks were on ground about three feet higher than that of the street. It was downhill to town, and Father, thinking to make up time, cracked the whip a couple of times. Suddenly the mule bolted and the horse followed suit.

"Whoa!" yelled Father. "Whoa! Whoa!" They kept right on going, tearing toward town at a breakneck speed, the car swaying perilously, threatening to go off the track at any moment.

"Jump!" screamed someone.

"Don't jump!" Father yelled at them, pulling desperately on the reins. Over his shoulder he glimpsed Mrs. Blake edging along the step. "Look out!" he shouted at her. "Go back to your seat!"

Paying no attention to him, she worked her way forward and climbed up beside him.

"Say something to that mule," Father begged.

"You ignoramus!" she cried, and reached over and pulled on the brake.

The car slowed down and came to a stop.

"The brake," gasped Father. "I never thought of that."

"Young man, it's quite obvious you've never done this before. I think I had better drive."

"I think I can manage it," said Father meekly.

"I'll sit here beside you in case you can't."

Flanked by Mrs. Blake, Father got the car to town without further incident. The passengers descended. Hawke had the other driver. Father took down his bike and pedaled home.

"It's terrible," he sputtered to Mother, "this town depending on a mule and a horse for transportation. I'm going after an electric line. It's going to be mighty important to us," he went on, "that we have control of that line. Then if we have property to the north we'll have the line go north. If we're swinging a deal in the south, we'll send her south."

"Who's this 'we' you're talking about so much?"

"Oh," said Father, "that's right. I haven't told you. Frank Lee, Bill Pryce, and I are going into business together. We're going to open a real-estate office."

CAKE ON THE WATER

Right from the first the business boomed. The partners bought acreage and cut it up into subdivisions. Many a Sunday we helped Father run the tape and drive stakes as he measured off the lots. We usually worked our boarders in on this, too, and sometimes Father sold them lots. But, like the laundry, the real-estate office also had its grief, and although Father was adept at saying, "Lee—or Pryce—would you mind handling this?" there were some things he couldn't escape.

There was the woman who was going to sue the landlord because her children had cut their legs on the chandelier.

"Cut their *legs* on the chandelier?" Father exclaimed when he got the message.

And chandelier it was. The two boys, twins of five, were playing a lynching game. One twin was the sheriff and the other the rustler. The sheriff twin managed to get one end of the rope tied to the chandelier and the other he made into a noose. The rustler twin climbed on a chair and put his head in the noose.

"Now I'm going to make your horse run away," said the sheriff. "Giddap, horse!" and he gave the chair a kick.

Fortunately by this time the rustler was holding the rope above his head. The chair flew out from under him. For a moment he hung there and then down crashed the chandelier, the flying glass cutting both boys about the legs.

"If that chandelier had been properly put up," the hysterical mother cried to Father, "it would have stayed up there."

"If it had stayed up there," Father said quietly, "your child would have choked to death."

"Oh," gasped the woman, "I didn't think of that!"

ONE night someone called Father and talked interminably. We could hear only his side and it didn't make any sense: "They have? . . . It goes away. . . . Sure, it smells—sure, it smells. . . . Maybe you can put some perfume around. . . . What good could I do? It'll still smell even if I come. . . ." And on and on it went like that with all of us nearly bursting from curiosity. At last he hung up.

"It's those Hoyts, the ones I just rented that house to. They say the neighbors have fertilized their lawn and it smells. They want me to come up and smell it."

"You could go up and sympathize with them—tell them how much they'll enjoy the grass later on. I wonder if you could find any incense for them."

"Where could I get incense?"

"We've got some," we children cried eagerly, and we flew to the window seat and brought out a large cardboard box filled with whole and partly burned punks and cones of incense.

"Where'd you get all this?"

Oliver piped up, "We took them from a dead Chinaman!"

"We got them off the graves," I explained, "in the Chinese cemetery."

Tucson's cemetery was about two blocks away from where the Episcopal church is now, and at the far corner of it the Chinese buried their dead. We loved the Chinese part, for there were always lanterns on the graves and punks and cones of incense.

"You robbed graves!" cried Father. "How could you do such a thing! That's what your children are becoming," he accused Mother, "grave robbers! You know," said Father, suddenly becoming thoughtful, "that cemetery is too near. "Yes, sir!" he cried, getting to his feet and striding up and down, the way he always did when he had an idea. "It's a disgrace to have that cemetery right in a residence section. It's a disgrace," he flung at Mother.

"Don't be mad at me about it. It's not my fault."

Father sat down and took out the inevitable used envelope. He made some little sketches, muttering to himself the while. "I know just the place. We'll make up a company and sell lots."

"What are you talking about?"

Father looked up. "It's a good business, a cemetery is. People are always dying. Wouldn't you like to have your lots all picked out? We'd take five. Sort of nice to think of us lying there together, with pretty green grass over us and flowers."

At this all of us children started to weep.

Ordered Mother, "Now you just stop talking about dying and graves. You go out and see the Hoyts."

"I'd like to see the undertaker about this."

"You see the Hoyts about that fertilizer."

"Well, all right." He came back in a little while and he was all pepped up. "Good thing I went out there. If I do start that cemetery, Hoyt's going to take a couple of lots."

RIDING HIGH

Father was now very active in Tucson's new Chamber of Commerce, and soon there was great excitement in town. A California company was coming in to put up a new hotel. But the company blew up before they'd even got the foundations finished.

Father couldn't sleep. "We've got to have that hotel. It's for the good of the town. I could get that money in New York. Jarvie couldn't pass this over. I ought to see Arbuckle's anyway."

Finally one day he cleared his throat and announced to Mother, "I think I should go to New York about this hotel business."

"I think you should too. And I'm going with you!"

"Going with me! But—but—" he stuttered, "how can you go? I mean, the children—the boarders?"

"I've worked it all out. The Yates are going to take charge of the children and the house. Do you *mind* my going?"

Father laughed out loud. "Of course I don't mind. I'm glad. We'll have a second honeymoon. And this time," he promised, "we'll register under our right names."

In New York, before Mother started unpacking, she called up Cousin Angie Dolan. Angie was so glad they had arrived and Mother and Father must have breakfast with them the very next day—Sunday—and at no less a place than the Waldorf-Astoria.

In the morning Father said, "I'm hungry. When are they coming for us?"

Mother thought a minute. "Angie didn't say."

"We'd better go down and get a cup of coffee."

"You go down. I'll stay here in case they come. But don't take anything but coffee. They'll think it very funny if you haven't any appetite."

Father went down and had his coffee and came back, and it got to be nine o'clock, and nine thirty, and ten o'clock and ten thirty.

"Are you sure you got the date right?" demanded Father. "Maybe it's tomorrow they want us."

"No, it's today. I'm sure she said Sunday."

"Damn it! I want my breakfast." And he went to the phone and ordered breakfast for two to be sent up immediately.

"But suppose they and the breakfast come at the same moment!" cried Mother.

"They're not coming," Father snapped at her. "It's some other day we're invited. If you'd only phone them! It's after eleven now."

Wailed Mother, "People eat later in New York, rich people especially."

"Well, I'm just a poor boy from Arizona, so I want my breakfast before noon."

AT THE end of this tirade there came a cheerful knock at the door and it was the Dolans. There was a flurry of kisses and introductions, with Angie crying that Mother hadn't changed a bit and, my, hadn't she got herself a handsome husband, and didn't Mother think Angie's George was a perfect lamb, too?

George, roly-poly and jovial, not looking at all like a millionaire, said he wasn't a lamb, he was a bear and hungry, and for them all to get going as he had a swell feed ordered at the Waldorf.

"Yes, let's go," urged Mother, desperate to get them out before the breakfast arrived from downstairs.

But Angie had to go to all the windows to admire the view. "It's a lovely suite," she congratulated Mother, who followed her and kept babbling about how she was going to faint if she didn't get some food.

"We're from Arizona," Father shouted. "Out there in the sticks we're used to eating early."

At last, to Mother and Father's infinite relief, they were all outside in the hall with the door closed behind them. Then, to their horror, they saw the elevator door open down the hall and out came a waiter pushing a wagon.

"Hold that elevator," bellowed Father, hurrying them all past the waiter, who stared at them curiously.

As George stepped into the elevator he glanced over his shoulder and remarked, "Looks like that waiter's knocking at your door."

"Must be a mistake," declared Father. "Down, boy."

The breakfast at the Waldorf was a swell feed indeed. First they had what Mother always referred to as "something in a glass." The food was delicious and they drank pot after pot of the most wonderful coffee, and at the end they had crêpes Suzette with brandy sauce.

Father got to feeling so happy because of the good food and more particularly of what was in the little glasses, that he told the Dolans about ordering that other breakfast at the hotel. "That was our food you passed in the hall," chortled Father.

George laughed till the tears came to his eyes, but Angie sided with Mother. "Men are so mean," she sympathized.

The meal was finally finished and then the Dolans drove Father and Mother about the city in their big white Stanley steamer. They drove through Central Park and down to the Battery. They drove along Fifth Avenue and marveled at the beautiful shops. Afterward they went up to the Dolans' apartment and Father told George about the hotel in Tucson, which George thought was a very good proposition. Father told him about some other good propositions, the Gold Boulder Mine near Globe, and a ranch he'd heard of near Hermosillo.

The days slipped by with Father and Mother having one whale of a time. Every day they were with George and Angie, and George lent a more and more attentive ear to Father's schemes. Jarvie, too, was encouraging.

There was everything looking so very rosy, and then some men Father and Mother didn't know went and spoiled things for them. They were some big bankers who, instead of sticking to banking, were dabbling in real estate and trying to corner copper stocks, and because of these transactions, their banks got into trouble and brought on the 1907 panic.

Raged George, "It's Teddy Roosevelt's fault. What can you expect, the way he's been attacking rich people? Investigating Standard Oil! When you attack rich people you attack the very foundations of our government."

"But if rich people aren't doing what is right—" Father began.

"Nonsense. It's all this investigating that's doing the harm."

"Well," said Father, "I think it'll all blow over pretty soon. This country's sound. Now, about Gold Boulder—"

"Damn Gold Boulder. I'm going to stick to tobacco."

As for Mr. Jarvie, down at Arbuckle's, he felt like George—that now was the time to stick to coffee and not dabble in Western real estate. He was no longer interested in a hotel in Tucson.

HOW TO GET A LADY OUT OF A CELLAR

By the time Father and Mother got home, all Father's businesses were suffering. Merchants weren't ordering so much coffee. Women were doing their wash at home instead of sending it to the laundry. Nobody was buying real estate and those who had already bought it were wanting to turn it back.

One retrencher among Father's clients was an old lady by the name of McNiff, who had a house out by the university. Father had rented this house to some Easterners named Downer, and Mrs. McNiff had taken a small room in a little hotel.

When the panic came, Mrs. McNiff began to think about hoarding cash. Wasn't it foolish, she asked herself, to be putting out good money for rent, when there was that lovely cellar in her own home, practically empty except for a few trunks and an old couch? Mrs. McNiff decided that it was and told the hotel she would no longer need her room.

Father first heard of the decision when the Downers came storming into the office, and Ralph Downer was waving his lease.

He slapped it down on the counter, pointing out a phrase. "What the hell did you mean when you put that in?"

Father read where Downer was pointing. "Landlady reserves half of cellar for herself and access thereto."

"It means just what it says, that she reserves half of the cellar for herself, to store her trunks and things."

"Mrs. McNiff is in our cellar. She's living there."

Said Mrs. Downer, "We didn't know she was there until we smelled bacon cooking this morning and heard someone moving around and we went down, and there she was frying bacon over a little alcohol stove."

"But," asked Father, "how will she manage? Is she going to use your bathroom?"

"She certainly isn't," said Mrs. Downer emphatically. "But there are those washtubs down there and she says the neighbors next door say she can come over and use their bathroom."

"For gosh' sake! But why would she do such a thing?"

"She says it's the panic and she's got to save money."

"But she's got plenty of money."

"I don't care whether she's rich or poor, just so you get her out of there."

"But does she bother you? She's a quiet old lady."

"How would you like it," demanded Mrs. Downer, "if you had a landlady in your cellar?"

"I wouldn't like it," admitted Father.

"She's already snooping around," Mrs. Downer continued. "I saw her going around feeling the potted plants on the porch to see if I'd watered them. And when I took some garbage to the alley she followed right after me and told me to screw the lid on tight so that the dogs couldn't get it off."

"I'll go up and talk to her," promised Father. "I'll see what I can do."

FATHER found Mrs. McNiff cozily installed in her half of the cellar, making herself a cup of tea over her little alcohol stove. She greeted Father cordially and offered him a cup of tea.

"Now look here, Mrs. McNiff," said Father, driving right to the point, "you can't move down here and live in the cellar like this."

"Why can't I? It's in the lease."

"Mrs. McNiff, you know very well that when we put that in the lease about your reserving half the cellar space for yourself we meant it was for your trunks, not for you."

"Maybe you meant it for trunks, but I didn't. To me 'for myself' means 'for me.' Why? Do I bother them?"

"They say they smell your cooking."

"Well, I smell theirs. Last night they had cauliflower. It made me hungry for some, too. So tonight I'm cooking some." She nodded over to a paper sack on the trunk. "These are bad times."

"You won't save anything if your tenants move out and you have an empty house."

"They can't do that. They have a lease."

"Leases have been broken."

"If they try it, I'll attach their car and their clothes and everything they have. And Henry will do it for me, too." (Henry was Mrs. McNiff's nephew and a deputy sheriff.) She went on, "I do them no harm. I am a quiet old lady. I keep to my side of the cellar. See," she said, pointing to a line on the cement, "one tub is on my side and one tub is on theirs. I don't care if they use both tubs to do their washing, but for myself I'll use only the tub on my side."

He went into the house to talk to the Downers. "She says she won't move out."

"Then we're moving."

"It's easier said than done. Her nephew is deputy sheriff and she can slap an attachment on your car and belongings."

"I know what I'm going to do," threatened Ralph Downer. "I'm going to throw a stink bomb down there." He gave a short laugh. "Being careful, of course, to throw it into my half of the cellar."

"Don't try anything like that," begged Father, "or she will have the sheriff after you."

When Father came home and told us the story, Mother was on the side of Mrs. McNiff. "I don't see how she bothers them at all, and living in a cellar is a very easy way of saving money."

"Well, the Downers are going to see a lawyer, so Mrs. McNiff may find she's not only living in the cellar, but in the whole house—by herself."

After Downer had seen the lawyer he came into Father's office and he was all smiles.

"Your lawyer friend find a way out for you?" asked Father.

"No, he tells me I'll have a hell of a time ejecting the dear old so-and-so. But I've figured out a scheme myself, a good one. Can't do it for a couple of days, though; not until my brother gets here. But I think he'll get rid of her—fast!"

Brother Steve arrived. We met him later, and he was a big handsome man with longish hair, like Elbert Hubbard.

As we got the story later it was like this:

Before going to bed it was Mrs. McNiff's habit to walk over to the next-door neighbors' to use their bathroom. She was ordinarily gone about fifteen minutes. On this particular night the Downers used the time to set up a cot in the cellar—in their half, but as close as possible to the dividing line—and to make up a bed on it. When Mrs. McNiff came down the stairs and pushed open the door, the sight that greeted her was Brother Steve, coat and shoes off, stretched out on the cot, reading a magazine.

"Oh, hello," he introduced himself. "I'm Steve Downer, your new roommate. Hope you don't mind having company. Ralph sleeps in one bedroom, you know, and May in the other, so there's no room for me upstairs. I don't think much of that plan, do you? Why get married if you're going to sleep in separate rooms? Now I'm a double-bed man myself. My wife and I—"

HE DID not finish the sentence, for Mrs. McNiff, recovering her tongue, launched forth into a tirade against any and all persons concocting such a trick on an old lady.

"Now, now," Steve kept saying, "there's no trick to this. It's just that hotel rooms are expensive. In times like these we've got to watch the pennies. There's nothing to get excited about. You stay in your half of the cellar, and I'll stay in mine. Don't mind if I brush my teeth, do you? Of course I'll use the tub on my side."

And to the accompaniment of louder and louder imprecations from Mrs. McNiff, he noisily brushed his teeth, talking back at her the while through the foam.

"You know my brother spoke of you as an old lady. You don't look old to me. I think you're very nice-looking. Got a good figure, too. I always say a good figure means everything."

"Never mind about my figure," said Mrs. McNiff grimly, sitting down on the edge of her couch. "And this trick isn't going to work. I'm staying right here in this cellar."

"Why, of course," replied Steve Downer. "There's plenty of room for both of us."

"It won't work, I tell you," snapped Mrs. McNiff. "Not you or anyone else is going to make me leave."

"Leave! No one wants you to leave. I'm glad you're here. I have nightmares—bad ones. Walk in my sleep, too. If you hear me stirring around, call to me and wake me up. Be sure you wake me before you come near me, though. I nearly choked my wife to death once, all in my sleep."

"I don't scare easy," sniffed Mrs. McNiff.

Steve Downer now stood up, slipped down his suspenders and took off his shirt.

Screeched Mrs. McNiff, "Don't you dare do that!"

"Do what?"

"Don't you dare undress."

"But I can't sleep in my clothes. Oh, all right, I'll turn off the light while I'm getting into my nightshirt." He reached up and snapped off the bulb.

The thought of being alone in a cellar with a man undressing was too much for Mrs. McNiff. She let out one piercing shriek and fled up the stairs.

The next morning a transfer man came and got her things and took them back to the hotel.

That afternoon she went to Father's office and told him about it. He, of course, had already heard from the Downers. "I'm going to a lawyer about this," she threatened.

"You haven't any case," Father told her.

The lawyer must have told Mrs. McNiff the same thing, for she didn't sue. When their lease was up, the Downers told Father to get them another house and, for heaven's sake, please to be careful what was said in the lease.

FATHER GETS A DEN

When l'affaire McNiff-Downer was over, Father started wondering how he was going to dig up the money to make a payment on eighty acres of land he'd bought north of town.

"Do you think," he asked Mother casually, "that half everything I make is yours?"

"Why, of course," answered Mother. "When a woman helps a man, then it's her right to share in what he makes."

"Well, I work as hard with the boarders as you do, so why shouldn't half the board money be mine?"

"What do you do for the boarders, for heaven's sake?"

"Well, I entertain them, play cards with them, take them on drives. But it's not what I do *for* them, but what they do to me."

"What do they do to you?"

"They take away all my privacy. In this whole house I haven't a place to call my own. All I've got is a bed, a bureau, and a few coat hangers in a closet. A man likes to come home at night to a little peace and quiet, have his slippers by his chair, read his paper."

"You're going to have some peace and quiet," said Mother emphatically. "I'm going to fix you up a den, where you can be all by yourself."

Mother started to fix up the little back room. She took Father's green Morris chair out of the parlor and found an old black leather couch in a secondhand store. She nailed up Indian baskets on the wall and put Indian rugs on the floor.

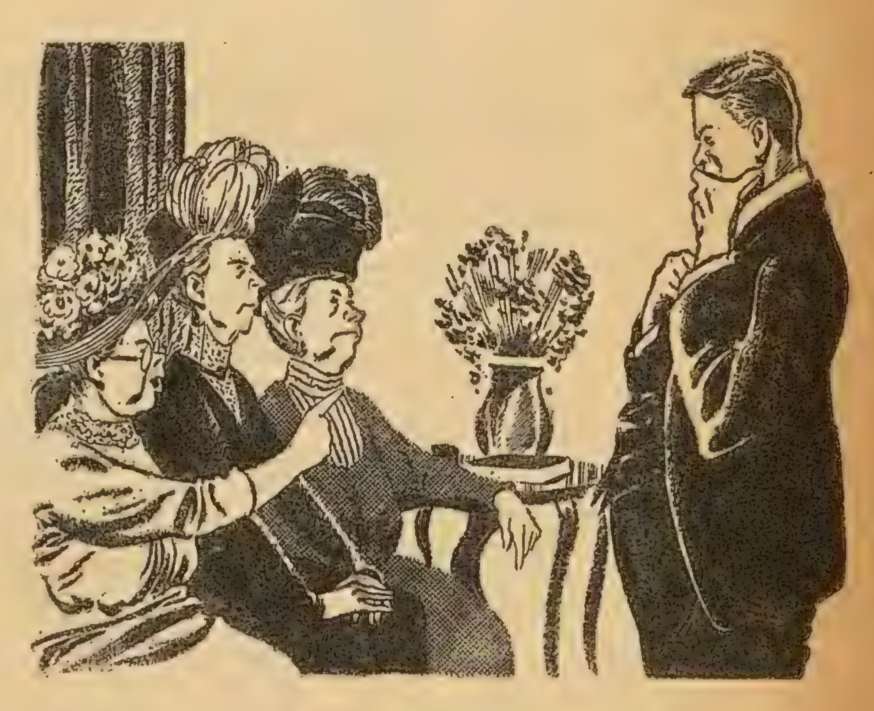
"This is grand," praised Father when she showed it to him. "This is something like it."

So after dinner he took his paper and went back to his den.

It seemed very strange without him in the parlor, as he was always reading parts of the paper out loud to us or maybe romping around the floor with us children and Colonel, our black cocker spaniel.

After a while we children tiptoed back and peeked at Father through the keyhole. He wasn't reading. He was just lying on the couch staring at the ceiling.

We thought we were awfully quiet, taking our turns at the keyhole, but Colonel started whining and Father heard us. "Who is it? Come in."



We opened the door but we didn't go in.

"Come in. Come in."

"Mother says we mustn't bother you."

"You don't bother me. Come in."

We went in and all three of us sat in and on the Morris chair, feeling sort of polite and strained. Colonel went over and licked Father's hand and then he came back and lay down by the chair.

"Nice den, isn't it?" asked Father.

We said yes, it was, then we couldn't think of anything else.

We heard Mother coming, and she called, "Children, you come out of there and let your Father have some peace and quiet."

We went out, but Father snapped his fingers at Colonel, who wiggle-waggled over to the couch. We shut the door, but when we heard Colonel scratching to get out we went back and got him.

"Even the dog leaves me," said Father.

The next night Father went to his den again, but after a while he came into the parlor.

"Do you want something, dear?" Mother asked.

"The other part of the paper. I don't seem to have it."

Father had put the paper on top of the piano and now Mother took it and thumbed it over. "Why, here it is, right on the inside."

Father looked sheepish. "It *is?* How could I have missed it?" He took it, looked around a few times, and then went back to his den.

I went to our pianola, put on The Red Mill and started pumping away.

Pretty soon there was Father again. I stopped pumping and turned around.

"Yes, dear," said Mother. "Have you lost some more of your paper?"

"I thought I heard the pianola."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Did it disturb you way back there?"

"No, but it's The Red Mill, isn't it? I like The Red Mill." He sat down. "Go on, play it."

I started pumping again, and when it was finished, Father said, "What's that other one I like?"

"The Chocolate Soldier."

"Play that one, too."

Each time I came to the end of a roll, Father had a new piece to suggest.

"Did you leave the light on in your den?" Mother asked at last.

"I can't remember."

"Go and see," Mother ordered me, "and turn it out if it's burning."

The next day Mother moved the Morris chair back into the parlor.

HIGH FINANCE

1912 was a wonderful year. Arizona became a state and Father bought a bank. He got together a dentist, a doctor, a hardware merchant, and two or three others, and in a whirlwind finish the bank was bought. Without putting up a cent, Father found himself a stockholder and a vice-president.

"Vice-president of a bank," Father told us in awe. "It's going to be mighty fine to have my own bank to borrow money from."

I'll never forget the opening reception when the new crowd took over: all the flowers, the whole town milling about inside, congratulations and good wishes, and Father standing there so proudly.

At the very end a dusty rancher came in, still wearing his boots and blue jeans. He was Milton Weatherby, owner of the Bar Circle.

"How are you, Milt?" Father greeted him.

"Not complaining," came the laconic answer. "Just sold my cattle."

"Did you get a good price?"

"Not bad." Milt Weatherby looked around. "So the new outfit's taking over."

"Yes," said Father, "a new outfit. And," he added meaningly, "we're in line for new deposits."

"Do all my business in Phoenix."

"I know," said Father, "but if you ever want to change, we're here to serve you."

Weatherby reached into his pocket. "Hell, might as well give you fellows part of my business. I'll just deposit this with you." And he handed over the check. "Take good care of it. So long." And he turned on his heel and strode out.

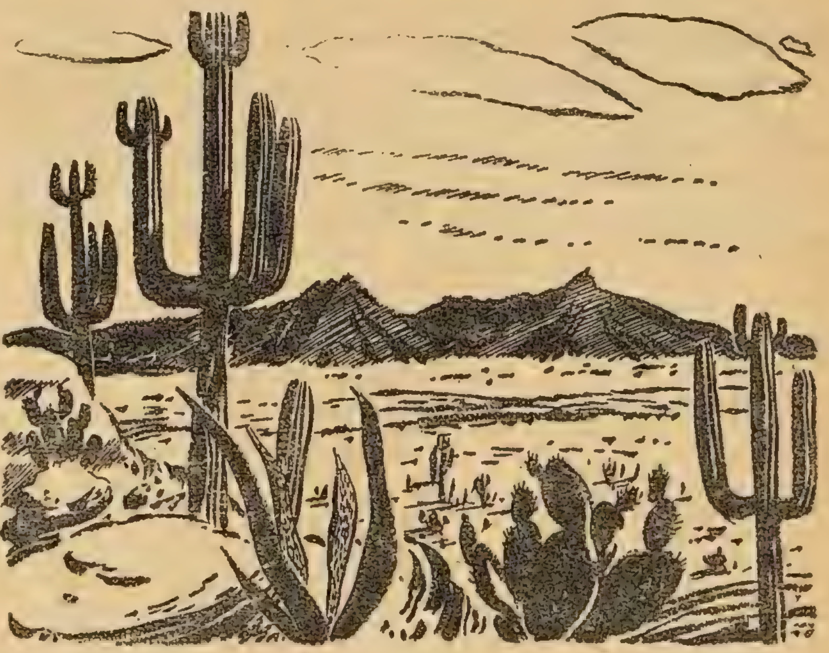
Father looked down at the check and drew in his breath. Then he was gone, seeking out the bank president.

Furtively and with little gloating laughs, the check was passed from one officer to another. Finally Father got it again and showed it to us children. It was for seventy-six thousand dollars!

The next few years were busy ones for Father. He was elected to the state legislature. He went down to Mexico to manage a ranch. Then in April, 1917, we were fighting Germany and Father said he was going to join the Army.

But Father was forty-seven and much too fat. The Army, the Red Cross, and every other military outfit turned him down. He was terribly disappointed.

So Father busied himself with Tucson's war effort. One contribution he made was to solve the problem of Ma Tyson's cakes. Ma Tyson was the town's leading madam, but she made wonderful cakes, really marvelous ones, with all sorts of icing doodads on them. These cakes Ma Tyson brought over to the committee serving the troops at the train.



I remember seeing her down there one day, a tiny creature, wearing a moleskin cape and a bunch of artificial violets in her tightly curled white hair.

"A cake's a cake," I heard one of the women say as she went away.

However, when Ma Tyson began to turn her icing designs into letters, consternation reigned. Instead of pretty little wreaths, the icing now read, "Ma Tyson sends her love," "To my boys from Ma Tyson," or "Don't forget Ma Tyson."

This the good ladies felt was too much. One night there in the parlor sat three ladies from the committee who wanted Father to do something about Ma Tyson's cakes.

"But are the cakes good?" asked Father.

"Oh, yes," said the ladies, "very good."

"Can't you cut them up real quick and spread the pieces around so the boys can't read the messages?"

"That would make the cake dry out."

"Well, then," suggested Father, "can't you scrape off the icing?"

The ladies thought about that for a minute and then decided that yes, they could scrape it off. "It's good icing," said one; "we can break it up and use it for candy."

So that crisis was solved.

"My Lord," cried Father when they'd gone, "all the troubles I have and I have to be bothered by something like that."

Father was really having troubles. Things were going very wrong at the bank. Because of a drought, thousands of cattle were dead and dying, cattle on which the bank had loaned money. Much worse, one of the officers had been dipping into the bank's funds. When its business was nearly gone, the bank had to save itself by merging with another bank.

The directors lost heavily but the depositors were all paid off.

One day I remember Father saying to Mother, "I owe six hundred thousand dollars."

"But you *can't* owe that much!"

"I signed all those papers. What'll I do?"

"There's only one thing to do. Go bankrupt and start over again."

"No," said Father.

"But what will you do?"

"Try to pay it off some way."

"But you can't pay off six hundred thousand dollars—why, that's almost a million."

"Almost a million," repeated Father in tones of awe. "Think of me owing almost a million. Well, I'll try to wuzzle out of it some way."

And, unbelievably enough, he "wuzzled" it out. Paying ten cents on the dollar here, twenty cents there, he brought his debts down until they were no more than usual, until he could forget about them.

"TAMALES FROM TUCSON"

Father said Mother's selling hot tamales hurt his credit. "Here I am a prominent business man in this community and my wife sells hot tamales. People will think I'm hard up."

"I'm worried about Mr. Williams," Mother put in suddenly. "His store must be in terrible shape." (Mr. Williams was one of our most prosperous merchants.) "His wife paints pictures and sells them. And there's Dr. Milner's wife. He must be hard up, too. His wife sings in church and gets ten dollars every Sunday."

"Painting and singing are different."

"Cooking good food is an art just like painting. Why shouldn't I get money for it? Besides," continued Mother, "if I stop making my tamales, where would people get them?"

One night Father came home to dinner and he was, as Mother would say, "smiling all over himself."

"Well, Mother, you think you're just about the best darned tamale maker in Tucson, don't you? Well, that argument's all shot to pieces now. Any time you want to stop, there's someone to take over, because I ate some tamales at the club this noon, and I hate to admit it, but they were every bit as good as yours."

Asked Mother innocently, "Did you find out the name of the person who's making them?"

"The waiter didn't know her name, but he gave me her telephone number." Father fished in his pocket and brought out a piece of paper folded up into a little square. He at last had the paper unfolded. "The number is Red 1446. Good night!" And Father looked sheepish as anything, for Red 1446 was our number. "So you're making them for the club?"

"As if it interfered with you in the slightest! I'm an artist—" She was interrupted by heavy purposeful footsteps on the front porch.

When Mother opened the door a tall man stepped in, carrying a large pan.

"I'm Mr. Buell. I was told that I could get tamales here."

"I'm sorry," said Mother. "I only make them on order."

Suddenly Father, who'd been sitting there scowling into his plate, got to his feet and joined them. "Now, Mother," he said, "surely you can scare up a few tamales. Haven't you any at all?"

"Well, I have a few, but they're for an early-morning order."

"You can make some more tonight. Let Mr. Buell have them.

"Sit down, sit down," he said, leading Mr. Buell to a chair.

"I used to live in Mexico," said Mr. Buell. "I learned to like the food there. I had some last night at a friend's and they told me to come here."

"Yes, my wife's an artist at Mexican food. Instead of painting or singing, she makes tamales."

"They were certainly masterpieces, those tamales I had last night."

"I've heard about you, Mr. Buell," said Father. "You're going to spend the winter here, aren't you? There are wonderful opportunities here, wonderful ones." And Father went on, expounding about Tucson and the possibilities in it for a man of vision.

Mother came in with the pan, steam rising from it.

"Mmmmmm," sniffed Mr. Buell, "smells good." He reached for the pan.

Father snatched for it first. "Let me carry it for you. You go first and open the door."

Out they went, with Mother staring after Father openmouthed. "What do you suppose got into him?" she marveled.

Father came back after a few minutes, a big grin on his face. "Know who that is? He's Buell of the Buell Advertising Agency. I've been wanting to meet him. Can we have him and his wife over to dinner some night?"

"We can," said Mother. "The idea being, I suppose, that I feed him and you sell him something."

"Well," laughed Father, "if you have his tamale business, why shouldn't I get his real-estate business?"

And so we had the Buells over, not once, but many times. Whenever they came to dinner we always gave them Mexican food, and three or four times a week Mr. Buell was down at the house with a pan to take home a dozen tamales, and in addition he always ordered tamales every time he was at the club.

Father had sold the Buells a house and was now trying to interest Mr. Buell in ranches and gold mines.

One night over at our house, after he'd stowed away four big tamales liberally doused with Mother's chili sauce, Mr. Buell smacked his lips and said to Father, "I don't know why you think about anything else when you've got a gold mine right in your own kitchen. You ought to put your wife's tamales on the market."

"Are you serious?" demanded Father.

"Serious! I've already thought up a good name for them: Tamales from Tucson."

Life got very exciting after that. Mr. Buell sent off dozens and dozens of tamales to friends all over the country and asked them to write how they arrived. Reports started to come in.

"Marvelous!" they wrote him. "Simply delicious!" "Where can we get more?"

WE BEGAN to ride the rainbow again. Father had an architect working on blueprints for a factory. He was looking around for some land where we could grow our own chili.

Then Mr. Buell began to complain of a gnawing pain in his stomach. He'd sit all doubled up and look absolutely miserable.

Finally he remarked that he hoped he wasn't getting an ulcer again.

"Getting an ulcer again!" cried Mrs. Buell. "Did you ever have one?"

It seemed he had, years before he met her.

"But you shouldn't have been eating all this hot food."

Mr. Buell said he'd stop it for a few days and maybe the gnawing would go away.

It didn't. It got worse and worse, until he was in dreadful pain. At last he did go to the clinic, where the doctors told him that his stomach was in very bad shape and he would have to be on a milk diet for six months or possibly a year.

When he received this verdict, Mr. Buell lost all interest in tamales.

Not only that, but he seemed to think the ulcers were all our fault.

"Your chili's too hot," he told Mother. "It burns out a man's insides. Can't put stuff like that on the market."

"But most people wouldn't eat it like you," Mother came back at him, "morning, noon, and night."

Soothed Father. "Maybe our chili *is* a little too hot, Mother. Can't you tone it down a little?"

Mr. Buell was completely off tamales, and off Tucson, too.

He told Father to sell the house. They packed up, and within twenty-four hours they were gone. Such was the end of "Tamales from Tucson."

"I think he is a most unreasonable man," said Mother. "Just because he couldn't eat them any more, he didn't think anybody else would."

"Well," philosophized Father, "he's put a very cheap price on his house. I'll be able to sell that mighty quick."

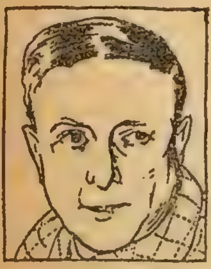
"And," said Mother, looking for the silver lining, too, "I've got a lot of new customers out of it. Mr. Buell's friends are writing me all the time for tamales."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

ENGLISH writers seem to have a special flair for the sentimental novel—possibly because it's bad form for an Englishman to show too much emotion in his private life, and fiction is a convenient outlet. One of the best exponents of this art is **A. J. Cronin.**



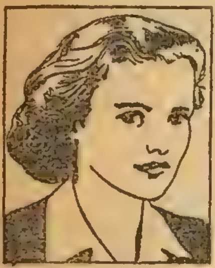
A. J. Cronin

A wistful, sensitive boy and a ripsnorting old man with an incurable streak of mischief are the two protagonists of Dr. Cronin's new novel, **The Green Years.** The boy is made of much the same stuff as hundreds of other fictional youths before and since David Copperfield. But the red-bearded great-grandfather, with his roving eye, his great appetite for life, and his understanding for the hungers of youth, is a distinctive character as well as a mighty likable one.

The story hinges on the youngster's longing for a college education—an ambition that is thwarted by a money-grubbing guardian. But shiftless old Great-Grandpa, who is pushed around by the whole town and has to cadge for his tobacco, solves the problem in his own delightful way.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price $2.50.

BOOKS offering advice to those who are suffering from physical disabilities can usually be given credit for nothing but good intentions—they are apt to be lift-yourself-by-your-bootstraps lectures, confusing perspiration with inspiration. A brilliant exception to this rule is **And Now to Live Again,** by **Betsey Barton.** It's crammed with practical suggestions, based on Miss Barton's ten years of experience as an invalid, and on thoughtful study of many other cases.



Betsey Barton

"One of my doctors," says Miss Barton, "told me about a patient of his who had been a worker in a shipyard. This man smashed his right arm in an accident, and the doctor had amputated it. When it came time to leave the hospital, the man developed an arthritic knee which made it impossible for him to bend the knee or to walk. . . . The doctor found out from the man's employer that they were planning to make him a checker now—a job in which he could use his left hand to check incoming goods. . . . The mass of hard bone formation around his knee began to dissolve, and within a week it was entirely gone. Had his fear been allayed at the outset, his recovery would have been much more rapid."

Published by Appleton-Century Co., N. Y. Price $1.75.

WINSTON CHURCHILL IN THE MIRROR, a lavishly illustrated biographical sketch by **René Kraus,** is refreshingly informal.

The biographer tells how, during the Boer War, Churchill, who had been serving as a correspondent, was captured. He protested being treated as a prisoner of war on the ground that he was a noncombatant. Boer leader Smuts (now his good friend) received the protest and rejected it with these four words:

"Winston Churchill noncombatant? Impossible."

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y. Price $2.75.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

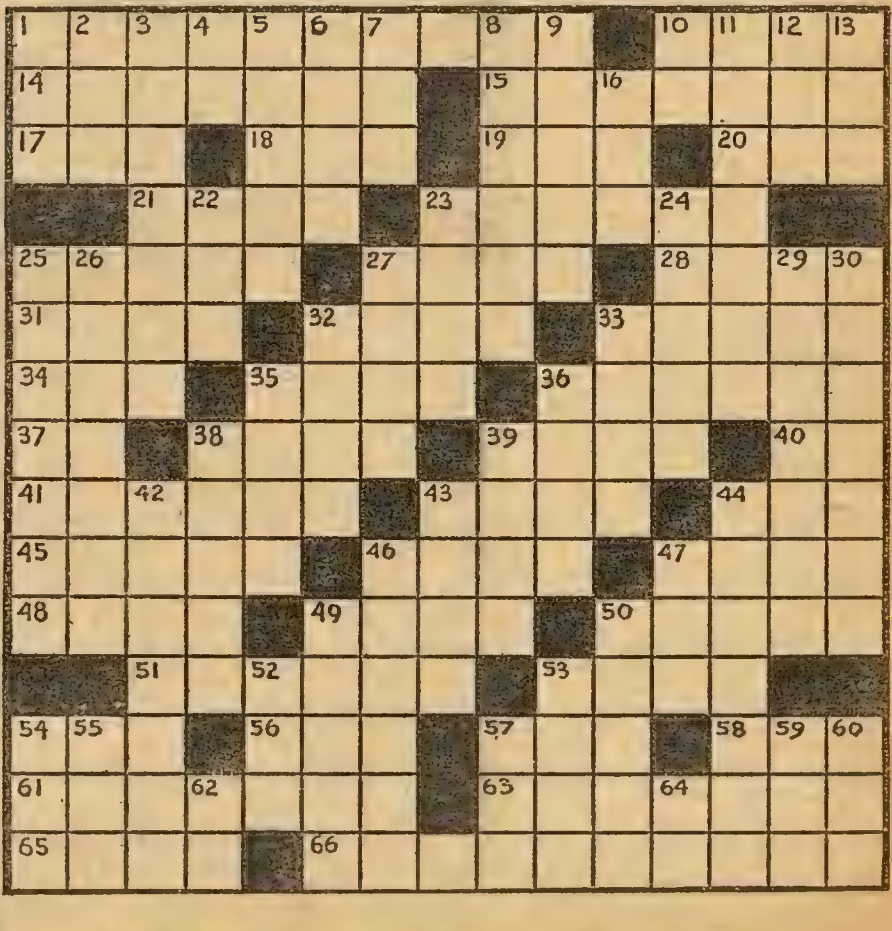
1 A leading skindustrialist
10 Boudoir commando
14 Dangle bangle
15 Let him who is without this among ye, cast the first bobby sock
17 Girl grabber
18 Anyone who doesn't agree with you
19 "It's a ——!" cried the hungry Hawaiian nurse
20 Diller-dollar scholar time
21 Cry of the agreeable courtier
23 "Give me ——, or give me death!" cried the neurotic
25 French daddies
27 What the conductor's gal's puss was only
28 Debouch a mite (anag.)
31 What women conceal after thirty
32 Solid substance found in the old bean
33 Kind of speaking they're used to around Cologne
34 Neither's pal
35 Complete from Red Skelton: I —— it!
36 Rib
37 Wot's yer 'urry, 'ere's yer ——!
38 Skinny thing from Alaska
39 A down-to-earth name in American history
40 Rug Pulverizers (abbr.)
41 A Western address
43 Vot der Cherman esels don't do so much now
44 Mysterious, oily letters (abbr.)
45 Musical cap for members of the songwriters' union (abbr.)
46 It's flat, about twenty-four inches long, raises bunions
47 Fight promoter
48 Snoot-lipped
49 Nine yanks in a seagoing jeep
50 Postwar ones will be rubber, for motorists
51 Cockroach fender
53 Burp juice
54 Small noise emitted by small pooch
56 Why not use soda in your car tank when you're short of this?
57 Foolish Old Introverts
58 Campaign material
61 Vice President
63 Not so bright
65 Fencing tool
66 Their mamas were frightened by lemons

VERTICAL

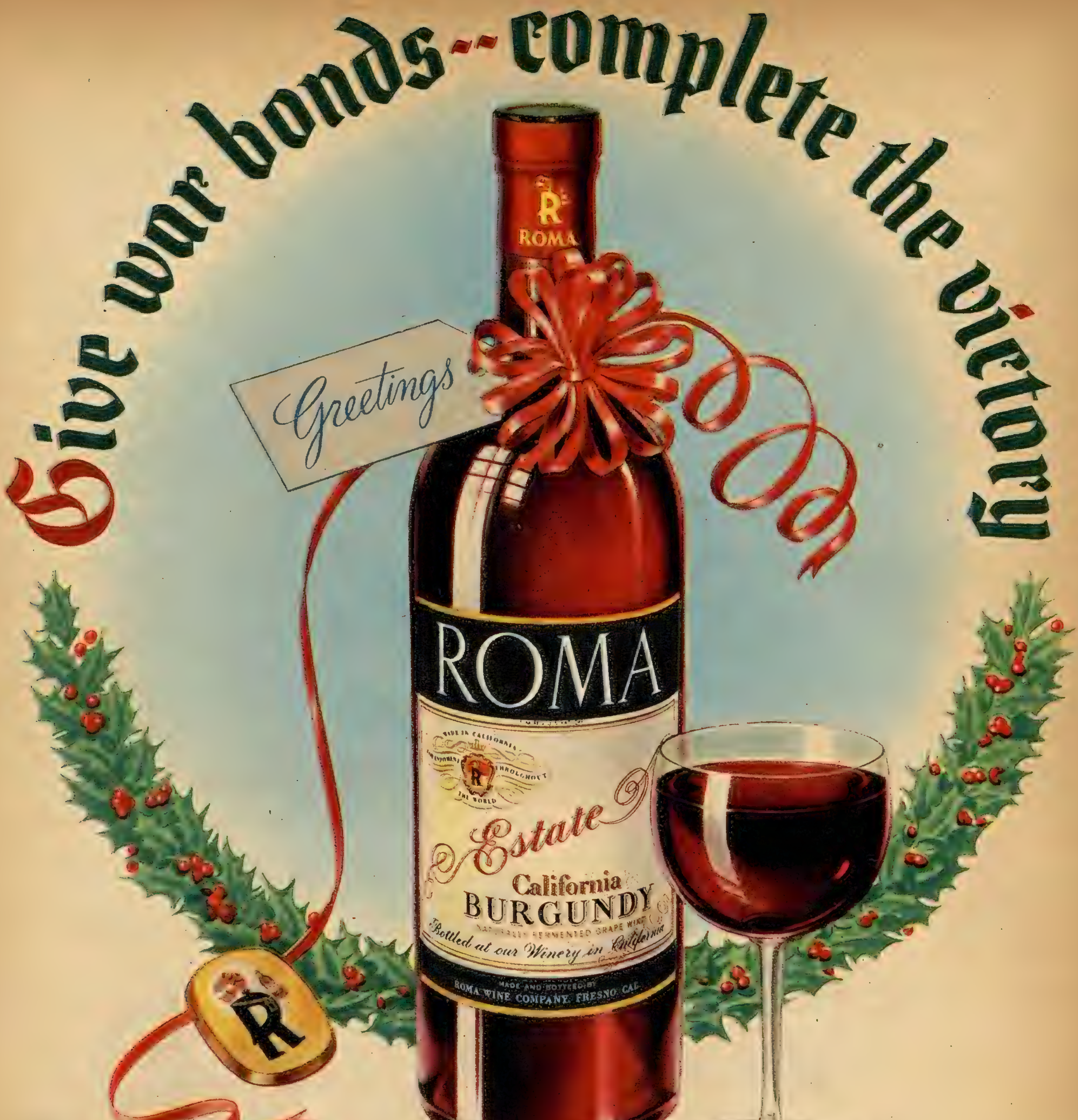
1 Kind of Lillie
2 Wax and dirt collector
3 Iron-pants tailor
4 Abe's coming-out place
5 They need a new cap when they get a little thin on top
6 Gal's name
7 Cockeyed Girls Drool (abbr.)
8 I hope, I hope, I hope!
9 I bone for a Greek gal (anag.)
10 Woozy Addlepates (abbr.)
11 Resting place for tired dogs
12 In short, the Queen of detectives
13 Handy cooling system
16 Numskulls Imagine Indelicacies (abbr.)
22 This and no is the difference between a popular and an unpopular girl
23 This is underfoot
24 What waiters are full of these days
25 Tropical berets
26 Self-hymnotism
27 Snerd
29 He dishes out bad for good
30 Landlords had to sioux to get the tenants out of them
32 Tiresome beast
33 Glorified soap opera at $6.60 a seat
35 What H. G. Wells sure is
36 Kind of top Dick Tracy recently blew off
38 Ham holder
39 Woodpecker in blackface
42 Shoe top-to-shoe top slugging match
43 Tiresome war
44 Garlic-scented island off Greece
46 California town
47 Kind of life a bricklayer lives
49 Last word in Santa's contract
50 French G. I., World War I
52 Biggest I in the world
53 Super dishwater, with vegetables
54 Zero eraser
55 Knuckle klonk
57 The Champ
59 What we'd like to get from Burma Road
60 Dreamboat Handsome Shane—
62 —and would you call him a double-this man?
64 Lalapaloozers Snore (abbr.)

R	O	M	E	■	B	A	C	H	■	P	A	S	S
O	L	E	A	■	B	I	L	E	■	O	R	E	O
A	L	A	R	M	■	M	O	L	A	S	S	E	S
C	A	T	N	I	P	■	D	I	S	T	O	M	O
H	■	P	I	L	A	F	■	O	K	E	N	■	■
■	B	I	T	■	L	A	R	G	E	R	■	J	A
P	I	E	■	M	I	L	O	R	D	■	D	A	M
G	G	■	C	A	N	A	D	A	■	G	E	M	■
■	■	S	A	N	D	■	S	M	A	R	T	■	A
P	E	T	T	E	R	S	■	S	H	I	R	T	S
E	V	E	N	S	O	N	G	■	S	P	O	O	K
N	O	V	A	■	M	A	I	M	■	E	I	R	E
S	E	E	P	■	E	G	G	S	■	S	T	E	W

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.


Give war bonds -- complete the victory
Greetings
R
ROMA
ROMA
Estate
California
BURGUNDY
NATURALLY FERMENTED GRAPE WINE
Bottled at our Winery in California
MADE AND BOTTLED BY
ROMA WINE COMPANY FRESNO CAL.
R

The "SEASON'S GREETINGS" to you from the makers of famous ROMA California Wines. Especially during the holidays, do ROMA Wines add a gracious, yet inexpensive extra delight to entertaining; to family meals or get-togethers. Because they are so uniformly *good,* so true to type, so constant in quality—*more Americans enjoy ROMA than any other wine!* Take home a bottle of your favorite ROMA California Wine today. If your dealer is temporarily out of ROMA, please try again soon. ROMA WINE COMPANY, Fresno, Lodi, Healdsburg, California.

ROMA
Wines

MORE AMERICANS ENJOY ROMA THAN ANY OTHER WINE

IT'S A RADIO WAR

Continued from Page 19

The mobile radio station is a galloping message center—an ugly little four-wheeled truck loaded with radio equipment and a team of trained radio technicians. Heart of the 299 is a powerful 450-watt short-wave transmitter capable of sending commands or intelligence over tremendous battle areas while the station races across enemy terrain. Two long-range receivers, a telephone, telegraph key, typewriter, and an elaborate assortment of extra tubes and spare parts make it a radio operator's dream. What makes the 299 a nightmare for the enemy is the fact that it carries its own power station. Coupled to the truck is a two-wheeled trailer on which is mounted a huge engine-driven power generator.

The SCR-299 has seen service on every Allied battle front from the frigid Aleutians to the heart of China. It was the sole contact between isolated American forces on New Guinea and their supply base, 1,000 miles away, in Australia. Sixty 299s were loaded in planes and flown directly to Guadalcanal. The 299 played a decisive part in winning the battles of Africa, Sicily, Italy, and Normandy. It is a key weapon in the battles for Europe and Asia, although because of the savage aerial attacks it attracts from the enemy it is being manufactured in new forms, such as the 399, in which all the radio equipment is housed in a demountable shelter which can be concealed in wooded or camouflaged areas.

In a triphibious invasion landing, communications are first established by assault troops who scramble onto the beach with portable radiotelephones having a useful range of one or two miles. Among the first heavy units to roll ashore are various versions of the SCR-299 to co-ordinate the land, sea, and air attack along the full invasion front. The transmitter, receivers, and power plant may be carried on amphibious boats, half-tracks, trucks and trailers, or command cars. They permit ground-force commanders fifty miles apart to communicate with one another.

OTHER Signal Corps equipment of a similar type is used by artillery commanders to communicate with fleet units miles at sea and direct heavy naval fire at shore objectives. Ground-force officers receive blow-by-blow descriptions of the progress of the battle, or of the disposition of enemy forces, from reconnaissance planes overhead. They direct aerial attacks against difficult objectives that cannot be reached by light artillery fire. They control the landing of successive waves of troops, equipment, and supplies. The mobile radio station gives troop commanders rapid control of scattered fighting forces.

The baby and darling of the Signal Corps family is the handie-talkie, a combined radio transmitter and receiver that can be held in one hand. It weighs five and one half pounds with its batteries, and is no larger than a cracker box. The five-tube set is switched on by extending a short collapsible aerial. Other switches in "talk" and "listen" positions make it possible for the ground soldier, paratrooper, or glider air commando to converse with other outfits within one mile. Jungle scouts use the handie-talkie to maintain contact with other patrols and company commanders and to direct the fire of guns on key enemy positions.

The handie-talkie works with the convenience of a home telephone hand set. Its postwar possibilities are exciting. It's not hard to visualize construction gangs and skyscraper crews ordering loads of concrete and rivets with two-way handie-talkie communication, or the farmer's wife calling her husband, far afield in his tractor, home to lunch. It may prove ideal for hazardous mine rescue work and for patrolmen on lonely night beats.

"They simply hate each other!"

Big brother of the handie-talkie is the walkie-talkie, a thirty-five-pound FM receiver and transmitter carried on the back of the soldier and used for communications over larger battle areas. Because the walkie-talkie is used by assault troops in every sea-borne invasion, it has been so treated that rain or even dunking in water for short periods has no effect on it.

In addition to being portable and powerful, the walkie-talkie has a feature which was beginning to make itself felt in home radio reception before the war. This is FM—frequency modulation—which makes it possible to communicate by radio in spite of the noises and heavy electrical interference of mechanized war.

An important development in ground warfare is the use of formations of tanks for mass assaults. Such formations wheel and turn with almost unbelievable precision and co-ordination. Just as flight commanders control formations of planes, so does the tank commander give orders to, and receive battle information from, FM-radio equipped tanks.

The roar of engines, the grinding of treads, and the concussion of their cannon make the insides of these tanks a hell of ear-splitting sounds. Yet another ingenious American invention makes it possible for a tank operator to convey messages so that for all practical purposes only the sound of his voice is transmitted. A recently perfected lip microphone eliminates the roar of battle by using extraneous noises to cancel one another while permitting the voice of the operator to slip through a little channel of silence! This miracle mike is worn on the upper lip and held in place with headstraps. The earphones fit snugly into the operator's ears beneath his crash helmet and exclusive enough of the noises of tank warfare to enable him to receive messages and commands.

American-built Allied radios, in addition to making it tough for enemy fighters to get home, are doing a great job of rescue work so that Allied fighters do.

Some radios are designed solely for rescue purposes. One of these is the "Gibson Girl," so named because of its hourglass figure. It is a thirty-five-pound waterproof transmitter placed on every Army Air Force plane that flies over water. The set is packed in a bright yellow bag and is parachuted to the sea, along with a rubber life raft, just before the plane makes a forced landing. The Gibson Girl is unsinkable and its bright color makes it easy to locate in the water.

The transmitter is pretuned to the international distress signal. All the airman has to do is turn the crank, and an automatic mechanism sends out S O S's to be picked up by ships and shore stations in the area. When two or more stations pick up the signal, the position of the survivor can be plotted by triangulation.

With the transmitter in the raft it is possible to send code messages by turning the crank with one hand and pressing a code button with the other. The Morse code is printed on the top of the set for survivors who do not know it. Another important feature of this great lifesaver is its 300-foot aerial, which greatly extends its transmitting range. On windy days the aerial is held aloft by a box kite. For windless days there is a balloon which can be inflated in a few seconds from two hydrogen-gas generators which are part of the complete outfit.

The Army thought of everything when it designed the Gibson Girl. A lamp which can be seen by rescue ships or planes at night is powered by turning the crank.

SIGNAL officers in Washington are careful to explain that modern military communications are by no means confined to radio. There is still the runner, and there are smoke signals, blinker lights, flares, heliographs, and semaphore flags. There is the interference-free telephone—tremendously important—with its convenience of switchboard channelling.

Radio signals can be "jammed" by the enemy; that is, enemy radio equipment can so load the air with interference that radio communication sometimes becomes impracticable. Under many circumstances it is also a simple matter for the enemy listening station to tune in on Allied transmitters. But radiomen point out that these shortcomings are in process of solution, and that, anyway, a telephone wire is just as susceptible.

The enemy uses radio, too—plenty of it—but we are beating him in this radio war, not only because we are getting there first with the most, but also because it's the best the world has ever seen.

German sets have been based on developments in the 1934-38 period—which is ancient history in radio. They are well constructed mechanically, but are inferior to ours electrically and in weatherproofing.

Jap equipment, far below German standards, includes numerous imitations of American products. In copying a well-known brand of American batteries, for example, the Nips stuck doggedly to the unique paper cover design which is the trade-mark of the brand. It looks good, but the Japs are learning that American quality is more than skin-deep.

The U. S. Army Signal Corps is a purely American development—the prototype on which the signal corps of other great armies are based. Our first signal officer, by the way, was a young Army surgeon whose graduation thesis, written in 1847, was entitled A Sign Language for Deaf Mutes. It contained the germ of his visual signaling system—and the creation of the Signal Corps.

With its eighty years of experience, its try-anything staff, and its great experimental laboratories, the Signal Corps was ready for this war. Behind it stood an American radio industry capable of boosting its production from thirty million

(*Continued on page 50*)

Paul Jones
Paul Jones
"Well, this certainly makes up for that Christmas tie"

Dry Paul Jones generously floods any glass with its remarkable flavor and smoothness. Somehow, whenever Dry Paul Jones puts in an appearance, an evening is well on its way toward becoming an occasion. It's a drink well worth remembering. It's a whiskey well worth asking for! *Blended whiskey 86 proof—65% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.*

DRY Paul Jones
...a distinguished whiskey since 1865

(Continued from page 48)

dollars a year to three billion dollars. And just to give you an idea why you haven't been able to buy a new radio: 500 bombers, enough for one good raid, are equipped with radios equivalent to one million medium-priced home receivers.

And behind the Signal Corps and the radio industry stands a man—multiplied by 60,000—who occupies a unique position in the world of communications. He is really the guy who has won the radio war. He is the American amateur radio operator—the ham. Among hobbyists he is unique, the only one whose hobby is of such public interest that it is controlled by the government through tests, licenses, and an assigned part of the public domain—the amateur wave bands. You can't operate a transmitter in the United States without a license from Uncle Sam. In most countries you can't operate, period.

"Most of the great developments in radio communications have been due to experiments carried out by hams," says William J. Halligan, head of the Hallicrafters company, co-designer and major producer of the SCR-299. "It was an amateur who transmitted the first short-wave message across the Atlantic. It was a twenty-two-year-old amateur who revolutionized radio science by bringing the vacuum tube to its full usefulness.

"The hams in uniform are the top-flight instructors and radio technicians in the armed forces. The hams in civilian clothes have abandoned their regular jobs to serve as designers, foremen, inspectors, and trouble shooters in the production of military radio-radar weapons. No nation will ever beat us in radio warfare as long as we maintain a legion of peacetime amateurs who, overnight, can become a wartime army of signalmen."

THE END

RESCUE OF THE FOX-14

Continued from Page 23

ship would certainly have been dashed on the reef. The feat of bringing the crippled ship into her present position without engines bespoke a high order of seamanship and daring.

When we got back to Apamama we charted what must have been the FOX-14's course. She apparently had sailed a little less than 600 miles with convoy, another 600 miles under her own power independently; then drifted helplessly for somewhat over 1,300 miles. Had she gone ten miles farther south on her drifting course, she probably would have passed straight through the Gilberts, drifted another 1,000 to 1,500 miles, and eventually been tossed up on the coast of Bougainville or New Guinea.

Our assumption that her radio was broken was correct. She had not communicated with a soul during the voyage or after reaching Tapeteuea.

"What happened when you were finally anchored?" we asked Floyd.

"Nothing, at first. We later learned the natives were afraid we might be Japs, so they stayed out of sight. We put a boat over the side, and the captain and four men tried to get through the breakers to shore.

"The boat capsized and got smashed up a bit. But we swam in, hauling it along. A few of the boys got cut up on the coral at the edge of the reef, but not badly. Finally one native appeared, and when they found out we weren't Japs the whole village swarmed out to meet us.

"The Japs had apparently been here in 1942 with a few ships and a small force. As usual, they had treated the natives pretty roughly. No news of the outside world has reached this island for about two years, so they had no way of knowing the Japs had been chased out of this area.

"Once things got going, the natives treated us royally. They took us into their village, fed us, gave us houses to sleep in. Each of the boys has been adopted by a native family."

While most of the stranded sailors looked fairly healthy, there were unmistakable signs of malnutrition. Coconuts and fish are not a well-balanced diet for white men.

"How about food and water?"

"There is a little canned food left aboard ship," said Floyd, "and a few hundred gallons of water. Fortunately, we filled all

(Continued on page 52)

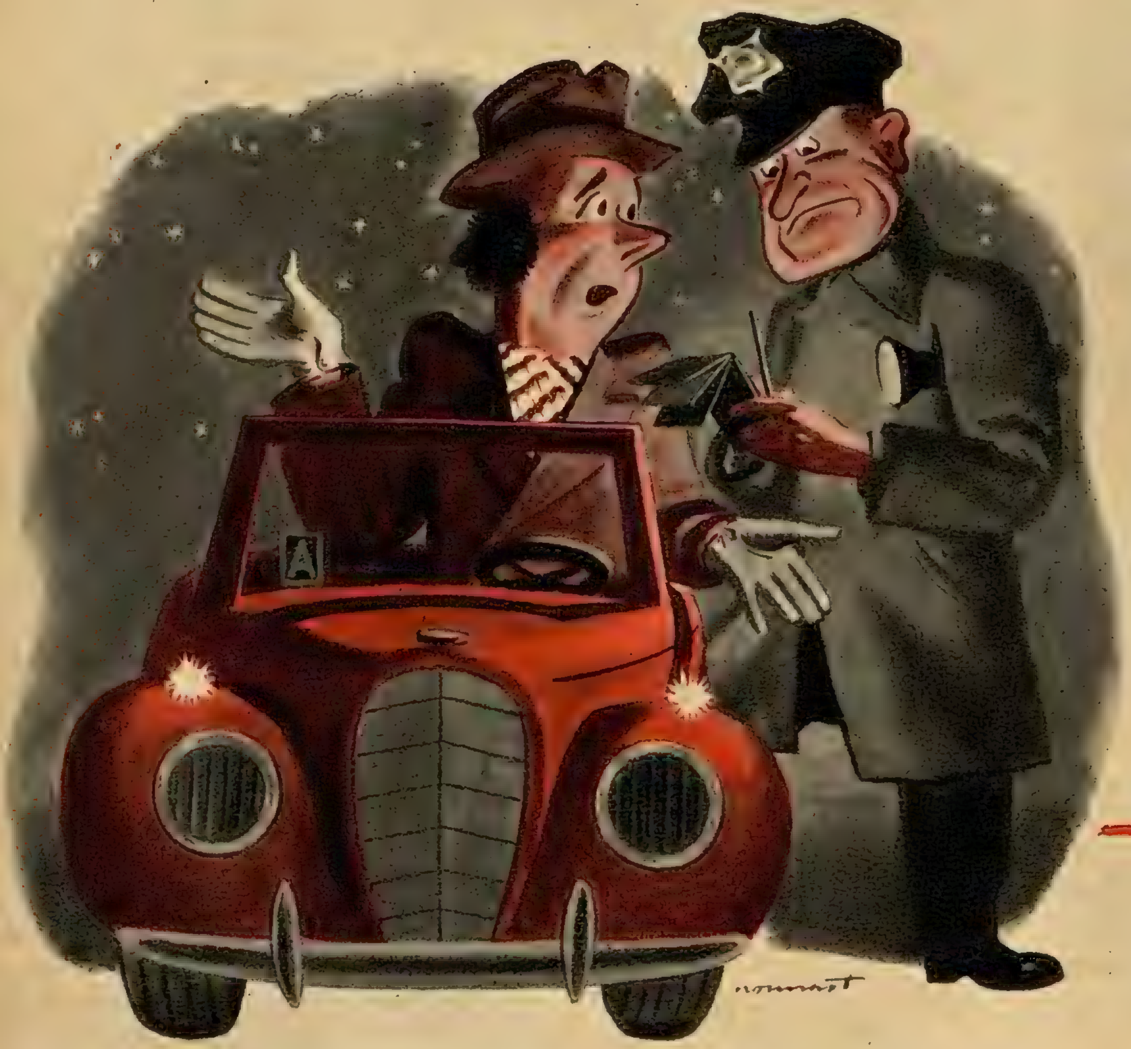
Lt. Bill Papworth

THE owner of the handsome legs on the left is Lieut. W. S. "Bill" Papworth, author of Rescue of the Fox-14. Bill was graduated with honors from the University of Syracuse (also his home town) in 1933. His first jobs in advertising and editorial work on two trade publications led to a WPB job in 1942. A year later he got his Navy commission and was chosen for further training in Air Combat Intelligence. Bill has been with the Pacific Fleet since Sept., 1943.

To make slick, easy shaves a snap,
So toughest whiskers lose the scrap,
Use Thin Gillettes—save dough and time—
Four thrifty blades cost just a dime!
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
Gillette
4 BLADES 10¢
4 for 10c
Made of easy-flexing steel hard enough to cut glass
Produced by the Maker of the Famous Gillette Blue Blade

Screwball ideas on battery care

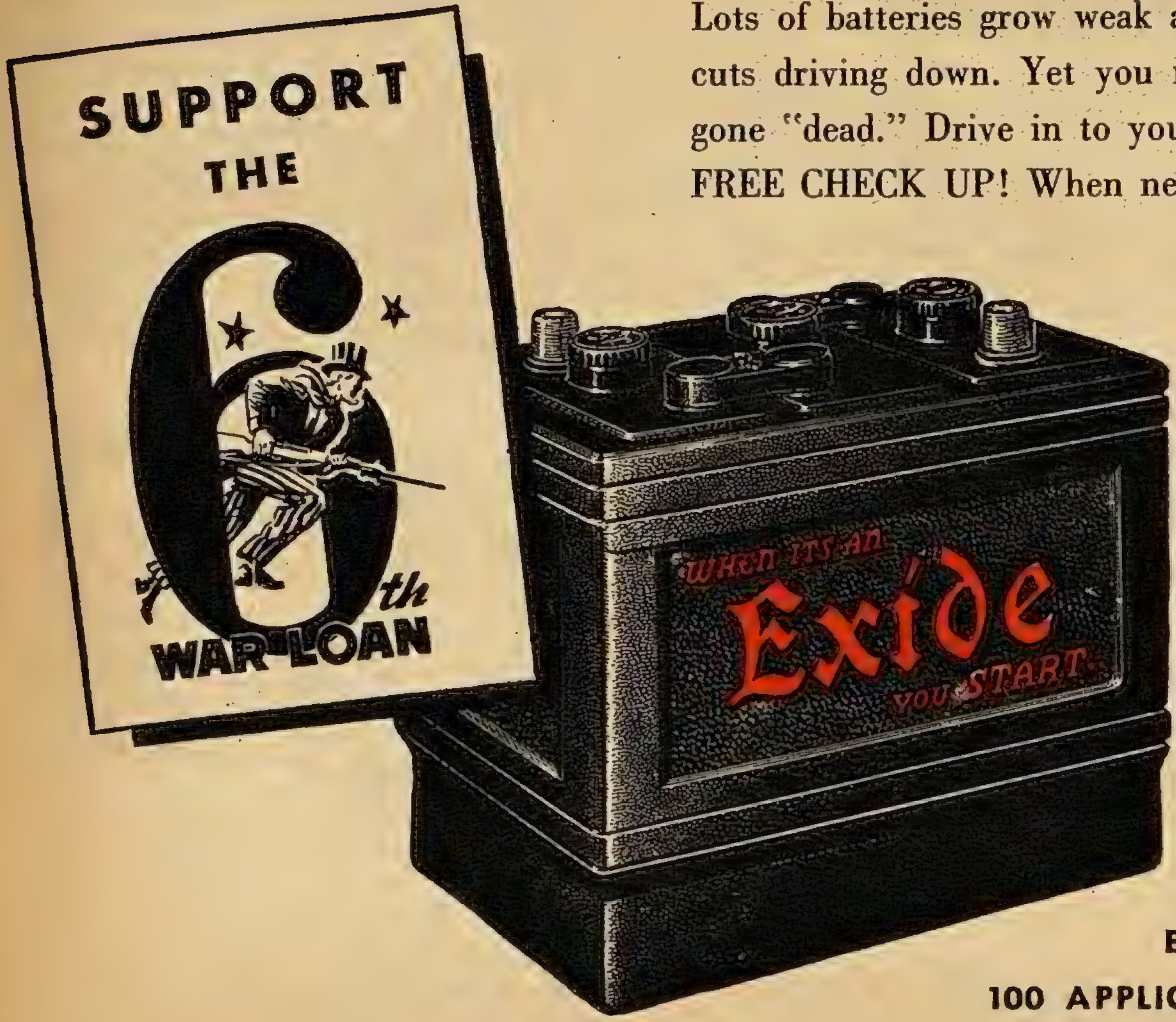
Pinkerton Snord is really in a jam, now. Thought he could save his battery by driving with his parking lights, which is against the law. It's no use, Pinkerton. There's only one sensible way to save your battery and . . .



. . . the wise way is PERIODIC RECHARGES!

Lots of batteries grow weak and feeble when rationed gasoline cuts driving down. Yet you needn't get caught with a battery gone "dead." Drive in to your Exide Dealer occasionally for a FREE CHECK UP! When necessary, he'll advise recharging to keep your battery strong.

PERIODIC RECHARGES cost little, but they postpone the day when you'll need a new battery. When that day comes, get a dependable, long-lasting Exide.



THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.
Philadelphia 32
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

EXIDES ARE USED IN MORE THAN 100 APPLICATIONS BY OUR ARMED FORCES

AS AMERICAN
and as dependable AS R. F. D.

Here he comes with letters, newspapers and magazines! He's ependable as a rooster's alarm-clock crowing, the friendly rural letter-carrier. Sunset Cordials have dependable quality, too. Typically American. Created from the fruits of fertile orchards, pungent herbs and home-grown grains, by Sunset's master-blenders. Enjoyable...anywhere, anytime!

Sunset
APRICOT LIQUEUR
Sunset
Sunset
ORANGE FLAVORED GIN

SUNSET
Cordials
AMERICA'S FINEST SINCE 1894
SUNSET INCORPORATED, CHICAGO, ILL.
Apricot Liqueur—60 Proof • Rock and Rye—60 Proof

(Continued from page 50)

our ballast tanks with fresh water before we left the west coast. We've been drinking moimotos [green coconuts] and saving our water."

The Gilberts have very little water, the only source being rain and brackish wells.

The problem now was how to get in touch with the ship's skipper, presumably thirty miles up the coast. It would take thirty-six hours for a canoe to go that far, and we had to be out of those treacherous waters on the tide. We decided to take Chief Engineer Meyers with us and, on our way home, fly over the spot where Owens was presumed to be and drop him a message to return to his ship and stand by for towing out.

By this time some fifty natives and sailors were scattered over the top and sides of the plane. Others hung to the anchor ropes, swam about in circles. Native men and women both wore short grass skirts. The plane crew soon struck up a lively acquaintance with some of the maidens, and before long there were little clusters of grass skirts, brown flesh, and blue dungarees on the more remote surfaces of the plane, although I am reliably informed that nothing came of it. It may be said, however, that some of those lasses visiting us that morning were as lush as they were brown.

Webster told me that he knew about the brief Jap occupation. After the Japs had gone, he said, American planes came over and dropped a few bombs. Father Ledeaux, a French missionary, had written in the sand "NO JAPS," so the planes went away.

Webster also introduced me to his friend Tim Kum Kee, a Chinese boy whose father had run the On Chong & Co. trading store before the war. Kee, a handsome slim lad who spoke a little English, had been a great help to the castaways. He had married a native girl and was a solid citizen of the community. As was usual in these islands, both On Chong and Burns Philips & Co. had trading stores here, but the war had stopped the shipping in of supplies and the shipping out of copra, so there was nothing to buy and no money to buy it with.

WHAT had begun as an emergency mission now became a sort of South Seas County Fair, and no one wanted to miss the fun. We had to go ashore. Seeing a South Seas village untouched by white men for two years, and only twice a year by mission steamer before that, was too good to miss. Besides, we had to get food and medicines ashore.

Every Gilbertese village has its *te maneaba*, or meetinghouse. It is in the center of the village and has a high, steeply-pitched roof of pandanus thatch, coming down at the eaves to about four feet above the ground. Inside are spread coconut mats. All communal business, government, meetings, and song-and-dance sessions are conducted here.

Our delegation was led through the village to the *maneaba*, gathering natives as it went. Everyone greeted us, some with a "Hello" or a "Good morning," some with "*Ko na mauri.*" The elders were gathered outside the *maneaba*. We were introduced to Teharuru, the high chief; to Koru, the scribe; to the magistrate, the *kaubere* (policeman) and others. There was handshaking all around, and we were invited in.

Then some of us wandered about the village. This was indeed the South Sea island of song and story. Everyone wore grass skirts—nothing else. The breeze was soft and warm. The white coral sand against the deep blue Pacific, the gently swaying coconut palms looked exactly like a movie setting of the South Seas.

The natives, friendly and gracious—they had killed some of their precious pigs to give pork to the castaways—lay about talking. No haste, little apparent effort. The coconut and pandanus trees clothed and housed them and, along with a few fish, pigs, and chickens, fed them. The houses were pandanus thatch over raised platforms. Pandanus mats were both chairs and beds. A few pots and kettles left from old trading days, together with coconut shells, were their utensils.

Soon we were summoned to the *maneaba* again. Koru, the scribe, was addressing the multitude that had gathered in the big building. He asked us questions about the war, then made a speech about it to his people. He asked us where we had come from, what we were doing, all manner of questions. Each he discussed with us in his limited English, then repeated to the natives.

WHEN the speechmaking was done, we asked Koru if his people would sing. The Gilbertese have beautiful voices. The rhythm is usually beaten out on a box or can, or by clapping hands. Among other songs, they sang Te Oe America, the ballad of how the Americans came among them.

Then we asked them to dance. First the young men did a war dance. Then the girls, wearing long, full ceremonial grass skirts over the skirts ordinarily worn, did a hula to the rhythmic pounding on the box, although the dance had none of the boisterousness we usually associate with it.

At Apamama we had always been told that we shouldn't dance with the natives. It does something or other to their customs or sensibilities. But they hadn't heard of that at Tapeteuea. After the hula, a dozen or so girls started another dance. They worked slowly forward to where we were sitting, each girl approaching one man, and beckoning him with a ceremonial sweep of her hand. One of the shipwrecked sailors whispered that this meant we had to dance with them, and that to refuse would be impolite. So we danced.

I had seen this dance many times, and would rather have been shot than try it. But it was surprisingly easy to pick up the pattern of steps and arm swinging, tilting the head first to one side, then the other. From there it turned into a sort of old-fashioned barn dance with various hands applying varying amounts of energy to it. The tempo increased, the dancing grew more heated, and a shout or scream broke out occasionally. The normally sedate and slow-moving Gilbertese threw themselves into it with an intensity to put a jitterbug to shame. With the drums pounding for all they were worth, the dance stopped at a frenzied pitch.

And now it was time to leave. The tide was coming in and we had to get off as soon as possible. We had Chief Engineer Meyers aboard. First Mate Floyd and the crew returned to their ship to make preparation for being towed out. We circled the north end of the atoll and dropped a message for Skipper Owens.

Our plan was to fly straight to the admiral at Tarawa, give him the full story, and arrange to get word to those, including the families of the crew, who had thought the ship lost. The sun had barely fallen beneath the sea when we set down on the strip at Betio.

THE operations jeep took Mr. O'Connor, Chief Engineer Meyers, and me from the plane to the staff wardroom, where Captain Thomas, Admiral Jones' chief of staff, and the others were just finishing dinner. While places were being set for us, Meyers told his story, the condition of the ship, and what was needed to repair her. We showed Captain Thomas photographs of Tapeteuea and the FOX-14's position on our charts.

Captain Thomas asked a few questions, considered, then said, "Van [Lieutenant Van Duessen], get out in the harbor right away and get a towing bridle. We'll fly it down to Captain Davey first thing in the morning, and he can shove off for Tapeteuea at noon. He can start towing Wednesday morning and be up here before Friday."

When the Navy gets its teeth into a rescue, it is something to behold. Word had come in Sunday evening that a ship was stranded in our area. At dawn the rescue plane was off. At dusk the report was made to proper authority. And here we had been on the island about ten minutes and the details of towing in the ship were all arranged! After chow we told our story to the admiral. He got off the necessary dispatches and it was all finished.

But there's a footnote. I saw Lieutenant Wunderlich as he was passing through Apamama a couple of weeks later. He had transferred to another base for operations. "Say," I asked him, "what's this I hear about one of your planes going out to pick up a downed flier, landing in the water, drifting at sea for forty-eight hours, and nearly going under?"

"Hell, boy," he said, "that was me!"

THE END

CHRISTMAS, LTD.

I'd like to give you masses
Of luxuries exotic
And deck you most splendiferously, honey.
But OPA now classes
Such gifts "unpatriotic"
(And, anyhow, I haven't got the money).

* * *

And you, no doubt, have yearnings
To give me things as splendid,
But, knowing these might prove
inflationary,
You realize your earnings
Should not be thus expended
(And, anyhow, you lack the Necessary).

* * *

But, in *this* Christmas season,
Should there be some suspicion
That either of us wasn't openhanded,
We both can find a reason
For taking the position
That Thrift is what the government
demanded.

* * *

Each Washington "directive"
Though maybe somewhat trying
Has, thus, a virtue not to be ignored,
It renders more effective
Our mutual alibi-ing
For *not* presenting gifts we can't afford.

—BERTON BRALEY.

---

draft these fighting twins!

Giant Size for
TRUCKS
TRACTORS
MARINE
DIESELS
Loosite
A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED SOLVENT
for
DE-SLUDGING MOTORS
Cleans
CRANKCASES AND
LUBRICATING SYSTEMS
Absolutely
Harmless to Motor, Bearings and Oils
I CLEAN OUT ENGINES

SILOO
SILOO
I KEEP 'EM CLEAN

SLUDGE, gum, acid and corrosion—powerful enemies of proper lubrication in *every* internal combustion engine—must be knocked out, then prevented or time-wasting layups and costly repairs are inevitable.

LOOSITE swiftly, safely, economically delivers the knock-out blow to sludge—thoroughly cleans the entire lubricating system. Once clean—**SILOO**, added to a crankcase full of your favorite oil, prevents formation of dangerous petroleum residues between oil changes. Motors run "sweeter"... oil reaches every moving part... rings stay free... maximum power is assured.

LOOSITE and **SILOO**—these twin-fighters are prolonging the life of millions of engines everywhere. Enlist them on your side today. Your garage, service station and auto dealer can supply you.

Petroleum Solvents Corp.
General Offices: 331 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

P. S. *If you heat with oil—write for information on our Fuel Oil Tank Solvent.*

WILL JAPAN WIN THE WAR OF IDEAS?

Continued from Page 15

troops captured on Bataan needs no repeating.

Gradually, however, the psychological High Command in Tokyo awakened to the fact that such tactics only steeled the people of occupied Asia against their oppressor. The Nanking orgy had become a symbol of Japan's conception of "co-prosperity." The Nipponese hordes encountered only suspicion and sullen hatred, except among a few quislings.

To overcome this hostility, a change in tactics was ordered. In mid-1942 it became clear that Japan's best brains were determined to stamp out the memory of Japanese atrocities through a policy of appeasing the conquered peoples. Hideki Tojo, then premier, began to lecture his officials about respecting the culture of conquered countries. A Japanese traveler returned from the Netherlands Indies was quoted on the Japanese home radio as saying, "Whatever happens, we must not disappoint the native peoples." A hundred small bits of evidence pointed the same way.

THE Nipponese tried to buy off the countries they had overrun one by one, with kind words, promises, gifts. Japanese extraterritorial rights were relinquished in China. Shanghai's International Settlement and numerous Japanese industrial concessions were turned over to the Nanking puppet government headed by Wang Ching-wei. And when the campaign to capture the Canton-Hankow railway was launched, the commander in chief of the Japanese Army instructed his troops:

"Make contact with the people of Hunan in the spirit of live and let live. . . . Neither plunder nor rape the people; do not burn their villages. Except on public business, do not enter into their houses. . . . Do not requisition coolie labor unnecessarily."

Thailand (Siam) was given a "most-favored nation" status by the Japanese; it became a window display for all "Greater East Asia." Because it offered no more than token resistance when the Imperial Army moved in, the invading troops occupied only the seaports and major cities, leaving the hinterland to Bipul Songgram's Thai Army. When the Thai people showed resentment, two Shan states of Burma and four Malayan states which had belonged to the old Siamese kingdom were ceded to Thailand. Japanese in Thailand were even told not to pat Thai babies on the head, lest their parents resent it.

Burma and the Philippines, where nationalism was strong, were given "independence" on Japanese terms. Japan's master minds figured that the people would be pleasantly astonished at Japan's generosity, and at the same time the puppets could do the dirty work of drafting "volunteer" labor and setting up "volunteer defense corps."

Until fairly recently Japan hoped to keep the East Indies under permanent control. Here, therefore, her only concession after almost two years of occupation was so-called "greater participation by the native peoples" in her military administration of Java and its neighboring islands. In Malaya a few concessions were made to the sultans, but nothing was done that would undermine Japanese control of the oil, rubber, tin, and other resources of Malaya and the Indies.

In September, however, when General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz drove their wedges deep into Japan's southern supply routes, the Japanese extended their weird pageant of appeasement by offering "independence" to the East Indies. Premier Kuniaki Koiso, knowing his troops could not hold that area much longer, made the offer himself in a speech to the Japanese Diet. Within a few hours his brief statement had snowballed into a hysterical propaganda campaign in the Indies. The native inhabitants were given a flag of their own and a national anthem all made to order, and instructed to get ready for independence. No date was set for it, because the Japanese themselves did not know how much longer they could hold out in the Indies.

Radio Tokyo naïvely boasted about the political astuteness of this move. It would, Tokyo hoped, rally Indonesians against the Americans, British, and Dutch; it would put the Allies in the awkward position of being aggressors against a "free" people. "Granting independence to the East Indies is most opportune, both militarily and politically," observed Radio Tokyo. We should hear more such as General MacArthur's campaign in the Philippines progresses.

Japan's whole campaign to win over the "native peoples" failed. The main flaw in the procedure was that the Japanese in the conquered areas did not follow through. While mouthing honeyed words, they looted the shops, inflated the currency, and forced Filipinos, Indonesians, and others to work for nothing or for a pittance. And they were unspeakably cruel. The little men with the bayonets out in the tin mines and the oil fields undid everything the commentators on Radio Tokyo said.

Nevertheless, despite all the stupidity and brutality of the occupation troops, it would be dangerous to underestimate Japanese influence. There are millions of people in east Asia who have never had direct contact with Japanese soldiers, but have listened to the blandishments of Japan's "thought war" experts.

The "independence" routine will muddy the waters of colonial Asia, making it more difficult for Europeans to get along with the people formerly under Japan. Unless the colonial powers take early steps to give self-government to the people under their tutelage, Japan will capitalize on all the resulting friction. But that is not the complete answer, as Western liberals are too prone to assume.

After all, Japan is the one nation which has dared to challenge the power of the West. The prestige she won by her sensational conquest of southeast Asia has not been entirely dispelled by our much slower reconquest of Japanese-held islands. While the people of Asia will hardly look back nostalgically on the occupation period, they may look for leadership in the future from a new and ostensibly democratic Japan. This, at least, is Japan's hope.

THE brain trust behind this conspiracy to create the basis for a vast fifth column in eastern Asia can only be guessed at. Premier Koiso, perhaps the shrewdest leader of the Kwantung Army clique which has been running Japan for the past decade, may be its genius.

Koiso is prepared to carry his "appeasement" policy to its logical conclusion by making concessions even in Formosa and Korea, both of which eventually will be removed from the Japanese Empire under the terms of the Cairo Conference of last year. Two days after his statement on the Indies, he said, in answer to a question from a member of the Diet, "It is strange that there has been no discussion . . . regarding the granting of the right of political participation to the people of Taiwan [Formosa] and Chosen [Korea]. . . . We shall make a thorough study of this problem in the future." After fifty and forty years, respectively, of Japanese dictatorship and oppression in these outlying parts of the empire, Japan will make political concessions before withdrawing, in the hope that her future return will be made easier.

Mamoru Shigemitsu, the Foreign Minister who survived Tojo's fall and became Greater East Asia Minister in addition to his other duties, is another member of the psychological brain trust. A recent Ambassador to London, he is considered an eminent authority on how Great Britain and the United States "brought on the war" to establish their right to "interfere in Asia." He has some handicaps. Many years ago he lost an eye to an attacker, and when he was Ambassador to China in 1931-32, he lost a leg during an anti-Japanese demonstration in Shanghai. But he is popular at home and abroad, and his propaganda to Asia has been the most powerful Japan has unleashed.

Another man to watch is Toshio Shiratori, who last summer was made head of Japan's highly-advertised Postwar Planning Committee. He is an embittered alcoholic who was a close adviser to the notorious Yosuke Matsuoka, former Foreign Minister. Before the war he had an erratic political career, as a result of being too far ahead of the Cabinet in plotting wars and scheming to get Japan into a

Eric Peters

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

HYMNUNITY: Exemption from singing in church.

BARCHIVES: Records of the American Kennel Club.

SQUABBLE: A scrap between two baby pigeons.

GRINVISIBLE: That's Mona Lisa's smile.

POICOTT: When they won't let you eat Hawaiian food.

PURRMIT: What pussy must have to look at a king.

HUMBRELLA: For crooning in the rain.

FLOORCHESTRA: A band that plays on the same level with the jitterbugs.

MOTHENTIC: Something that really kills 'em.

BLABORATORY: Where a gossip columnist does his work.

Selden Menefee

THE author of Will Japan Win the War of Ideas? Selden Menefee, first got interested in the Far East in 1928 when he visited the main seaports of Japan, China, and the Philippines as a Marine fireman. During the next ten years Menefee was a sociology instructor at his alma mater, the University of Washington, and continued studying and writing about the Orient. In 1941 he was a psychologist in the office of the Coordinator of Information, specializing on radio warfare in the Far East. Today he is head of the Washington office of the Netherlands Information Bureau, doing research on the East Indies.

Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Axis. This man, a most ruthless Fascist, is the same who said a few weeks ago that Japan was "sorry" for the mistakes she had made in China. Now he tells East Asia that in the postwar world envisioned by Japan "the principles of co-existence and co-prosperity will prevail as against the Anglo-American principle of subjugation of the weak"; that Japan's basic rule will be "friendly relations" with neighboring "free nations."

The man who asked Koiso about the status of Korea and Formosa was Yusuke Tsurumi, a former "liberal" and a protégé of the late Dr. Inazo Nitobe, who was for years a member of the permanent secretariat of the League of Nations. He used to make yearly lecture trips to the United States as an "explainer" of Japan's position. Tsurumi is still very much around, writing articles about Japan's "true war aims," which include "guaranty of the security of East Asia" and "sharing of the joys of universal prosperity by contributing to the peace of the world."

THE danger presented by such men will be great, especially if we reach a peace with a "moderate" regime which will eventually succeed Koiso, but which will not destroy Japan's machinery of empire. Four groups of Japanese leaders must be driven from public life before the Far East and the world are safe:

1. The military leaders. These men are well known and will be relatively easy to find.

2. The membership of the super-patriotic secret organizations like the infamous Black Dragon Society. These will be harder to find, but are every bit as evil as the active generals and admirals.

3. The politicians who have collaborated faithfully with the first two groups from the invasion of Manchuria in 1931 until the present.

4. The officials and owners of the big business cartels—the Mitsuis, Mitsubishis, Sumitomos, Yasudas, and their hangers-on who dominate Japan's economic life and have profited immensely from each of Japan's wars of aggression.

A harsh, tough peace is the only thing that can rid Japan of these elements. A prolonged period of occupation will be essential. It should be basically a joint American-Chinese occupation, with the Chinese furnishing as many troops as they are able to, and with some British and Dutch participation. If public pressure at home forces us to withdraw our Army, then we can only trust to China's realistic understanding of Japan and hope she will take over.

We cannot expect to effect a democratic revolution in the Japanese way of life by the bayonet alone. But an intelligent occupation can prevent her rearming, while creating the conditions for a revolution by the Japanese people. Japan's main trouble is that she has never experienced a real revolution. The best thing we could hope for would be just that, with a thorough house cleaning of reactionary, militarist elements.

Several varieties of Americans will play into the hands of the Japanese by opposing such a drastic policy. Among them are impatient business men who want to get back as soon as possible to "business as usual" with the Mitsuis. "We should withdraw our troops from Japan as soon as the peace is signed," an important official of a national business organization told me. "We had fine relations with Japanese companies before the war. If they are restored to their former position, there's no reason we can't resume that trade."

Then there are the sentimentalists who will oppose a realistic peace, enforced by occupation, out of sympathy for the common people of Japan. Such sympathizers are almost nonexistent now, and we will probably not hear much from them until after the fighting war is over. But the "old Japan hands" will raise their voices then, and so will the "humanitarians."

A third group is composed of super-strategists, some of them highly placed officials in our State Department. These people like to think we can outsmart the Japanese by using the emperor as a puppet for the Allied forces. This would, they argue, help to avert chaos and revolution in Japan. They fail to recognize that the emperor has become the kingpin—the key symbol—of the present regime. Even if outsiders could come in and use him without the Japanese people knowing what was going on—which is very doubtful—by so doing they would be giving a living hostage to the militarists who might eventually come back to power with his connivance. By "using" the emperor to frustrate revolutionary forces, these strategists would be doing exactly what the militarists would want—preventing the extermination of those who are already preparing the way for a future comeback.

Finally, there are those who will succumb to slogans like "Get the boys back home by Christmas." With Hitler defeated, war-weariness will grow in this country. Many parents of boys fighting in the Pacific may innocently become propaganda stooges of the Japanese. And in the last phase of the war, "Peace now" advocates will argue that it is not our business to win back the Asiatic empires of the British, Dutch, and French. They will have "forgotten" all about Pearl Harbor.

THESE are the groups that Japan's propagandists will appeal to. If her armies can hold out on the home islands or on the China mainland until six months after the fall of Germany, the hidden allies of the Axis in America may help to bring about a negotiated peace.

It is quite possible that the Japanese will be willing to surrender once they have lost the final military battles, even though they know they will be stripped of all conquests as far back as Korea and Formosa. They know that if they can keep the Imperial and military machines intact and rebuild their fifth columns, they may eventually store up power for another try at Far Eastern—and world—domination. This is the danger. If we let them succeed, we will be placing on our children's shoulders the burden of finishing in 1970 the job we set out to do in 1941 in the Pacific.

THE END

Advertisement

"Rocket flares. That means the grocer's got a new shipment of Wheaties."

Git goin' for your grocers, and get plenty of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." You'll want lots of those crisp-toasted, malt-sweet flakes—when Wheaties famous "second helping" flavor goes to work on your appetite. Head for a big bowlful—tomorrow morning.

Just
Naturally
Delicious!

"DRY" grapes from non-irrigated vineyards give I. V. C. wines that extra delicious flavor.

Naturally, these non-irrigated "DRY" grapes of ours grow smaller, but the precious juices are more luscious . . . just naturally richer.

BOTTLED AT THE WORLD'S LARGEST VINEYARD
Bottled at the Winery
I·V·C
California
PALE DRY SHERRY
DISTRIBUTED BY CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.

IVC
WINES

BOTTLED AT THE WINERY

Since 1883, these rare California wines have been bottled at the winery. Now, *eighteen* different I.V.C. Gold Medal wines are pressed and bottled for your pleasure . . . here in the Cucamonga Valley at the World's largest vineyard. Distributed solely by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

IT ALL HAPPENS TO ME

Continued from Page 18

I sit surveying the world from my perch behind the counter when up ambles a big plainsman in a too-small suit. "Lady," says he, "can you help me find my uncle?" Out come the telephone book, maps, streetcar routes, and I tell him how to find uncle. So he starts away, and throws back over his shoulder, "Good-by, ma'am. I'll probably get lowst!" And he did. An hour later he ambles back, smiles sweetly, and says, "Ma'am, I'm lowst." So we start all over again.

Knowing degrees of drunkenness becomes a game. You see them coming and your mind says, "Quick, this one is belligerent," or "This one wants to be humored." But when the rather large redheaded lady came up with a ten-dollar bill in her hand, I couldn't quite recognize the degree. Says she, waving the bill in my face, "I want the boys to have this." I guess I looked hesitant, because she says, "What are you waiting for? Take it. I take more than that from these guys in an hour." She staggered away, pleased with her contribution to the serviceman's welfare.

On Saturday nights I check bags, I make arrangements for men to meet each other, I get sleeping accommodations, I look up streets, answer the phone, send a telegram for a non-English-speaking lady, help a stranded pregnant wife of a serviceman to find her brother. Here's a guy wants to find a street; here's a lady wants to find her son. You never made a long-distance call before? Sure, I'll make it for you. Want me to write a letter to get you discharged from the Army? Hey, I don't think that's part of my job. And so it goes.

Up comes a soldier and asks me to recommend a "respectable" hotel for him and his wife. I name two in the downtown area, and he says, "Say, are those in the red-light area?"

I say, "Oh, no. I wouldn't recommend them if they were." And now I wonder. How do I know, anyway?

By now I've seen everything in the bus depot, so I say to the chief, "Give me bigger and better fields to conquer." So I go to the Union Station, and sooner or later everything that happens to human beings happens in a station.

A sailor walks in rapidly. "Lady, where are the latrines?"

"Turn to your right, and then go east, but they won't let you out to the trains."

"Lady, I said latrines."

The next time a man comes in in a hurry I know what they are and where they are.

No tale would be complete without a shower story. On a holiday, a busy day, there comes to me a major, a large self-confident man, undoubtedly a successful executive in his civilian days.

"Can you tell me where I can get a shower?"

"Yes, sir," say I in my best respect-a-rank style. "Right here, sir."

"Is there anyone in there?" he queries.

"Well, sir," I say, smiling innocently, "you'll have to go and see, because that's one place we don't go into."

So in he goes, and out he comes, and, quite aggrieved, he says, "There are two men in there." Wide-eyed, with a lack of understanding and smiling sweetly, I say, "But there's room for four."

"Madam, you don't understand. They're enlisted men." All my life I'll wonder how he knew. They were under the showers. Did they salute him?

Then Dan the corporal rushes in. "Lady, will you start calling hotels for me?"

"Do you want a double or a single room?" I ask.

Henrietta Hirshfeld

THE author of It All Happens to Me, Henrietta A. Hirshfeld, is a Californian housewife. But in 1942 she put aside her pots and pans to join the Travelers Aid and is still at it. She was egged into writing recently by her son, now in France, and her daughter, in New York City, who howl regularly over her letters. However, Mrs. Hirshfeld says she has nursed a desire to write since she sold a poem for $1.50 when she was sixteen, but just never got to it. Her literary methods would drive a professional writer crazy—with envy. She jots down ideas on scraps of paper; dumps her purse out every night and out comes a story like It All Happens to Me!

"No, I want you to find out where my wife and baby are staying. They arrived last night and I was going to meet them here, but I didn't get off till this morning. The kid's five months old, and I haven't seen him yet."

"Brother," I tell him, "there are probably two thousand hotels in town. What you're asking would take a corps of secretaries."

He starts to pace the floor and wring his hands. "Now listen, corporal," I say, "if this is where you said you'd meet her, this is where she'll come back to, and you just better be here. Now don't leave the depot. Go get yourself a cup of black coffee, and clean up, and somehow we'll find your wife and baby."

"O. K., lady, it's all yours."

Then you're on your own, and somebody else's problem becomes a part and parcel of you, and you worry and you perspire, and you know you've got to deliver that wife and babe. But how?

THE morning wears on and I look up hopefully at every girl that enters. Then it happens—about noon. A girl comes in with a bedraggled anemic-looking baby under her arm, and sinks in a chair next to the desk. "Lady, I wonder if you can help me." Sure, it's the corporal's wife and baby.

So I page the corporal, but no go. Seems like he's gone. So to the wife I say, "Now, you sit here like you were glued and, no matter what, don't move. I'll go and find him for you." Out I go, supposing a hundred supposes. Suppose he wandered off? Suppose he got so discouraged he got drunk? Suppose, suppose? And just then I see him pacing the patio. He spots me and comes running.

"Anything happen, lady?"

"Yes. I got your wife and baby."

Does he cry or give a whoop? No. He straightens his cap, pulls his tie in place, and says, "Say, who does the kid look like? Is he good-looking?" Then we're off at double time.

Now comes one of those moments that put a lump in your throat, and you say, "Sissy, it's only a guy seeing his baby for the first time." There he sits, holding the kid on his knee, his eyes devouring him—not a word, just making a queer sound like "Hummph."

But now there's Tom the marine, very young, perspiring, harried-looking.

"Where can I borrow a dollar?"

"What's the trouble, son?" I ask. "Did you get rolled?"

"Rolled? Say, there was a gal, and—well, the gal's gone and so's my wallet with thirty dollars."

I start the regular wheels moving to get him his dollar, but everybody's busy and things don't click. I look at him and say, "How honest are you? I'll give you a dollar. It won't break me if you don't return it, but some other guy may need it awfully bad some day, and I won't give it to him because you didn't return it to me. See what I mean?"

"Oh, lady, I've never been in a fix like this before. I'll send you back the dollar as soon as I get to camp."

And sure he did, as they all have since I started this job. But with that dollar came a letter. It said, "A dollar ain't much, and it wasn't worth insuring, but it looked like a hell of a lot to me the day you gave it to me. And if you ever get in a jam like I was, I sure hope I can be around to help you." It didn't end there. There were several more letters, an invitation to dinner—remember, he was seventeen—and then he shipped out.

We go out to service troop trains. We take cigarettes, matches, magazines, and post cards to fellows that can't get into the station. Maybe they're on the last lap of a trip out of this land of ours.

This particular day it's sailors. So I get on the train, with a naval escort, and I give out my wares. I say, "Cigarettes, matches, post cards," and they say, "Thanks. Thank you. That's swell. Well, this is it. Will you mail a letter for me? Got any candy? Matches! Gee, that's great; they're hard to get." Somebody says, "Got any blondes?" or "Hey, fellas, put on your pants—here comes a lady." Some look out of the window, trying to fill themselves with that last look of just ordinary train tracks and depot. Some write letters. Some gather around a lad with a guitar. And what are they singing? Home on the Range!

Then I alight, and that's the way it feels to me. Maybe to you it's just a hefty old gal plodding down train steps.

And while I'm on the subject of sailors, there comes the lad with his first stripe. "Will you sew this on for me, lady?"

"Sure," I say. "I won't promise how, but they never come off when I sew them on."

"Oh, yeah? You don't know the Navy." So I take him into the closet, a nice quiet, fairly dark spot cluttered with towels, soap, coats, luggage, etc. And I say, "You'd better take your blouse off. The last fellow had his sewed to his arm when I got through."

So he pulls it off, and crawls on the floor to pick up all the miscellany that rolls out of the pocket. Then we start to measure where it belongs. He doesn't

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A Word for the Peace Table

Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.

—*George Santayana.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

U.S. WAR BONDS

MAYBE YOU CAN'T SHOULDER A GUN BUT YOU CAN SHOULDER THE COST OF ONE — BUY WAR BONDS

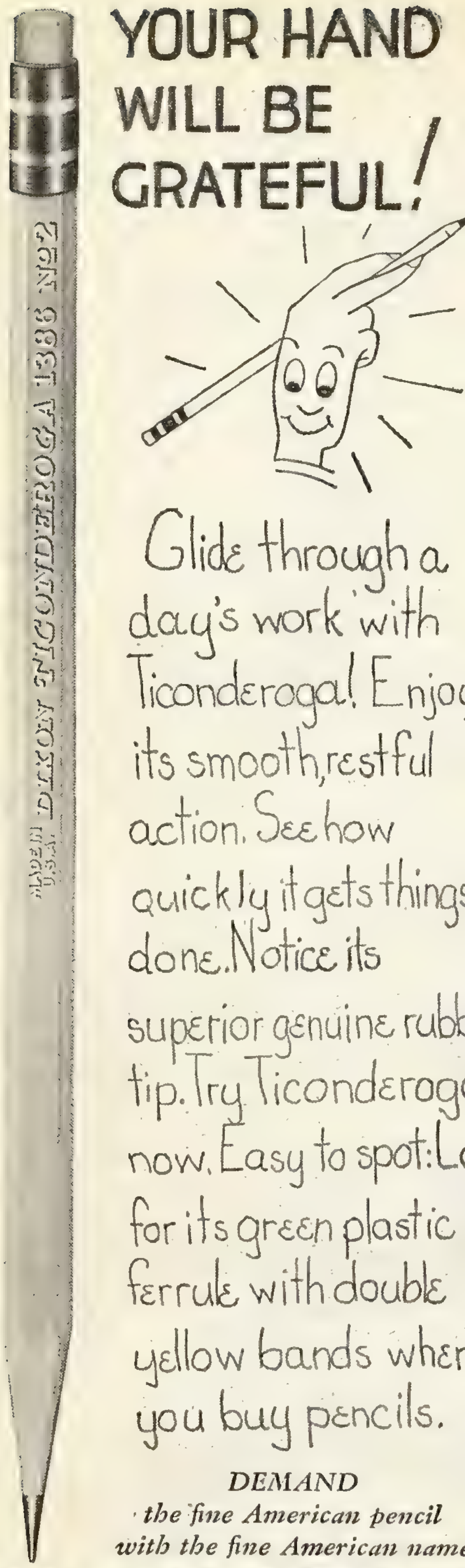
Burma-Shave
NO BRUSH-NO LATHER

AND this is straight from the shoulder, too. Shaving's a joy when Burma-Shave's special ingredient makes whiskers stand up so your razor gets 'em close and clean. Proof of popularity—over 200,000,000 Burma-Shaves last year and the number's still growing. BURMA-SHAVE, *Minneapolis 5, Minn.*

AT YOUR DRUG COUNTER, POST EXCHANGE, OR SHIP'S SERVICE STORE

Back the Invasion... Buy and Keep Extra Bonds

YOUR HAND WILL BE GRATEFUL!



Glide through a day's work with Ticonderoga! Enjoy its smooth, restful action. See how quickly it gets things done. Notice its superior genuine rubber tip. Try Ticonderoga now. Easy to spot: Look for its green plastic ferrule with double yellow bands where you buy pencils.

DEMAND
the fine American pencil
with the fine American name

TICONDEROGA
Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-2-J12, Jersey City 3, N. J.

CAT'S PAW
NON-SLIP!
QUALITY SYNTHETIC RUBBER Heels & Soles
CAT'S PAW

know. I don't know. So out I go to look around for a sailor with an emblem on his arm.

Finally I pounce on one, and before he realizes what I'm doing, I'm walking away, muttering to myself, "Four fingers from the shoulders, on the front of the seam." And my hand held rigid ahead of me.

Did I say that closet was quiet? First somebody has to lose a coat, and of course they hunt in the closet; so we shift to the other end. Then a bunch of WACs arrive. They can't find their orders. They look in and giggle. "What's this, undress?" The orders are in the steel file, so we move to the other end of the closet again. By the time I've heard about the girl he's going to marry, his mother, his home, and seen his girl's picture, the job is done.

"Thanks, lady. I hope I can get back and have you sew on the next two!"

IN our "spare" time we do jigsaw puzzles. There's always a chance some fellow can pass the time more quickly between trains. But usually they go by and say, "Can't, I'm the nervous type," or "Not me. I ain't a moron."

This particular day we have a large bunch of sailors, restricted to the depot for hours, so I start a puzzle and invite them to help me.

"Naw," says a bright boy, "poker's my game." So I get him a deck of cards, and a few of them start to play. Then one sailor suddenly reaches over, pounces on a piece of the puzzle, and it fits. He glows, and moves over to do the puzzle with me. Another comes along and joins us. Then the bright boy looks over, and he grabs a piece, and "Holy gee," he says, "it fits!" All of a sudden the poker game is over and six bluejackets are poring over a jigsaw puzzle.

Well, three hours later they get up reluctantly. "Gotta get chow now. Gee, I wish we could wait to see that picture finished."

"Want to take it with you on board ship?" "Could we?" And away walks the lad whose game was poker, clutching a jigsaw under his arm.

Then it gets noised around that the hefty volunteer has never been on a walking tour. There comes the day when a bunch of Navy recruits, not in uniform, comes in. I'm elected the rear guard. An "experienced" worker heads the lot. You line them up, you count them, and you make every eighth one responsible for the ones in front of him. Then you start off. You've been taught that seventy-five men can cross the street between a "stop" and "go" signal. But not today. We've got eighty-four.

EVERY time you pass a bunch of servicemen they yell to the recruits, "You'll be sorry!" So the lads on their way to boot camp gang up on the next bunch, and before they can open their mouths they yell, all together, "Yes, we know. *We'll* be sorry."

We head for the City Hall and go up to the twenty-fifth floor. Now they've joined the Navy, and it's time to go down. We line them up and count them. What's this?

We've got ninety-four! And they all look alike. But that's the way we are; we attract them to us.

Over to the little Spanish street we go, a trim little volunteer in front, stepping right along, and a hefty puffing one in back, brushing them together like an old broom.

They stop and buy a ten-cent book, Spanish-Pronto, and "pronto" it is. A girl goes by, and a few bright ones manage *"Mucho bonito"* and *"Halo,"* except that it doesn't sound very much like that.

You take them to the canteen and they gobble up the doughnuts, cake, coffee, and milk. Some kid sits down to the piano and plays cowboy songs. Another wanders off and writes endless post cards. A couple play ping-pong. You sigh and start collecting them again. Now you've only got eighty-eight.

That's the way it is.

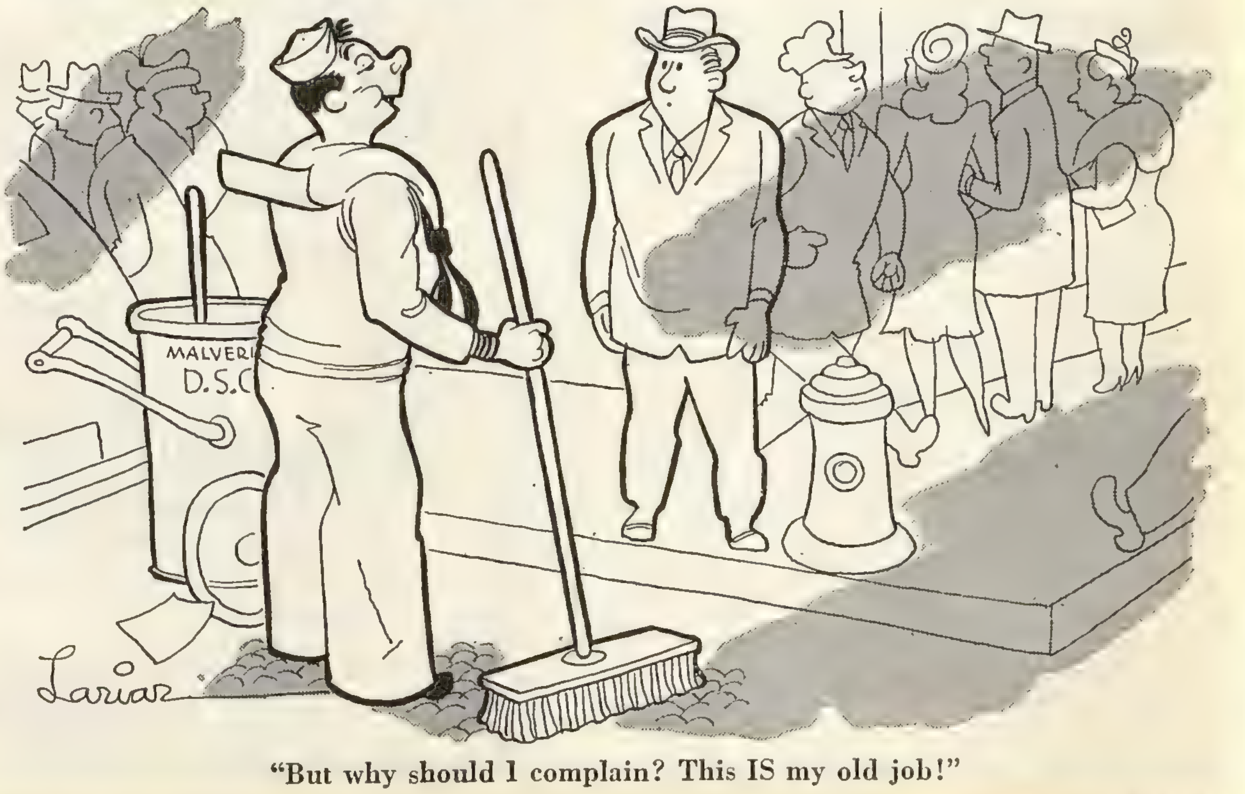
You take them back to the depot and turn them back to the officer in charge. Sure, you've got them all. We've never lost a man.

Then I take the mail out, and a civilian comes up to me. Says he, "I was holding this grip for a lady standing in line, waiting to buy a ticket. I turned my head and she disappeared. Could you tell me where to find her?" It's faith, that's what it is. We just know everything. Did I tell him where to find her? Of course I did. In the ladies' room. Was I right? Sure!

So round and round the traveling public goes, and where they come out you think nobody knows. But that's where you're wrong. They all come out right in front of me.

THE END

THE HOME FRONT



"But why should I complain? This IS my old job!"

WHEN YOU TAKE THE WRONG TURNING

Continued from Page 29

accustomed to obeying her father and mother. She had always accepted their judgment and it did not occur to her not to accept it now. He was wounded and ill, they reminded him. Naturally he did not know what he wanted. Later on he'd see that they were right.

George leaned back in his chair and sent clouds of smoke up toward the ceiling. He sucked in his breath. That was the time—it was *then* he had taken the wrong turning!

"George! You're dropping ashes all over the carpet!" Louise shoved an ash tray under his hand.

George ground out his cigarette. His hand shook as he lit another. It was there—right at the beginning. And now he was forty-six. All those years wasted—

Louise began brushing ashes across the hearth into the fireplace. As he watched her, he burned with the desire to cry out at her—strike out. Doggedly he struggled to think, to reason away this feeling that had gripped him. Louise was his wife. He loved her, but— God! He did *not* love her! As simply as that, all the irritations, all his frustrations and his restlessness added up into a single thought. What he had assumed was love had long since become only a habit.

Having disposed of the ashes, Louise began plumping up the cushions. She straightened the magazines on the table and pushed chairs into their proper positions. She was tidying up as usual before she went up to bed. George got up to help her. The very normalcy of what he was doing was calming.

Later, staring into the dark, he wondered what he ought to do. Go to his club? It was the obvious answer. But a man did not necessarily disrupt his life overnight just because a painful truth had slapped him in the face! What if he did not love Louise any longer? Plenty of people who were not in love lived on in the same house for their mutual convenience. And he liked his house. The thought of his club was dreary.

And then there was Joan. She'd be home in two weeks. She'd need all the comfort he could give her. Poor child, with a new husband going overseas. For her sake he'd stick. For the present, for the duration, maybe. Somehow he'd make the best of it. Louise stirred in the other bed. George had a funny guilty feeling—as if he ought not to be there sleeping beside her. Of course he shouldn't—he'd move into the guest room, that's what he'd do. Stupid not to have thought of it before! The bed in there might be as comfortable as his own. Louise was particular about things like that.

And preening himself on having so easily arrived at a sensible solution, George Porter fell asleep.

THE next morning life was back to normal. Joan was gone, but Joan had often been gone before. As George shaved, he kept trying to think of a good way to break it to Louise—about the guest room. It might be difficult. He was seized by the uncomfortable thought that Louise might still have the idea that she loved him. Well, after he had had his coffee—

Once he was seated at the dining-room table opposite Louise he saw that she still looked tired. George glanced at her uneasily. She wouldn't exactly understand about the guest room. But she'd have to. No self-respecting man would go on sleeping in the next bed to a woman he no longer wanted to stay married to.

"Louise," he began firmly, "Louise—"

Louise smiled at him brilliantly.

"George, do you really think that they'll be happy?" In spite of her bright smile her voice was anxious. She needed to be reassured. George could feel it.

He resisted an impulse to pat her arm.

"Louise—" he began again.

She did not seem to hear him.

"Do you think he'll be good to her? Oh, George, I couldn't sleep thinking how quick this was and how young she is!"

George gulped down the rest of his coffee and rose from his chair. You couldn't hit a dog when it was down! He'd wait a day or two till Louise was more rested.

And so the days began following each other in monotonous procession. Everything was just as it always had been except for his new knowledge of no longer loving Louise. In the light of this knowledge the old sameness was more than ever disturbing. Each night he would assure himself that by the next one he'd be in the guest room. But each morning he'd leave the house without having accomplished it.

Two weeks went by. Bill Bartlett departed for an unknown destination and Joan came home with only a new name, a glow in her eyes, and a brave little set to her mouth to make her different.

When that happened, George knew he was beaten. If he suddenly moved into the guest room, Joan would think he was crazy—or demand an explanation. And he wouldn't like to unsettle her or put ideas into her head about the permanency of marriage.

So he let her settle back into her old routine of working every day at the hospital and seeing her friends in the time left over, while he seethed inside, and struggled to get back that wonderful comfortable objectivity that he had once acquired for a short time toward Louise.

He could not get it back. As the days went on, her perfections became imperfections. Her well-formed features, the set of her head on her shoulders, the natural dignity of her bearing—all these things that he had heretofore admired, formed an entirety that was persistently riling. In time, the very sight of Louise kindled a bonfire of irritations that glowed and smoldered inside him till it took all the will power that he had to keep the fire banked.

SIX months after Bill Bartlett left, he came back. In that length of time he was shot down and invalided home. Six seconds after receiving the telegram which announced his safe arrival at a hospital not far away, Joan flew upstairs after a suitcase. She departed breathless and sparkling, and the house became dark and depressing.

In two days she was back. She walked in, unexpected, as George and Louise were having a highball before dinner.

"Joan!" Louise was delighted.

still only 5c

still only 5c

still only 5c

SMITH BROTHERS
BLACK
COUGH
DROPS
TRADE
MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS: ANISE AND LICORICE IN A SUGAR BASE.
NET WEIGHT 1¼ OUNCES
SMITH BROTHERS
COUGH DROPS
SMITH BROS.
COUGH DROPS
5 Cents

black or menthol

"Back already?" George was immensely relieved. Her eyes were shining. Nothing could be frightfully wrong with Bill.

"I had to come back," Joan said. "The town was jammed, and I couldn't find a bed at any price. But they're not letting wives visit very often after the first time, so it doesn't matter." She giggled suddenly. "I wish you could have seen me and some other loving females spending a dandy night in the hotel lobby!"

"And Bill?" Louise came out with the question that George was determined he would not ask.

"Bad leg. That's all of any consequence. We're lucky. *So* lucky!" Joan turned toward the stairs. "I'm starved. I'll be right down. He'll be out of the hospital within a month," she called back over her shoulder. "He's finished as far as the war goes, though, and he's pretty sunk about that."

"I was afraid of it," George said as Joan disappeared up the stairs. "I'll bet he's sunk."

Louise said nothing. George felt with an uneasy certainty that her mind was already buzzing with ideas.

And then, without warning, an amazing truth came over him. Bill was back. Joan would be leaving, going off with her husband to begin their life together. Now he could do what he liked. At last he, George Porter, was free.

"George," Louise's voice broke rudely into his thoughts, "you won't forget your promise?"

"Promise?"

"Yes. A place for Bill in the bank. Please make a good one, so he'll want it."

An invisible hand applied bellows to the bed of coals inside George.

"I did not promise!"

"Oh, but *please!*" Her voice, her eyes, her lips—all there was of Louise earnestly pleaded with him.

"Good heavens, woman! This is Joan's life—"

"I know. But she's so young, so much in love—" Louise hesitated. "After all," she went on, "think back. If it hadn't been for my father—"

Think back! As if that weren't all he'd been doing—thinking back! All in an instant the fire in him burned fiercely and more fiercely, until all the underlying resentment that had been piling up for so long burst into a conflagration.

"I want you to understand right now," he shouted, "that the only thing in the world I'll not do for Bill Bartlett is to employ him!" George paused. The inscrutability of Louise's face spurred him on. "A trumped-up job! The big shot's son-in-law!" His eyes snapped. "A fine young fellow like that, with plenty of guts—I wouldn't insult him!"

Louise did not reply. She just sat there looking at him, and her eyes were large and dark. Slowly she seemed to whiten.

George stared back at her. The idea that he had effectively disposed of Bill Bartlett was a shot in the arm. Other thoughts skipped wildly around in his head. This was the time to tell Louise. Tell her that she had finished running his life!

And then, because inaction was unendurable, he got up and crossed the room to stand before the fireplace and examine at length the neatly laid wood. That's what she'd been doing all these years. Running his life. And what had she accomplished? Plenty! For who was he now? Quite somebody! A senior vice-president of one of the big banks in New York, and a member of all the good clubs. Success, security, position—bah!

As if a powerful spring had been released, George whirled around and faced his wife. "I'm through!" he roared, surprising even himself with the violence of his voice. "Through!" he repeated. He had to. She did not appear to understand. "Divorce! Separation! Whatever you like; but from now on—"

"Dinner ready?"

Joan had come down into the lower hall. Her sweet soft voice affected George like a pistol shot. It did not affect Louise at all. Without a word she rose and led the way toward the dining room.

As George Porter trailed his womenfolk across the hall, he was heady with triumph. He was free. Free! Wonderful word! Wonderful meaning! He was so exhilarated by his achievement that he failed to notice that Louise's straight shoulders were oddly slumped.

Dinner was not the success it might have been. Joan chattered on incessantly, unaware, apparently, that the atmosphere was strung with wires. Louise had eyes only for Joan, and seemed deeply engrossed in every word she spoke.

George felt unaccountably forlorn. He kept stealing glances at Louise. She looked tired. But what in heaven's name did she have to be tired about now? Those funny sharp lines around her eyes and mouth—they did not do a thing for her appearance. A peculiar lump formed in George's throat. Damn that slapped expression! It wasn't his fault she looked like that. He'd had to do it for Joan. Louise's family had messed up his life. There was danger of the pattern repeating itself. What chance did Joan have against Louise? None—unless he intervened. And he would. He'd see to it Louise did not keep Bill Bartlett from taking his new wife home where he belonged and where, naturally, he'd want to be!

ALL at once George was conscious that Joan's flood of words had ceased. "Daddy! You weren't listening!" Her eyes accused him.

"I—I was thinking."

Louise looked gravely across the table. "Joan says she wants to discuss their plans—hers and Bill's."

Satisfaction surged over George. Everything was breaking right. Now she'd see!

"Daddy," Joan's cheeks were pretty and pink—"daddy, Bill's one ambition in life is to work in a big New York bank. He's wanted to ever since he was old enough to think about such things. He's ready to sweep floors, empty wastebaskets, do anything to get started."

A curious sputtering came out of George's mouth. It died away and he blinked at her stupidly.

"But, dad, he wouldn't ask your help for anything in the world," Joan went on. "He'd *die* right where he is if he knew I had mentioned it. He's got ideas on subjects like that, and he's planning to pound the pavements trying one employer's door after the other as soon as he's strong enough. But I thought—" Shyly Joan dropped her eyes, then raised them, honest and shining. "You see, Bill's such an exceptional person, so brilliant, so wonderful, so bound to be a somebody some day, and you're such a darling of a dad, that I—well, I didn't think it would be fair not to tip you off and give you first chance at him."

"But your father doesn't approve of a girl's family lending a helping hand." Louise's voice had a sharpness to it that was not like Louise. "He doesn't believe that a boy who's been wounded, who's half sick and still tired from the war he's been fighting in, needs any assistance—"

"Who said that I didn't?" George thundered. "Putting words in my mouth!" Doggone Louise! He couldn't stand having Joan look at him like that, those honest eyes doubting, that Porter chin squaring. "I—I'm just surprised, that's all—sur-

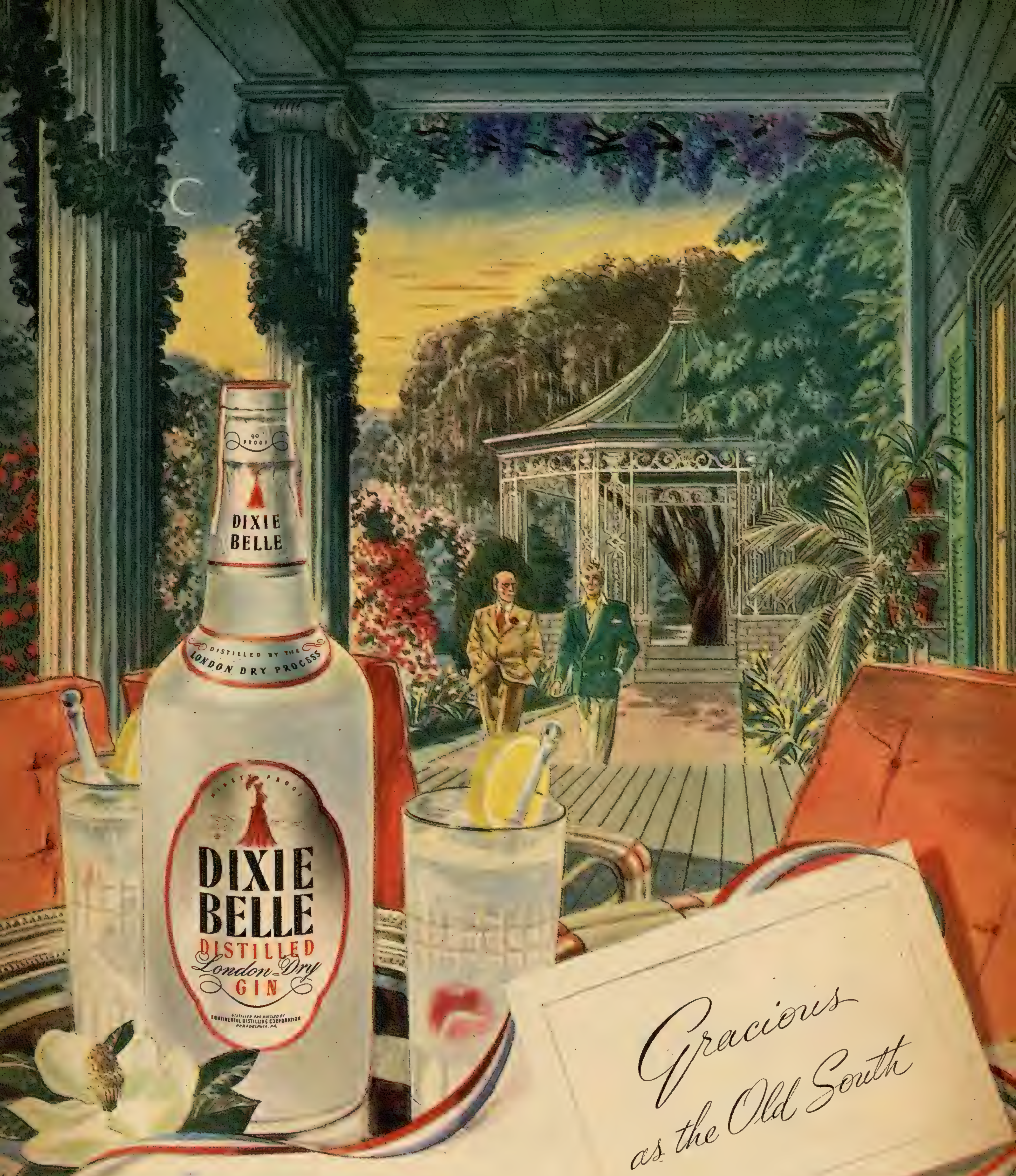
(*Continued on page 62*)

SUPPORT

Until the last knockout blow is delivered to the Axis Powers it is our job at home to continue backing our Armed Forces by buying

MORE WAR BONDS

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION


90 PROOF
DIXIE BELLE
DISTILLED BY THE LONDON DRY PROCESS
NINETY PROOF
DIXIE BELLE
DISTILLED
London Dry
GIN
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Gracious as the Old South

From the four corners of the globe are gathered gracious flavors to lend bouquet to this fine gin. Dixie Belle has that clean, suave taste that makes it mingle agreeably without overemphasis in your favorite gin drinks. The gin preferred above all by those who appreciate the ultimate in quality.

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING
CORPORATION, Philadelphia, Pa.
90 Proof • Distilled from
100% Grain Neutral Spirits

(Continued from page 60)

prised that he doesn't want to go home."

"Silly!" Joan smiled at him like a wise little old lady tolerating the fancy of a small boy. "Just how can you be a big banker in a town of two thousand?"

And how could you, indeed!

George attacked his dessert indignantly. What hint had he been given that the boy was so minded? The young fool—what made him think that he could come out of a small town and make good in New York?

George glowered past Louise's head at the lovely old silver tea set on the sideboard. Presently his eyes dropped down to the matching candlesticks on the table and followed along the paths of light that flowed from their bases out across the highly-polished surface. The tea set, the candles, the feel of the thick rug beneath his feet—all these things were sudden reminders that another young man had once come out of his own small town and done very well in New York.

Gradually all the belligerence oozed out of George and the realization of an unpleasant truth filtered in to take its place.

He had liked working in New York. He'd have hated living out his life in an unexciting little place. As soon as he recovered from his wounds and got his health back, he had loved every minute of it. Success was not handed to him on a silver platter. A big city like New York is tough. The job in Louise's Uncle Edward's firm was just the agent that placed his foot on the lowest rung of the long hard ladder reaching up to the height where he now sat, and any opening that he might help his daughter's husband to achieve would be no more than that.

Louise and Joan were pushing back their chairs. George pushed his back too. He'd been temporarily out of his mind, bellowing at Louise like that, saying things she would not forgive or forget.

Then they walked out of the dining room, the three of them. This time it was George who was oddly slumped.

JOAN went straight upstairs to write to Bill. Louise picked up her knitting. George dropped down heavily in his favorite chair and his eyes wandered unhappily around the pleasant room. Wherever they rested, they found more reminders, not only of his success, but of the comfort of his home and the care and the thought that Louise had put in it to make it so.

His home, *his*, all this time. But now, because he'd been an unappreciative fool and thought up a lot of sentimental twaddle about taking a wrong turning—George groaned silently.

Through it all he did not lose his awareness of Louise. She sat quietly in her chair, giving her undivided attention to what she was doing. There were shadows around her eyes. Her lips were closed in a thin tight line. Her face was paper white. But never, George knew—and how it hurt to know!—had she looked so desirable.

And then, since George was not a man to take his failures lying down, he got up and crossed the rug to stand beside her.

"Louise," he began humbly—"Louise, I'm sorry. I've been such a fool—"

It might have been an imperceptible quiver of her lips that made him stop, or the barest suggestion of her fine fingers trembling as they worked the needles, or perhaps the nebulous something that grows between two people who have lived long together and have loved—whatever it was, though no further words were spoken, George Porter dropped on his knees beside his wife and put his arm around her. And her lips were not a thin tight line, nor was her face so white, as she laid down her knitting and rested her head against his shoulder.

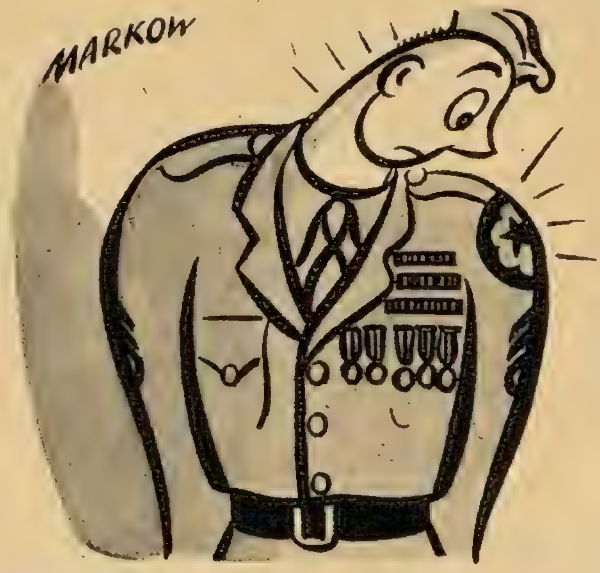
THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

ON the threshold of 1945 Old Sarge has serious thoughts of the New Year. It's a year that will bring the start of a new and better civilian life to many men in the armed services, the kind of life for which they're now fighting.

If you are one of these and want some more schooling before getting back on the job, you'll be interested in the opportunities for vocational training and refresher courses available to discharged servicemen at government expense. This Man's War has received many inquiries from new veterans regarding the help offered them under the G. I. Bill of Rights, and I wonder if other opportunities are being overlooked.



Looks funny

The soldier or sailor who has been wounded or partially disabled, and who is deemed to have a vocational handicap as a result of his injury should remember that he is eligible for even greater benefits under Public Law 16, covering the Vocational Rehabilitation Program of the Veterans' Administration. Retraining awarded under this act ranges anywhere from a few weeks' "training on the job" to extensive preparation for work in industry or in one of the professions. A former football coach, discharged from the service for a knee injury, has recently undertaken a four-year course in law; a diabetic who can't handle his old job as restaurant helper is now going ahead with a twenty-four-month course which will qualify him as a specialist in carburetor repair. These men also received expert vocational guidance: screening to discover their natural aptitudes and tastes; information about jobs and where to obtain the best training. They will receive expert advice throughout their course of study and, afterward, placement service in locating a job. In other words, under this legislation the vocational rehabilitation facilities available to the injured serviceman with a vocational disability are limited only by his needs.

Under Public 16, maintenance and support are provided during training and for two months "after employability has been determined" through increased pension. If single, you receive a pension at the rate of $92 a month; married, $103.50 a month, with $5.75 a month for each dependent child and an additional $11.50 a month for each dependent parent. Unlike the G. I. Bill of Rights, costs are not deductible from any bonus or adjusted compensation which may in the future be authorized by Congress for veterans of this war.

Your rights under Public 16 are brought to your attention after discharge by Application Form No. 1900, enclosed with your notice of award of pension. This form should be filled out—at least partially (some of the questions are sticklers)—and returned to the Regional Office of the Veterans' Administration as directed. You will then be called for an appointment with a vocational consultant, who will discuss further steps with you.

The G. I. Bill of Rights says simply that any veteran with ninety days or more active service and an honorable discharge may elect to take a refresher or retraining course for up to one year (or the equivalent in part-time study). There are no restrictions as to age or occupation before induction qualifying this clause. If your education was interrupted or you were not over twenty-five at the time you entered the service, you may in addition continue your education at government expense for a period not to exceed your total active service. Under the G. I. Bill of Rights, cost of tuition, books, laboratory fees, etc., is limited to $500 a year, and subsistence allowance to $50 a month for a single man or $75 a month for a man with dependent. These sums are, of course, deductible from any bonus or adjusted compensation which may in the future be authorized by Congress for veterans of this war.

OLD SARGE.

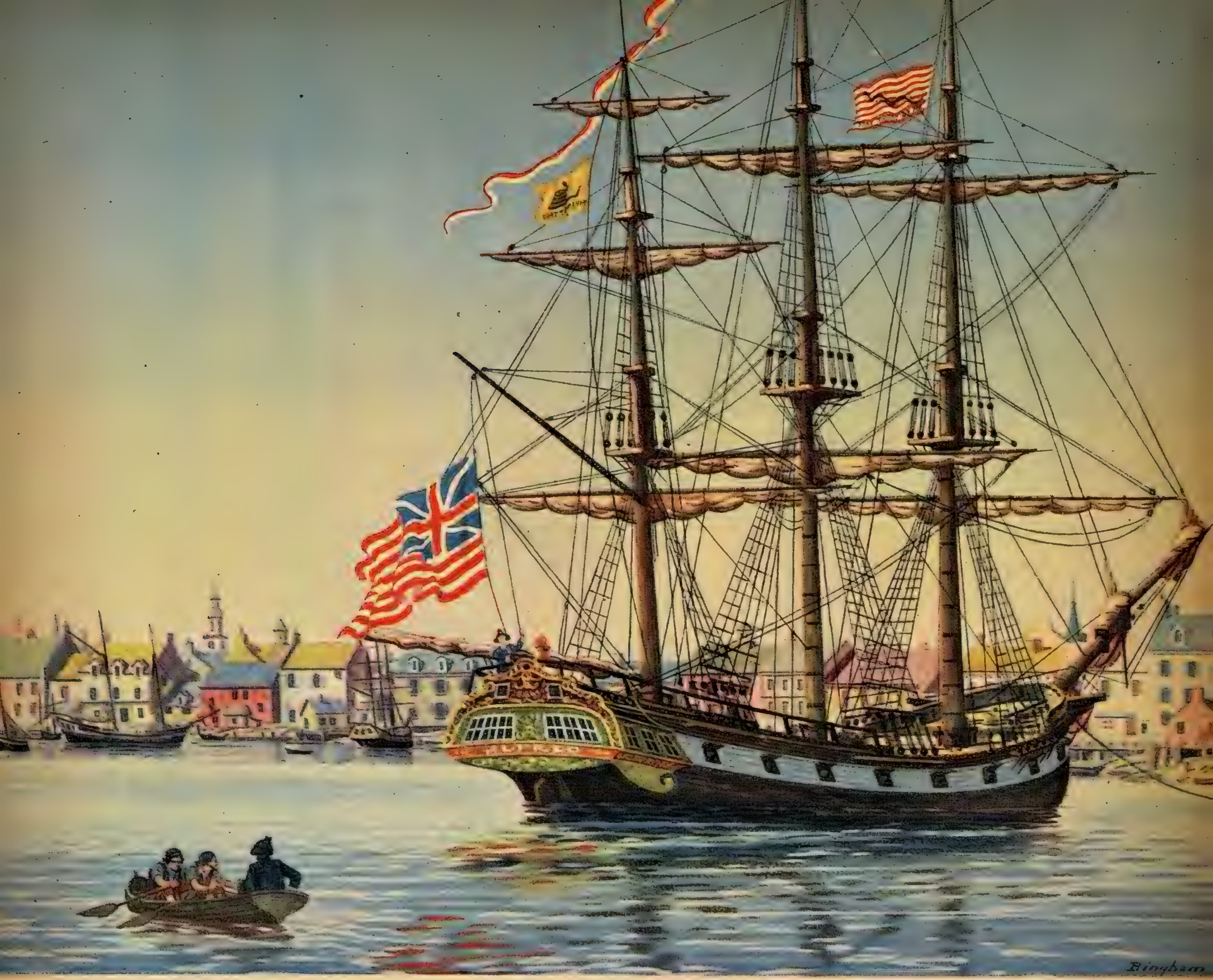
* * *

I returned to the States under the Rotation of Personnel Plan about two months ago, after serving twenty-eight months with a famous Division now fighting in the Southwest Pacific. After going through a Redistribution Center, I was assigned to a Service Command. When I arrived here I was informed that I could no longer wear the Division shoulder patch of my old outfit, and must wear the shoulder patch of this Service Command. To me, it sure looks funny to see a soldier with a chestful of citations and decorations wearing the shoulder patch of a noncombatant outfit. Is there any way I can still wear the patch of my old outfit under the Army Regulations pertaining to the wearing of the uniform?

S/Sgt. R. C. M., Fort Dix, N. J.

The shoulder patch indicates the unit you are now with, and has no relation to your decorations or previous service. Only one shoulder patch may be worn, and that must be the one of the organization to which you are currently assigned.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.



Raising the first American flag on an American Man-of-War, the "Alfred", Philadelphia, 1775*

Philadelphia
The Heritage Whisky

"And many an eye has danced to see
that banner in the sky"...
Oliver Wendell Holmes

Many of America's hallowed traditions were born in Colonial Philadelphia, the city that launched the first of America's gallant naval fleets. Time-honored, too, is the "heritage of hospitality" that flourished in this thriving seaport with its expanding luxury trade. Today this honorable tradition is upheld by a superb whisky, Philadelphia Blend. A taste treat you might rightly reserve for special occasions, yet one you can afford . . . regularly and often.
Continental Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

*CONTINUING, BY POPULAR REQUEST, THE SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS FOR PHILADELPHIA BLEND . . . *THE HERITAGE WHISKY* . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894

GOOD MUSIC, LIKE POP'S

Continued from Page 25

remind him there was work to be done, instead of gallivanting around with a girl. He stood up and was just reaching to help Carolyn to her feet, when there was a quick bleat and a hoof scud. Japheth had just discovered we were eating.

Maybe Japheth didn't like Carolyn at sight, or maybe it was just that Carolyn was between him and the cake. Anyhow, he plunged past her in a rush.

All he did was push Carolyn over into the salad, but you'd have thought she was killed. She screamed, and when Thad picked her up, she hung on to him and sobbed, and Thad acted like she was bad hurt, too. And he looked across her shoulder and yelled at me, "You take that ugly brute home, where he belongs, and keep him shut up, Marty Crew!"

"O. K.," I said. After all, Thad's grandmother owned the Whitefleece.

But I was so full of cry I didn't dare venture another word, not even good-by, until Thad and Carolyn had gone off together. Then I choked out, "Thad's turned mean. Pure mean!"

"No!" Delie put her arms about me, and her eyes were terribly blue. "No, Marty. A man gets befuddled, but he doesn't completely change overnight."

I sighed. There were more things for a woman to learn than I'd ever dreamed. I said, "Then there are more things than fiddling and drinking that make a man funny?"

Delie nodded. "Maybe more things than we can guess, Martha."

Japheth wasn't happy, shut up in his pen all day, and I wasn't happy, either. Nobody was, at our house. Delie kept getting bigger-eyed and quieter, yet making out to smile and keep her head high when she saw Thad and Carolyn, which was often. I reckon it didn't help her any, either, the way Thad would look puzzled at her, like maybe he was wondering why he ever wanted to hold her hand.

Any other time Pop would have noticed Delie's trouble and tried to make it easy for her. But Pop was different since that day at the Basin. A lot different. Quieter.

Of course he had work enough to make him that way, for he was short of camp tenders, and Salvador—the extra man—hadn't come yet, and Thad wasn't much good because of his befuddlement.

But it wasn't the work with Pop, and we knew it. It was his fiddle, the whole year's music bottled up inside him.

If he had fiddled some, it might have helped, but he didn't. Once or twice he took the case in his hands, but he didn't open it, and there was a sort of scared look in his eyes. But only for a minute. Then his chin would set tighter than ever, and he'd hardly talk at all.

It was almost like he was dead, and I wanted him back again, all young and merry, and loving Delie and me best. And I wanted Thad back for Delie. Seemed like I couldn't bear it, feeling Delie shake so at times, after she thought I was asleep.

Crying didn't help. Things went on just the same through those next days, until that Friday night when Pop came up the path whistling.

I hadn't expected it. It hadn't seemed as if any good could come from that day, so gray from clouds gathering around the peaks.

Then I heard Pop whistling.

I ran to meet him and held his hand all the way to the cabin. Inside, he sniffed the beans and bacon and coffee and said, "Golly, but it smells good!" and hustled to wash. All through supper he talked gay to me, making me giggle. But it didn't seem funny any more after he'd turned to me, laughing, and I smelled the wine.

I pushed back my plate, shook my head, when Delie offered me pie.

"Me neither!" Pop said. Then to me, "Go fetch my fiddle, Marty. We'll have music instead of pie!"

I didn't want to, but I had to. My feet felt heavy as I brought him the case, watched him open it. Pushing back from the table, he began playing. Little trills at first, then dance music, gay and rippling, enough to set the very rafters a-jigging. Pop's bow was swift and strong across the singing strings, and his eyes shone and his mouth laughed.

I knew it was terrible, what was happening, yet I didn't want Pop ever to stop. I liked it, yet I shivered, for when the thunder began to rumble and when the windowpanes showed blue from the lightning outside, it seemed as if Pop's music had coaxed the storm right into the cabin.

Finally, without losing a note, he said to Delie, "Tomorrow you get your best dress, girl! Press out all the frills."

"Frills—for lambing?" she asked, low.

"No!" It seemed as if his bow did the talking, "Frills for dancin'!" He made a sort of tune of it. "We're goin' dancin' tomorrow night! Come thunder or lightnin', hell or high water, we're goin' to dance! The word was passed today."

Delie stood up. "*She* did it. Carolyn," she said.

Pop's fiddle poured out laughter. He said, "Why not? And a good idea. Fun before the work begins. Lambin' next week, then shearin'. A dog's life, but we dance first. And"—he brought the bow across in a mighty sweep—"you're goin'!"

WHEN he spoke that way, we minded. Delie knew she'd have to go. There'd be wine and music together for Pop, and Delie'd be shamed, just as Carolyn had planned it.

I heard Delie gasp as she whirled, went into our bedroom, and shut the door. She looked like somebody who wanted to die.

I guess I cried out, for Pop said, still playing, "I'm doin' this for Marty. She's too little to dance tomorrow night, so she'll have her music now."

"No!" I heard my voice screaming it, louder than the fiddling and louder than the thunder rolling down from the peaks. "No!" I caught his bow arm with both hands, dragging it away from the strings.

"It isn't music!" I yelled. "Not when it's like this! It's something wicked! Something that steals you away from us!"

"Marty, hush!"

But I had to go on. "You let Carolyn do this—to hurt Delie. You let her give you wine today!" For suddenly I knew it could be nobody else. "You let her plan the dance! You're letting her drive us away from Whitefleece, so Delie'll be out of Thad's sight!" I drew a long shuddering breath, then let out the awful thing that was in me. "Pop, if you shame Delie like that, I'll never, never listen to your fiddle again!"

Pop stood up, fiddle in one hand, bow in the other. His blue eyes flashed like fire, yet he looked somehow like a blind man I once saw fiddling on a corner. I put my hand to my mouth and backed away, but he didn't even see me.

He put the fiddle in the case, snapped it shut. He took down his hat, jammed it over his black curly hair, and went outside. The clock hadn't ticked away more than a minute before there was the sound of his horse, carrying Pop away.

I couldn't bear it. Whirling, I ran outside, scudding away from the cabin as fast as I could. When I passed Japheth's pen, he bleated to be out, and I let him, I didn't know why. I heard his stocky body scrambling after me, but I didn't wait.

The storm caught up with me as I ran. Great splashy drops of rain and blue ghost fire from the lightning, and thunder that jarred the mountains. But I kept on, not caring which way I went; falling, lying in the mud, sobbing, before I picked myself up and ran on.

When the rain stopped I was in the Basin, with the ewes bleating, scared, all about me, and old Salvador calling excited to the other herder. When a lightning flash showed me up, he came over, his brown face all wrinkled with worry.

"You go breeng the papa!" he yelled. "Breeng ever'one! Thees lamb she coom early because of the storm!"

For a heartbeat I was glad. The lambs coming—that would put an end to the dance. Then I remembered. Pop had already gone off fiddling!

"Hurry!" Salvador yelled again.

I couldn't move. There was nobody to get but the Jessups, and I couldn't bring them here to find Pop gone. Then I glanced around at the ewes and remembered how Pop always looked them over when he'd been away. Pop, when he was himself.

"O. K.," I said, and turned to Salvador's mule, tied under a tree. Scrambling to his

HARDTACK

Reamer Keller

wet back, I headed for the ranch house. After we'd moved on, Pop would be glad that the ewes hadn't suffered as Slocum's wethers had. For Pop was a sheepman, after all.

The Jessups were still at table when I came in, wet to the skin and muddy.

"Why, Martha Crew!" Mrs. Jessup exclaimed, jumping up. She's close to seventy, and her hair is as white as snow atop her browned face, but she's spry as a girl. "No wraps on and shaking like a leaf. Whatever—"

"The ewes, they're lambing already!" I got out. "You'll both have to come!"

Carolyn gave a little cry. "*You* can't go, Thad! It's so dismal, and you promised to try out that new dance step with me—for tomorrow night!"

THAD was giving me some warm coffee, and he answered her patiently: "The lambs are coming, Carolyn. I've got to go. . . . Grandma, you wrap up warm and put on boots. There'll be puddles."

Carolyn came up to Thad, her face all furious. "Are you leaving me for a bunch of smelly sheep, Thad Jessup?" she demanded.

He looked at her as he fastened his jacket. Puzzled-fashion at first, then with his eyes suddenly awful clear. "Sure!" he told her. Said it as if his mind was already on something else. "I'll go get ropes and the lanterns in the car, Grandma, while you wrap something around Marty."

I knew then that Thad was through being befuddled about Carolyn; but I knew, too, that it was too late.

I tried to tell them about Pop as we rode to the lambing grounds, but I couldn't find words. I was still trying when we rolled into the Basin, then I saw the lanterns moving about, and I just straightened up and stared. Delie was there—the lantern light showed her thick pigtails sticking out from under her cap. And somebody else was there—somebody who walked with his shoulders swinging.

"Pop!" I yelled.

Pop turned, came over. When Thad stopped the car, Pop caught me up, held me close. His face was all loving again. I buried my face against his shoulder, and it smelled good of tobacco and the sheep and the rain. "I was so awful wicked, Pop!" I said.

"No, honey!" he said. "You were a wise little girl. I hadn't gone far before I realized that, and came back. And Marty"—he put his cheek against mine—"I found that I *could* come back. You'll like my music from now on, Marty."

"Oh, I will! I will!"

He put me down then. "Delie's got dry clothes," he said. "We brought them along when we started out to find you. It was Japheth's bleatin' that brought us here." He turned to Mrs. Jessup. "There are things I need to explain soon's there's a bit of time."

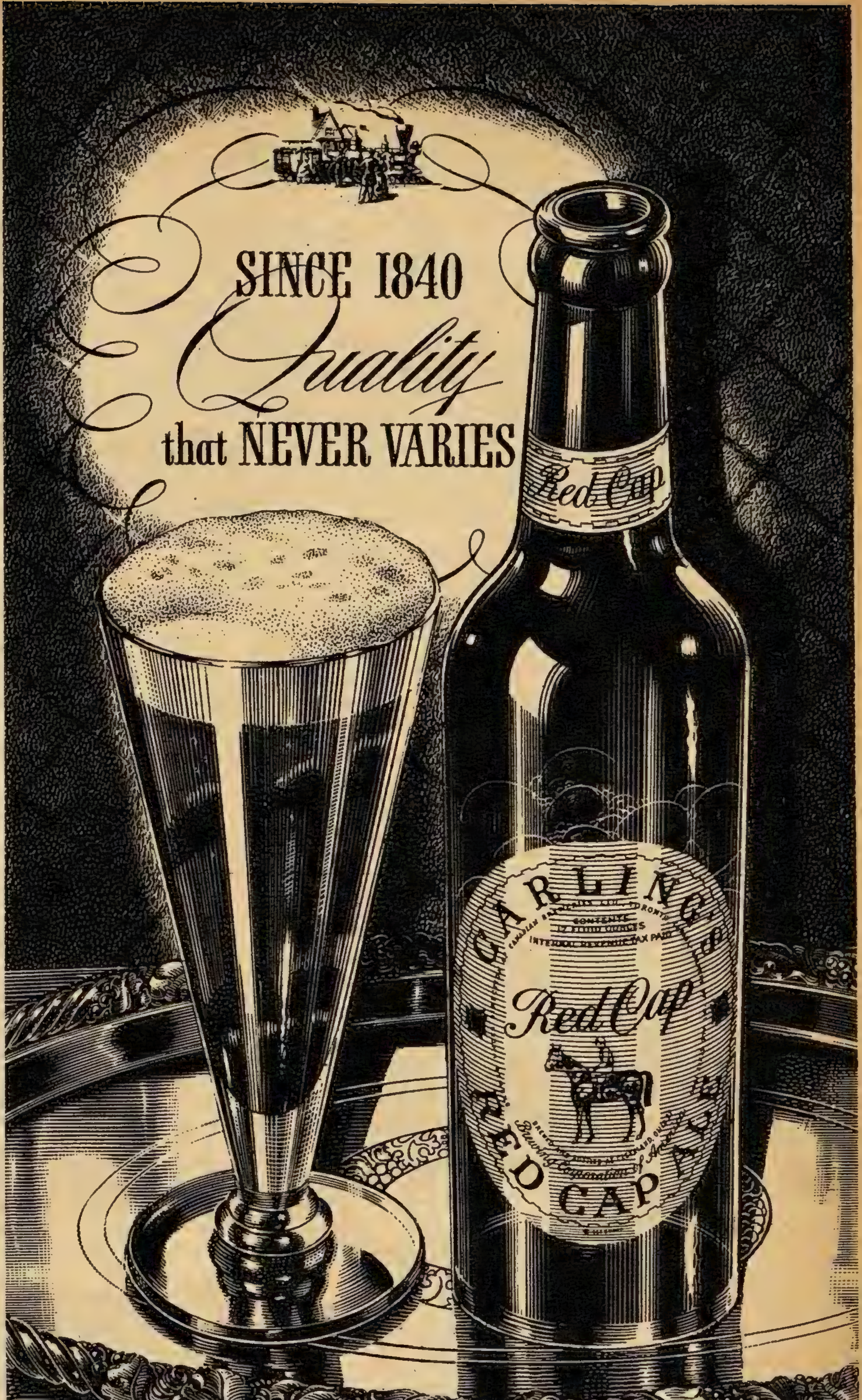
"No need," she said, with a wave of her hand. "I've known all along, Areb, and lately I've seen what Carolyn was trying to do. But you had to work it out for yourself. You and Thad, both."

It looked as if Thad had done all right. He was over by Delie, and Delie was beautiful as I came up to her to get my dry clothes.

A busy night lay ahead of us—the frightened ewes to be gathered in close again; the little storm-born lambs to find and warm and bring through; mud and puddles to wade, and maybe more showers to weather. But none of us minded.

The rain had stopped for now, and stars were beginning to spark in the sky. The bleating of the sheep and the bark of the dogs was like music. Good music, like Pop's.

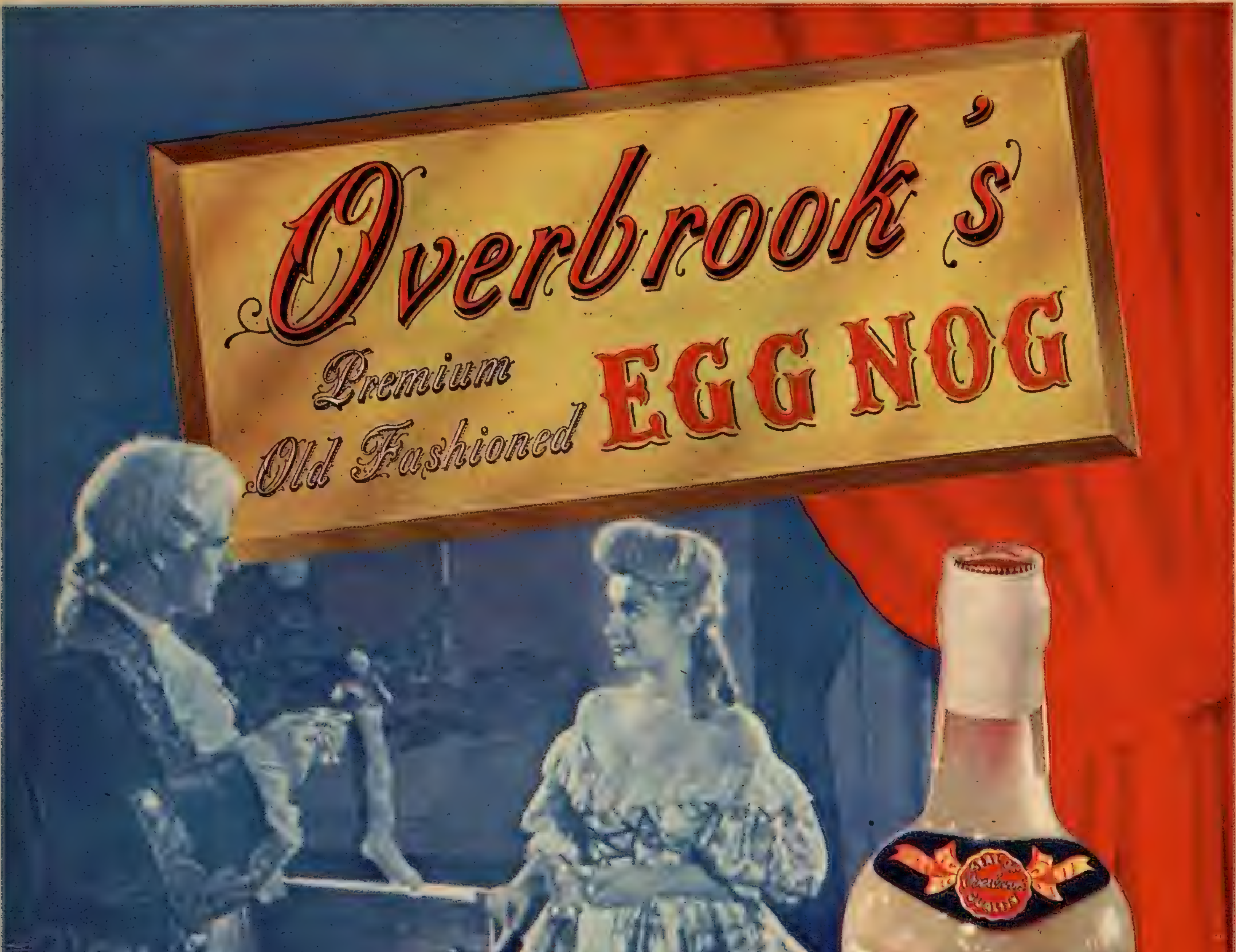
THE END



CARLING'S
Red Cap
ALE

Brewing Corporation of America, Cleveland, Ohio

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS CUSTOM!


Overbrook's
Premium
Old Fashioned
EGG NOG
A luxurious blend of the finest ingredients . . . prepared by masters of long experience!
Overbrook's
PREMIUM
Old Fashioned
EGG NOG
PREPARED WITH RUM, BRANDY AND BLENDED WHISKEY
MADE AND BOTTLED BY

Gracious Hospitality at a Moment's Notice

NOTHING TO ADD . . . JUST CHILL AND SERVE!

THE OVERBROOK CO., BALTIMORE, MARYLAND—30 PROOF

OH, LITTLE STAR!

Continued from Page 17

ACROSS the hall, Molly Whipple pressed her forehead to a cold windowpane and watched the streak of the elevated express flash past, fast as a bullet, on the dark tracks below. *Fast as a bullet?*

Behind her in her drab small room she heard Steve move. He was up off the bed now. "They can't *do* it!" Molly heard him take his first step, and turned swiftly. "They can't just shoot a guy!"

"They did, though," said Molly, unnecessarily. An inch farther down and that bullet would have done more than just furrow his left shoulder.

"The dirty—" Steve spat, and disillusion thickened the words.

You take a kid who's earned good pay in a war factory his few years out of school, till he figures money grows on trees. Then you shut down the plant on him for reconversion, just when he's set to get married. There isn't any more pay. So he spends his days in a poolroom, bewildered, hurt, more sullen every jobless week, and at the poolroom he meets up with a pair of slick-talking dips like Eddie and Stretch—

"I'll get to them!" he muttered. "Both of them! And I'll—" He sagged a little, and his teeth set hard in pain.

"Steve—" She was beside him instantly. "Oh, Stevie!"

CLOSE up, he looked more like the Steve she first fell in love with. The Steve who thought the future shaped up swell. The Steve who'd have walked out on two poolroom bums without even looking back.

Only, tonight he hadn't walked out. Tonight, when it looked like everybody else had money to spend on his girl for Christmas, and with a couple of cheap drinks under his belt, Steve had listened.

They'd made out like all there was to it was for the three of them to walk into this box office at this neighborhood movie theater and talk tough and walk out again with the Christmas Eve take in change and small bills.

And then, when they were really doing it, the one called Eddie pulled a gun. Steve looked at it once, and it was like a fist had hit him and knocked his sense back into him. He'd yelled out something and jumped the gun and it had gone off, and Steve had grabbed the cashbox out of Eddie's hand. About the next thing he remembered he was panting up Molly's stairs, and there was blood all over his shoulder.

"I'll get them!" He grinned now. But it was lopsided and bitter.

"No!" she whispered. "The streets—cops all over town are—"

"The little guy at the box office didn't know us."

"You keep saying that. But they'll find you. The description—your shoulder, where the blood soaked through—that money on you— You couldn't walk five blocks before—before—"

"I'll find them. Nobody shoves Steve Riggs around."

"Look—" Molly begged. "Look, Steve, rest a little longer. I got to go again and see Mrs. Lubbock's all right. But—"

Steve shrugged. "What's keeping you?"

"Will you still be here when I get back?" She waited. "Steve?"

"Yeah. All right, I'll still be here."

The Lubbocks' room across the hall was still lighted. The old lady, asleep on the bed, lay breathing like a baby. In his chair the old man was sleeping too. Molly had almost turned back again before she saw the star on the bedpost.

It brought her up sharp. Christmas star!

"I hear the war's practically over ...back home!"

PROBABLY it's only natural for us here at home to feel that the war's almost won, the way the good news has been pouring in.

But the war's not over for *him—not by a long sight!* And he's just one of a few million or more that will stay over there until they finish the bloody mess. Or kill time for a few months—or years—in some hospital.

What about *you?*

This is no time to relax. No time to forget the unfinished business. It's *still* your war, and it *still* costs a lot.

So dig down deep this time. Dig down till it hurts, and get yourself a hundred-dollar War Bond over and above any you now own—or are now purchasing. This 6th War Loan is every bit as important to our complete and final Victory as was the first.

Don't "let George do it"—get *yourself* that *added* bond and help finish a magnificent job *right.* The quicker you reach down deep, the more you'll contribute to ending the fight. And the quicker they'll come back—the guys that can *still* be killed.

After all, you're safe and sound and *home. That's worth another hundred-dollar bond to you, isn't it?*

6th WAR LOAN

Buy at least one extra $100 War Bond today!

LIBERTY MAGAZINE

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council.

She'd been too busy, so far, even to remember it was Christmas Eve.

In the top drawer of her bureau, forgotten until this instant, lay her gift for Steve. She'd wrapped it in the prettiest paper at the five-and-ten. But he wouldn't want it now, so full of hate for two cheap stick-up men that there wasn't room for anything else.

He wasn't going to stay. He was going out in the streets again, where the cops were looking, where that stained jacket would brand him. And with stolen money on him, too. Even if it was Steve they'd shot, when he'd tried to stop them—

As she closed her own door again she half expected to find the room empty. But he was standing at the window.

"I know the joints where they'd head," he said. "When I catch up—"

"You've said that for three hours."

"So it looks like I mean it." His dark eyes, darker still tonight, glittered over her. "Well—I'll be seeing you around." But he didn't really think so. He knew, all right, that Eddie or Stretch might get to him before he got to them. Or the cops might move in.

"I can't stop you," said Molly. "But maybe I can fix you so they won't start shooting the first time you walk under a street light. Come here, Steve."

"What cooks now? False whiskers?"

"Turn your jacket inside out. It's only leather on the outside. They're looking for a man in a leather jacket."

"But blood's all over the inside. It'd show a lot worse—"

"Turn it inside out," Molly repeated. "I'll help you." From her pocket she pulled the star. The star off the bedpost.

"What's that?" Steve demanded.

He mustn't have the chance to argue with her about this. "Look, Steve. They'll think you've been to a Christmas party some place." The jacket reversed, she was fixing it on his pocket flap. "The way you're walking, that looks like a party too."

"Party!" He hooted the word.

"Nobody's going to stop a boy out on a Christmas spree to ask about a stick-up at a movie theater." Flattened out, the bright points of the star covered the stain on his jacket lining. "And in a brown jacket, too. And here"—she jerked at the top drawer of her bureau hurriedly—"here's something to carry to make it look better."

He took the flat package awkwardly. Its bright tissue crackled under his fingers. "For me? Gee, Molly, you ought not. I didn't bring—"

"I ought to say Merry Christmas, I guess, Steve. I—I can't."

As if something were holding him back even with his mind made up to go, he said, "Thanks for the present, anyway, kid. And the star. Wherever you swiped it, it's sure —useful."

"I didn't swipe it. Not exactly. They won't mind. And I had to fix you up *some* way, so—" Molly shook her head. "So long, Steve."

She heard his footsteps clatter on the stairs, fading, vanishing. Nothing she had said could stop him. Nothing she had done could keep him here. It was up to that Christmas star from here on.

But it was meant to be the star of Bethlehem and that was the star that was supposed to guide you. So maybe, on Christmas Eve, when that other miracle had happened—maybe, if she prayed—

OUT in the streets as midnight came, it grew colder. The snow was stopping. And somewhere a police whistle pierced the stillness like a dagger blade.

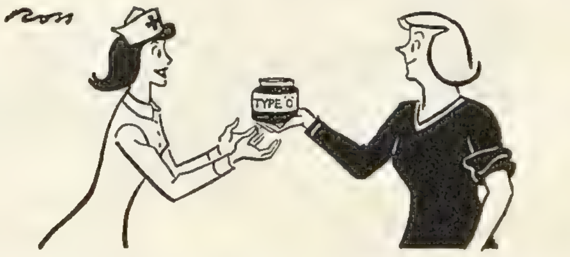
Church. Steve hadn't figured on ending

(*Continued on page 72*)

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

BEST GIFT OF ALL: Give another pint of blood to the Red Cross! Type O blood, the most prevalent type, if donated at Red Cross chapters in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, or Washington, as late as Saturday, December 23, will be in Europe by Christmas! To save a life on Christmas Day for some soldier (and some soldier's wife and mother and children) is a gift that enriches the donor and makes him feel his or her life, too, has not been lived in vain. Lieutenant Colonel Douglas B. Kendrick, Jr., of the Army Medical Corps, recently returned from a tour of all fighting fronts, said that the need for whole blood, especially in the European theater, is increasing daily because of "multiple and extensive wounds caused by a certain type of high explosive. From nine to fifteen pints of whole blood are frequently required to carry a patient through the necessary surgery following such wounds. The soldiers themselves are donating constantly, but can no longer supply the tremendous requirements." What a sorry thought, that they should have to fight our battles and *then* donate their blood to save wounded buddies' lives! Colonel Kendrick also praises the heroic efforts of medical units that deliver the whole blood and the plasma to the wounded while under enemy fire. "Not only is the mortality less, but transfusions enable surgeons to preserve the arms and legs of many of the seriously wounded. . . . Plasma is indispensable in getting men to the hospitals alive."



FASHION WITH THORNES INSIDE: Artist Diana Thorne, famous for her dog portraits and books, purchased enough tweed to have a pair of suits made for her husband and herself. A Boston tailor did the job and Diana topped them off with brown Knox hats, sunny yellow wool shirts, and splashy ties of brown and yellow made in California. She claims the only way you can tell which is Mr. and which is Mrs. is that she wears earrings and perfume with her outfit.

PAJAMA INSPECTORS: It comes as a relief to us all, I'm sure, to know that a certain pajama designer has established a "consumers' style board to pass upon all future pajama fashions for men and women." Hurray! Now we can't go wrong in pajamas! In case you do your own sewing, you'd better play safe by sending a floor plan of your design for sleeping before you embark on what might be a deplorable mistake. You can tell he's a thoroughly sincere humanitarian when you know he has even gone to the trouble of paying a young lady to go to sleep in his pajamas—pardon, his styles—and test them after they are passed on by the board.

LONG-DISTANCE WEDDING GOWNS: During the fall, ninety-two American-donated wedding gowns were added to a supply of sixty which had already made an average of twelve trips each to the altar somewhere in England. Presented by American women to the British War Relief Society, the dresses are in constant demand by various organizations for a day's use in one English church or another. The fact that the bridegrooms are frequently American soldiers would suggest that the blushing brides are biting the hands that feed them. They ought to blush —we want those men ourselves. We don't mind giving the girls the dresses, but the men are something else again.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR MOUTH WATER: In these days of butter and butler shortages, a good way to make your mouth water is to read some old-fashioned recipes, such as Fanny Farmer's directions for making pound cake. This rich little number calls for *one pound* of butter, *one pound* of sugar, ten eggs, half a teaspoon of mace, two tablespoons of brandy and one pound of flour. Ah, well, we've got the flour anyway, so who are we to kick? It does give you pause, though, to reflect on such riches nowadays, when maidless Mother plots such time- and gas-saving schemes as baking two potatoes at a time for Baby's Monday and Tuesday lunch. The Tuesday potato is mashed (with milk and butter, if any), then returned to its skin, thence to the refrigerator, where it lies in wait for the next day, when it is heated quickly in a top-of-the-stove oven.

GREETING FROM EX-PARTY BOY WINTERING OVERSEAS

Oh, for a hangover! Oh, for a head!
Oh, for a steam-heated morning in bed!
War is a headache, but since I got in it
I haven't been able to squeeze out a minute
To grow a balloon head. Besides, as you know,
There's so little liquor, I'm pure as the snow.
An aspirin is something I barely remember,
Connected, I think, with the end of December.

LOVELY BRIDES
have chosen
wisely and
exquisitely
for nearly
a century
Art-carved
Rings
by Wood

14K Art-carved

Always look for Art-Carved in a ring—a quality trademark.

Rings that seem to say, "This speaks of our love." Created by a firm that has made quality rings for 95 years. You'll find at leading jewelers everywhere, these beautiful, hand-carved designs on fine gold—and you can be sure of their lasting quality because they're Art-Carved Rings by Wood.

J. R. WOOD & SONS, INC.
MANUFACTURERS AND DIAMOND IMPORTERS
1850-1945

Send for "The Bride's Silent Secretary with Diamond Ring Guide." J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc., Dept. B—216 E. 45th St., N. Y. C. (17)

WEDDING RINGS *from* $12 • DIAMOND RINGS *from* $75 • Tax Included *KEEP BUYING BONDS... AND KEEP THEM*

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Slim (Bob Hutton) gets a kiss from his dream girl Joan Leslie—

—and wins fame as the millionth man to enter the Canteen.

Famed violinist Joseph Szigeti gets some comedy competition from Jack Benny.

Pert Joan McCracken gambols saucily through the mazes of a novelty production number.

HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN

(Warner Brothers)
Robert Hutton, Joan Leslie, Dane Clark.
Guest stars including Bette Davis, Joseph Szigeti,
Eddie Cantor, Joe E. Brown, Jack Benny, Roy Rogers

IN this panoramic view of the stars, bands, acts, and assorted uniforms comprising Hollywood's counterpart of Stage Door Canteen, youthful Robert Hutton stands for several things. As "Slim," a bewildered young corporal just back from the Pacific, he's all the naïve, lonesome G. I.s whose personal dreams of romance are spun from the movie screens of far-flung Army camps. As the ecstatic worshiper of his celluloid ideal, Joan Leslie, he's adolescent fandom incarnate; and as the inept, appealing youth who stumbles over her garbage can on a miraculous visit to her home, he's every nice, shy American suitor who ever sat on a swing with his arm around a girl.

His adventures at the Canteen (which extend to a date with Leslie and a visit to a studio) are a kind of Cinderella-boy dream. From the moment he steps inside and catches glimpses of such celebrities as Bette Davis, Eddie Cantor, and Joe E. Brown, all busy feeding or entertaining the boys, his lucky star sets up a violent twinkling. Not only is Joan Leslie rustled up for his special benefit, but a fake lottery is kindly arranged so he can win a kiss from his dream girl. Still reeling from this experience, he walks in the next evening and topples a whole avalanche of honors upon his head by becoming the millionth man to enter the Canteen.

Meanwhile the place is a maelstrom of talented activity. Joseph Szigeti and Jack Benny compare violin technique; entertainers like Rosario and Antonio, the Andrews Sisters, and the bands of nimble-fingered Carmen Cavallaro, Jimmy Dorsey, and Louis Armstrong keep things humming. And among the famous hosts and hostesses milling around are dozens of such familiar cinema personalities as Ida Lupino, Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck, John Garfield, and Jack Carson plus a whole population of starlets.

Although Slim's apocryphal adventures are only mildly entertaining, they're all in a good cause—and part of your admission goes to back the Canteen, too.

Slim's dreamy-eyed buddy (Dane Clark) has no idea he's dancing with Joan Crawford.

The fiery Spanish dancing of Rosario and Antonio is a high spot of the Canteen show.

Neurotic Evelyn (Anne Baxter) plays on the brotherly concern of Douglas (Ralph Bellamy).

GUEST IN THE HOUSE

(United Artists)
Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy, Aline MacMahon

IN 1942 this psychological hackle-raiser about the strange havoc wrought in one family by an insidious, scheming little neurotic made an engrossing play. Now, in an outstanding screen adaptation, beautifully acted under the expert direction of Lewis Milestone and John Brahm, and enhanced by Werner Janssen's fine musical score, it makes a first-rate movie.

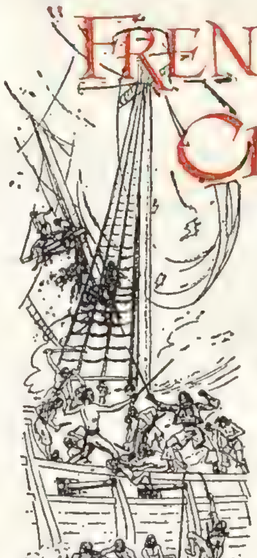
The beginning of the story strikes a note of somber foreboding: it is also the tale's end—a fact you don't realize till you've heard the mysterious confession of Aunt Martha (Aline MacMahon) as she paces the gloomy sea cliffs near the Proctor house. What came before is revealed by going back to an important day in the life of the Proctor family.

Young Doctor Dan (Scott McKay) is bringing home the frail, appealing little patient (Anne Baxter) whom he plans to make his wife. The house is in a pleasant hubbub; no trouble is spared to make a pleasant welcome for the guest. When she arrives, Evelyn turns out to be beautiful and clinging—and to need a lot of attention. But the kindly Proctors grudge her nothing. Dan's artist-brother Douglas (Ralph Bellamy) tries to help her over her strange fits of nervous terror; his wife (Ruth Warrick) and Aunt Martha think of little ways to please her. But bit by bit the wholesome family unity is disrupted. Evelyn secretly sets her cap for Douglas, and schemes to get Dan out of the way. By subtle hints and insinuations she undermines the faith of Douglas' loyal wife, sets his heartbroken little daughter to spy on him, and causes the discharge of his pretty model. Only Evelyn remains sweetly tranquil and sympathetic, posing for Douglas as St. Cecilia in the daytime and writing feverishly in her satanic diary at night.

Suddenly, with the household on the verge of ruin, the truth about Evelyn comes out—and the open conflict of family affection and a twisted mind brings the mounting suspense to a nerve-shattering conclusion. The underground activities here turn out to be as gripping as a full-fledged action thriller.

Through Evelyn's malice, Douglas' innocent horseplay with his model ends in trouble.

Even kindly Aunt Martha (Aline MacMahon) finally learns to know Evelyn for what she is.



INSIDE *Paramount*

Published Here Every 4 Weeks

A bored beauty and a bold brigand!

• • •

From the pages of Daphne ("Rebecca") du Maurier's greatest novel comes the most daring love story ever filmed!

• • •

Walter Winchell said: "Romantic as a kiss in the dark!" You'll add: "The most dazzling Technicolor production I've seen!"

• • •

There's the clash of cold steel and the thrill of high adventure in

"FRENCHMAN'S CREEK"

With desirable Joan Fontaine as the wild and unpredictable Dona . . . swept away for 24 reckless hours by the dashing, devil-may-care Frenchman, played by sensational Arturo de Cordova!

• • •

In the production and direction, Mitchell Leisen has outdone even the breath-taking Technicolor beauty of his gorgeous "Lady In the Dark."

• • •

So as we go to press, we're not surprised to hear that the world premiere engagement of "Frenchman's Creek" broke all records in the New York Rivoli's 27-year history!

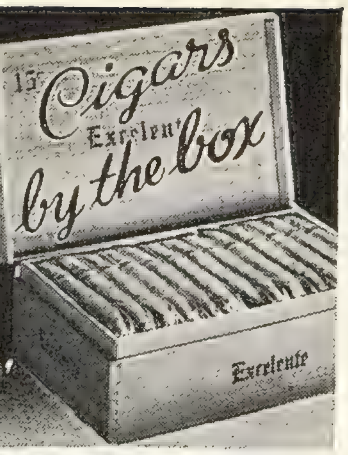
• • •

"Frenchman's Creek," as the Holiday attraction in hundreds of theatres will help make this a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year for millions of theatre-goers.

• • •

It is another brilliant entertainment from the "Going My Way" studio . . .

Paramount Pictures



NOW YOU CAN GET "Pride of the nation!"

EXCELENTE-15¢ Size

50 HAND MADE BEAUTIES $7.00 Box

Cellophaned and Packed in a Handsome Genuine California Redwood Box! Our 5 Factories use Selected Tobaccos—Magnificently Blended for MILDNESS, BOUQUET and FLAVOR!

Send Check or Money Order!

PROMPT SHIPMENT

SORRY! ONLY ONE BOX TO A CUSTOMER AT THIS TIME!

CREST CIGAR Co.
WRIGHTSVILLE, PA. DEPT. C

HOTEL LOWRY
ROOM & BATH $2.50 UP • ST. PAUL, MINN.
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

Florida this Season? then by all means see
SILVER SPRINGS
FLORIDA'S UNDERWATER FAIRYLAND
WRITE BOX ONE, SILVER SPRINGS, FLORIDA FOR FREE UNDERWATER PHOTO STORY

SONG POEMS WANTED
TO BE SET TO MUSIC
Free Examination. Send Your Poems to
J. CHAS. McNEIL
A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC
510-L So. Alexandria Los Angeles 5, Calif.

AEROPOINT "111" ONE DOLLAR
AEROPOINT
Long Life Phono Needle
AERO NEEDLE COMPANY
208 EAST ERIE STREET
CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS
The Needle with the Curved Spring Design

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

(*Continued from page 68*)

up in a church, but— Ahead of him, the walls ran back like the sides of a funnel down which yellow light had poured. The funnel itself was misty and gray. But at its far end a barrier of flickering candles gleamed. Off in the dark, as high and shrill as the whistle, a boy soprano was giving out:

"O come, All Ye Faithful . . ." Steve slid into a pew off the side aisle.

He crouched there, getting back his breath, letting the repose of the place seep into him. He'd sliced it too close, all right, heading back to that movie theater. Hadn't figured they'd still be combing its immediate neighborhood this long afterward.

So when he'd tossed the bundle of bills through the hole in the box-office front—

"O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem . . ." the boy singer invited. Steve lifted his head. He was alone in the pew, except for one woman.

She didn't look like she'd noticed him much. She was old—or anyway so drab she might as well have been old. Her cloth coat had cheap black fur on it, and a black fur muff lay on the seat beside her. She was listening to the song. No, she hadn't noticed.

But they'd noticed at that box office. "There he goes! The guy with the star on him." That was the moment when he began running.

Steve lifted one hand to cover the shining tinsel gadget. His cold fingers tugged at it until it came undone. Molly had been right about it covering the stain. But, once spotted, the thing was a trade-mark. They'd know him the minute they saw him again. Or heard about it.

When the star jerked loose, he slid it down on the cushion. The move made that holiday paper on her present crinkle under his jacket.

FUNNY the way night air seemed to have slapped sense back in him. When he'd first left Molly's it was still snowing some. He hadn't gone half a block before somebody, some stranger, had spotted the big star on him and yelped out a "Merry Christmas!" At the next corner a newsboy had shot it a wise look and followed up with a grin. He saw his own reflection in a window, passing, and the star shone.

He got to thinking about that star, while his feet plowed on toward where Stretch and Eddie might be. He got to thinking about Molly. Christmas. You got down-and-out, things went screwy—and then it came up Christmas. And a girl who'd be prettier if she ate steady hung a tinsel gadget on you to cover up a stain. And you got to thinking.

Hadn't even noticed when his feet started moving toward the box office. Hadn't known why he was going, at first.

"O come, let us adore Him, . . ." It soared out of the shadows thin and sweet, clearer than his own thoughts, and he knelt there. A couple of hours back he'd been saying O. K. to a grab for some quick dough. A couple of hours back—Only that was crazy. That wasn't him.

He was Steve Riggs. He was a good mechanic. There'd be jobs again. It just took a little time.

He'd be making real dough again. Enough to feed a girl like Molly the good food to fatten her up a little.

Hell, Steve Riggs wasn't any cheap-John crook! He'd made one mistake, maybe. But the bullet had hit him instead of the guy in the box office—and now the cash was back where it belonged.

He was halfway to his feet before he remembered. The stain. Men would be searching the block outside, and without the star—

When he sank back into his place th tissue inside his jacket crackled again loud enough this time so the woman in th pew glanced at him. Once he was sure sh wasn't still looking he reached inside an pulled out his package. Molly's Christma present. It lay limp and mussed betwee his hands. Defenseless. Sort of like her.

He slid the edges of the paper apart an drew from between them the fold of rayo silk—cheap, maybe, but carefully chosen A maroon muffler, bought with hoarde lunch money. From Molly to Steve. Merr Christmas. And what had he given her?

He knew what she wanted, all right Not perfume or jewelry. Just him. Stev Riggs. Unfolding the muffler, he knotte it slowly around his neck.

Spread out, the ends covered that stai at his shoulder. Funny. There she'd ha the muffler all along, much better than th star. But people got that way when they had to figure out things fast.

Steve stood up, turned, and went through the arched door. His shoulders—the goo one and the one still burning—were se back as he walked. No cop was going t see Steve Riggs slinking along!

But the block was empty. Behind him before the door swung shut, an invisibl choir burst out triumphantly: "Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting light . . ." He walked along faster, the way back to Molly's place—dark streets, but filled with the singing.

IT was beautiful singing. The choir at St. Elmo's was always at its best Christmas times. That was why Miss Ellen Sprong liked to stop there each Christmas Eve on her way to her sister's place in Jackson Heights. It meant faking excuses about a late rush at the library. But Belle and her four children, trimming their tree, always accepted the excuses without question. Nobody really missed her. They were a close-knit clan, and she was the outsider. She was just poor Ellen.

Rising to her feet as the last carol ended, she found the curiously taut and restless young man who'd stepped into the end of the pew for a while was gone already. She was alone again. But she was used to being alone.

Almost out in the aisle, hugging the worn black fur of her collar up to her pale cheeks, she checked abruptly to peer down at the star, gleaming forgotten ye gay against the red cushion.

Forgotten. Whoever had abandoned it here would not be coming back to claim it. But oh, it shone so reassuringly!

The impulse which prompted her to scoop it up, to tuck it into her black muff, startled even Miss Ellen. But it was not the sort of thing one stopped to think about. The crowd in the aisle caught her up and bore her streetward.

A block from St. Elmo's, with the Christmas music still lovely in her ears and her thin cheeks already cold against their fur, she drew out the flimsy bit of prettiness again. And with it a pearl-headed pin.

Fixed to the cheerless muff, the star gleamed up at her. So silently, so silently, she thought, with the old chords welling up underneath the words.

At Forty-second Street, where she went underground, the familiar nightmare of white tile effortlessly gulped her—and scurrying dozens of others with her.

Noxious airlessness replaced the incisive coldness of the street so normally that she wasn't quite aware her brief exultation had been likewise replaced. She just felt like Ellen Sprong again, and the glow was gone.

For so late—after midnight—the express was crowded. But she found a seat between a little peddler with a sales card of holly boutonnieres on her left and a very blond, very disgruntled-looking young man on her right. She settled back; the muff with the star on her knees.

Late-comers were not so lucky. The last dozen odd to crowd in had to swing from straps. One of them—a man—had picked the place directly in front of her own to sway and dangle.

No reason why not, of course. But his nearness made it just that much harder to cling to the emotion, the memory, whatever it was: the thing that had made her feel safe and young and back again in the days before people began to say Ellen was the plain sister.

"Pardon for seeming fresh," the voice said. "But it's so gay."

It was not a word Ellen Sprong had been trained to comprehend as applying to herself.

She did not even glance up.

"The star, I mean. So dawgone *happy-looking*, you know."

The star was hers. Definitely hers, and part of something she would not relinquish. She looked up, sharply, into fortyish eyes behind rimless glasses. They were fixed on her—yes, approvingly—as their owner rolled with the train. He was smiling, too.

"I couldn't help saying that," he admitted. "Lonely, I guess. The first Christmas I ever spent alone. Son had his eighteenth birthday back in November. Army shot him down to Texas."

"It—it's a long way," Ellen admitted. "But your wife—"

"Died when Bud was seven," the man said slowly. "Dora loved Christmas, though. Sort of thing she'd do, your star."

"I—I hope you aren't missing her too much, tonight." This to a stranger! Yet there was nothing strange about loneliness. It was Ellen Sprong's boon companion.

"Miss her?" In the train's roar it was all but lost. "Eleven years, that's a long time. But Bud, he only went off last month."

"He'll be coming back soon. Before next Christmas."

The express stop swooped down upon them and the little holly vender scrambled for the door. The man whose boy was in Texas sank into the vacant place, tipping his hat apologetically.

"I hope you're not mad because I spoke to you? The star—"

"I liked it, too. That's why—that was why—"

"Look," he said, as if he had anticipated that break in her voice and was shielding it. "Look. Tomorrow—no, I shouldn't say that."

"But what were you going to say?" asked Ellen uncertainly.

"I was crazy. I was thinking— But then, you'll be busy tomorrow. Any woman who'd wear a star on her muff—"

"You mean," she blinked, "you're asking *me* for a Christmas date?"

"If there was any time you could fit it in—you see—"

"FIT it in!" said Ellen Sprong. "I'm an old maid who lives with her sister's family because there's no place else for her to go. I'm too plain to be popular. I'm not very—very gay, either. Nobody's wanted to see me on Christmas before—ever."

"I do." Behind their glasses his eyes were wistful. "If it's not too much to ask —if maybe dinner and a show?"

"I'd like to," said Ellen. Her pale cheeks had taken on a flush that was not the creation of subway heat.

It wasn't until the train flashed into her own station that he remembered to tell her his name; and then he was quitting the car beside her, to see her to Belle's front door.

She could hardly believe that this was happening—and happening to *her*. The disconsolate, blond young man darting off the train behind her might have been on another planet.

She held her muff high as a hand guided her up the steps, deliberately catching lights against the tinsel pinned there. It was the first flirtatious gesture Ellen Sprong had made in all her life.

The tall blond young man, oddly enough, remembered her long after even her peripheral awareness of him had faded to nothing. He remembered her, in fact, all the way back downtown on the return express.

At a station he had not passed through since one delirious week the past August, he left the subway at last. Climbing wet stairs, turning west along a street of discreet apartment awnings, he wore a look on his face that Miss Ellen would have found entirely baffling.

THE last awning in a prim line bore the number he was seeking. But once he reached it he faltered.

He still stood there making up his mind, when a taxi reached the curb behind him and someone stormed out. At the furious slam of the door he wheeled around. They just stood there.

The taxi slid off unnoticed while a girl stared back at the stare he had already fixed upon her.

"You didn't go home to Barrett's Mill, then!" she whispered.

"Where the devil *were* you? I waited under that blasted clock till my feet grew to the floor. Then I telephoned here. No answer. My first night back—Christmas Eve—and you stood me up!"

"I was where I wired I'd be, Dale. Under the clock at the Andre."

"I was waiting, all right. But not a sign of you. If I'd had to drive one more eager redcap away from my stuff——"

"Redcap? Under the— *Dale!*" Linda Kirkland was the kind of girl, luckily, who looked pretty even with her mouth hanging open. "There aren't any redcaps on the Hotel Andre's mezzanine!"

"Mezzanine? I was waiting where that tunnel from the hotel lets out into Grand Central. Biggest clock I ever saw in my life, with 'Andre' all over the face of it. If there's another clock——"

"*Another* clock? *The* clock! Oh, you big hick! Oh, darling!"

The record for reunion kisses was established, however unofficially, under that particular awning and at that particular early moment of a crystal Christmas morning.

But the street was empty. It didn't matter.

"And all the time I was trying to pretend I was a champagne girl with that Perry Atwood—until the wolf in him broke all bounds and I had to slap his face and grab a taxi home—oh, Dale, all that time—"

"I was riding the subways, hating your beautiful gizzard and waiting for it to be time for the milk train to Barrett's Mill."

"I even wore the star," Linda mumbled, close in his arms. "Honest I did. But it—it got lost some place. Oh, Dale, if you hadn't decided to come back here! Why did you do it, darling? What made you?"

"Star, I guess." It sounded foolish when you said it. "There was this drab little character on the last subway. She had one pinned on the tiredest black muff ever dreamed up. But there it was—shining, sort of—everywhere you looked. I had to come back. I had to *know*."

"Bless her!" murmured Linda, burrowing against his side contentedly. "She'll never know, will she? I mean, that it wasn't *her* star at all? That she was wearing it just for you and me?"

THE END

It's Chap Stick for me

With the Armed Forces, it's CHAP STICK ten to one . . . From Alaska (*40° below*) to torrid Africa (*140° above*), it's the favorite comforter for chapped, cracked or parched lips. *Specially medicated—Specially soothing.*

FLEET'S
Chap Stick

T. M. Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

On sale at drug counters —only 25¢

KEEPS LIPS FIT

POEMS WANTED

For Musical Setting

Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. Don't Delay—Send us your Original Poem at once—for immediate examination and **FREE** Rhyming Dictionary.

RICHARD BROTHERS 48 WOODS BUILDING CHICAGO, ILL.

STICK IT OUT!

For an invigorating, restorative and defense against fatigue, nerve-strain, faintness . . . always carry a bottle of

CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS

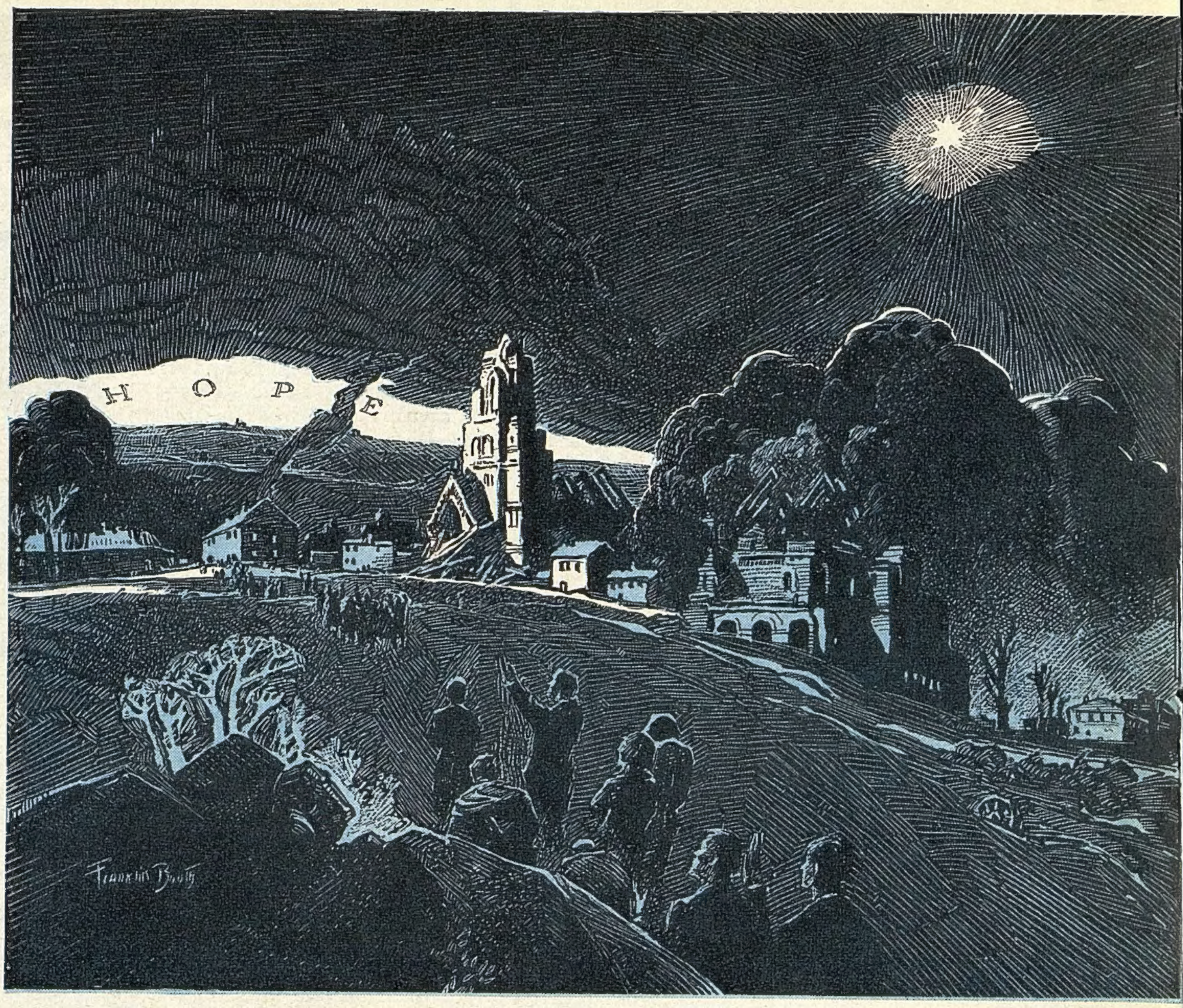
CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS

If your druggist is out of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts, **SEND 25c** (coin or stamps) to Dept. J-25, Schieffelin & Co., 20 Cooper Square, New York 3

DEC. 30, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

Liberty
... FOR ALL



The Promise of Christmas

IT seems almost a mockery to talk of peace and good will this Christmas season, the sixth of the war and the fourth which has seen America involved. As the years of war roll on, it becomes more and more difficult to savor the joy of Christmas. Each year sees additional millions of our young men and women away from their homes and families. Each year more of the blue stars in our windows change to gold and keep vigil on Christmas Eve beside the traditional star of Bethlehem.

Throughout the world millions of people who should be alive to celebrate this Christmas Day are dead; their children are dead with them; and above the graves of the dead the cry, "Peace and good will" must ring with a peculiarly mocking emptiness. Among the living are more millions who will pass this Christmas season homeless and destitute, their lives nightmares of fear, cold, and starvation; their minds bereft of hope in a world where cruelty and hate seem to hold sway unceasingly.

But, though the weight of war hangs heavily this Christmas Day and the blackness of war seems ever deeper, a glimmer of light begins to show on the Christmas horizon. It is a reasonable hope this is the last Christmas which will find Europe resounding to the thunder of guns. It is even possible that by Christmastime next year, peace will have descended on the whole world. This, at least, is consoling, even though it will be many Christmases before the scars of war have disappeared.

But the real hope with which we may console ourselves in this season of peace without peace is that an era of true good will is within our grasp—good will among men and nations which will prevent for many generations to come such sad Christmases as we have this year. If the little people of the world could have their way, there would never be another wartime Christmas. There is arising everywhere a tremendous urge to understanding and fellowship; a desire to put an end to the inflaming of one people against another, to greed and grasping, to the use of force in any circumstances. Trust and cooperation is possible among the world's peoples, and they want it. It is up to their leaders to work out the world's problems in this spirit.

This is the mandate which swells from the hearts and souls of people everywhere this Christmas Day so that Christmases to come will truly be seasons of peace on earth and good will to men.

Paul Hunter

POST OFFICE
C. B. SIMMS

The season's best...(two of 'em)

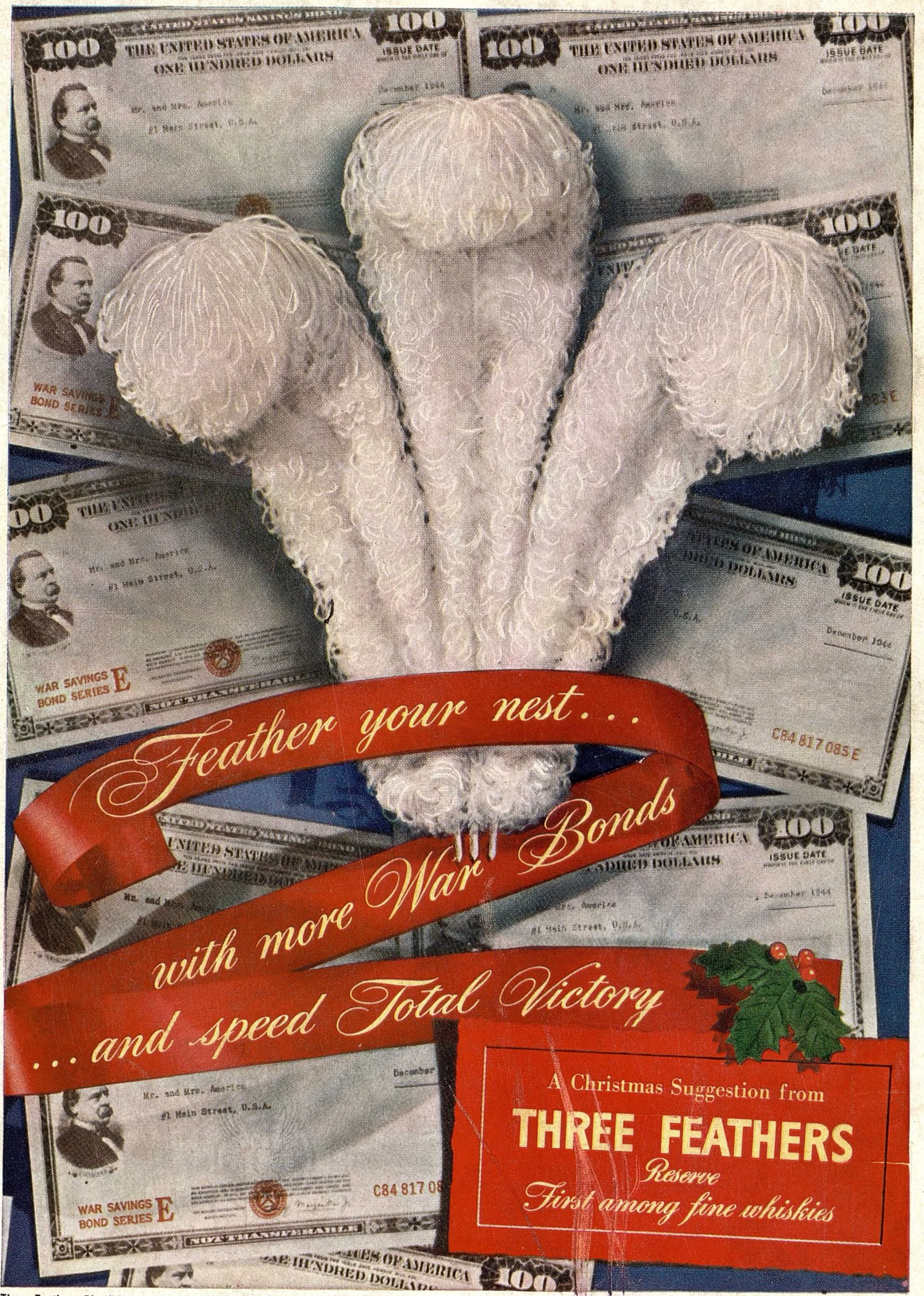
The best gift you can make is a war bond. And it is also one of the best things you can do to help win the war—for the more dollars you put into bonds the sooner we can all enjoy a *real* Christmas.

The best luck that can come your way is to have someone give you a bottle of IMPERIAL—for it is perhaps one of America's most enjoyable whiskies. And there's a reason—this famed blend has a velvet-smooth goodness, a genial and mellow smoothness for which millions give it first place. *Taste* why it's one of America's most-wanted whiskies.

IMPERIAL ..*"velveted" for extra smoothness*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HIRAM WALKER
IMPERIAL
Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey


100
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS
ISSUE DATE
December 1944
Mr. and Mrs. America
#1 Main Street, U.S.A.
WAR SAVINGS BOND SERIES E
C84 817 085 E
Feather your nest...
...with more War Bonds
...and speed Total Victory
A Christmas Suggestion from
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
First among fine whiskies

Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York, N. Y. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% grain neutral spirits.